

# Abyssus Abyssum Invocat

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Summary: Whoever said revenge is sweet, knew what he was talking about. Follow Harry Potter as he fights to gain control of his destiny, understands the meaning of manipulation, and on the way discovers heaven as well as hell..

Note: I'm not really changing the first couple of chapters, it will be the later chapters that will face a major rewrite's. I've also put several chapters into one file, the chapters that are together will be clearly marked. The note's from the previous copies of the chapters will be at the very end of each file/chapter so it's still there but out of the way. If there are any questions, just send me a message and I'll get back to you as quickly as I can. Please remember that I'm also a full time student, so please be patient.

## Chapter 1 – 5

### Chapter 1:

It was to a hot, dreary summer morning that Harry Potter woke up screaming out. His godfather's name on his parched lips, he sat up straight on the rickety old bed graciously provided to him by his only living relatives, the Dursleys.

Hedwig, his beautiful snowy owl sat cautiously on a wooden perch he

had made himself, his first week back home after doing some cleaning chores in his Uncle Vernon's all-purpose garden woodshed.

She gave a feeble hoot and hopped slowly to him, whom she had fondly christened 'Harry Wizard'. If Harry Potter had understood owl-speak he would have realized just how much she had come to love him ever since his first year and understood the mental anguish he was going through.

Gently rubbing her soft head against his hand, she looked at him questioningly as if asking him if she could help him in any way possible. Harry slowly drew his hand from his forehead which he had been pressing with his fingers and gently stroked Hedwig, reassuring her that he was all right.

With a disbelieving look, she gave him a gentle nip on his ear and flew back to her perch, her amber eyes looking out of the window as if daring anyone to come and disturb the quiet yet intimate moments she shared with him.

Harry slowly climbed out of his bed and stretched his limbs, loosening his joints and put on his weather beaten trainers. He opened the small closet in his bedroom and took out a protein bar from a big box and carefully un-wrapped it.

He had bought himself some nutritious food items on his second day home after visiting a local grocery store knowing fully well that the Dursley's fear of 'those awful freaks' as Uncle Vernon had so succinctly put it, would soon vanish after a few weeks at home. He treated himself to a cold glass of orange juice downstairs and made his way out of Number 4, Privet Drive.

It was well after an hour that Harry came back home, with sweat glistening on his face and a wet T-shirt clinging to his chest. For the past few days he had been going for morning runs to rid himself of his frustrations and fears that slowly built up in his subconscious

mind in the night and gnawed away his few hours of sleep. It gave him some time to clear his mind and think about nothing except feeling the oddly comforting wind carrying through his ears.

This was his second week back from Hogwarts and Harry had decided to make some changes in his life. This change in his attitude was however not brought forth overnight. He had been reading some of Dudley's discarded books to take his mind off things, when he came across a speech by a famous and well admired leader of men, Abraham Lincoln.

He had been so thoroughly moved by the speech that he had in fact memorized it in its entirety. Slowly, word by word he recited it in his mind:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished

work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us--that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth. "

'Yes', he thought, 'Sirius had not died in vain. He had died protecting him, Harry Potter. He had died protecting a way of life. He had died for love.'

'James Potter, his father had not died in vain - he had died protecting his wife and their one year old son. He had died protecting his family. He had died for love .'

'Lily Potter, his lovely redheaded mother had not died in vain – she had died protecting her child. She had died for love.'

'Cedric Diggory, his Tri-wizard competitor and fellow Hogwarts student had not died in vain. He had died with honor, showing till last the qualities that Helga Hufflepuff so fiercely admired.'

'But none of them got to live their lives to it's fullest. They were all victims of hate and one way or the other – Voldemort.'

'Voldemort. The word immediately brought to fore a mixture of feelings in Harry's mind. Anger, hate and an extreme need to be wipe him off the face of Earth. He wanted to banish him to the depths of hell, from where he would never return and suffer punishment for his sins and innumerable crimes till the end of all existence.'

'But how am I going to do that', he thought. 'That vile creature has had so much time to learn and master the dark arts; whereas I am

just a nobody in front of him. What can I do? Will Dumbledore help me learn? Lupin, Mad-Eye Moody? Professor McGonagall? WHO WILL HELP ME? They can't just think that I will clear my NEWT's and go fight him off and face his army of Death Eaters. WHAT THE BLOODY HELL SHOULD I DO?'

His thoughts immediately went back to the duel in the graveyard at the end of his 4th year. 'Wait a second! I do have a few advantages over him. Our wands don't work against each other. He is too proud to just go and get another wand because of poor, pathetic Harry Potter, the perpetual thorn in his side. Plus the prophecy that Dumbledore mentioned. The power that the Dark Lord know not. Yes. I definitely have some advantages. I need to learn more about this.'

He had resolved to tell Hermione about the prophecy. She had always supported him even when Ron had backed out of his friendship during the Tri-Wizard tournament. He knew Ron would also support him in his endeavors and stand by his side but for some reason felt it better that only Hermione know about it. Her vast knowledge and razor sharp intellect had helped them time and again in many a tight spot. 'And this was as tight as it gets', he thought with a mental sigh.

Her unwavering loyalty was what finally made him decide that she was the one he had to share the prophecy with.

'So that's that. What should I do with my summer then? Ahh. But, of course. Learn to hold my own when facing Death Eaters. Bellatrix LeStrange, Lucius Malfoy, Avery, Nott, Jugson, McNair. So many of them. They all tried to hurt me, hurt my friends. Bellatrix killed Sirius. I will get her for that.'

The D.A. had helped him better some of his offensive and defensive skills but after having the duel between Voldemort and Dumbledore, two of the most powerful wizards in Europe, he realized he still had a long way to go.

He was abruptly broken from his thoughts when he heard a loud shout from downstairs. "POTTER, COME AND GET YOUR LUNCH!"

And with that Harry went downstairs. After quickly finishing his lunch, he came back to his room and fed Hedwig some of the meat-pie from lunch and a few owl treats from his trunk.

The day had just started and Harry Potter had some serious planning to do.

The next day a parliament of owls could be seen going in and out of the window of the second bedroom at Number 4, Privet Drive. Harry had requested a mail-order catalogue from Flourish & Blotts and ordered a number of books from them on a wide variety of subjects. Some of the books were quite expensive due to their rarity but Harry had spared no cost in getting what he needed.

He soon started arranging the books in order on a small shelf by his bed. Advanced Dueling for Hit-Wizards by Hugo Colterus went to the top row. Placed closely by its side were Occlude your mind by Ursula Bathbarry, The Lost Arts of Leglimency and Aura Reading by Septimus the Third and Explore your Inner animal by Tobias Wilomonta.

The second row comprised of The Complete Laws and Statutes of the British Ministry of Magic by Lego Legalius, Charm Your Way to Victory by Rosamunda Whitle, Transfiguration Secrets by Robertus McGonagall, and finally the previous year's prescribed sixth and seventh year textbooks for DADA, Transfiguration and Charms.

He neglected buying any text for Potions and other subjects like Arithmancy because he knew it would take him lot of time to gain a thorough understanding of them and they would not be particularly useful to him in a duel.

Giving his new acquisitions a satisfied look, Harry took out his old Hogwarts textbooks and started categorizing them subject-wise from Grade 1 and so on.

"Hey girl, you must be pretty tired", he fondly asked Hedwig. She gave a feeble hoot of affirmation and he refilled her water bowl and put in a few extra owl treats in front of her perch.

By the next week Harry finished reading his old Hogwarts texts. He practiced his wand movements with the leg of a broken chair Dudley had managed to break after sitting on. He lightly fashioned it into a close replica of a wand, enough to get his grip right and the weight balanced out.

He kept up with his morning runs and managed to squeeze a dozen of push-ups every few hours in his room. Harry kept dropping subtle hints to his Uncle and Aunt about the man with the bowler hat who would be coming to check up on him sometime soon. 'The power of plausible deniability' he thought with great relish after seeing the nervous condition of his relatives. He thought this was a fitting payback to them for all their harsh remarks about his kind they had managed to squeeze in their short but cruel conversations with him over the period of five years. This also ensured he was getting second helpings at lunch and dinner to the great distaste of darling Dudders.

Even though his frame was still short and slightly skinny he was from the under-nourished kid he had been earlier. His nightly exercises to reign in wandering thoughts and clear his mind, which he had learned to do from his Occlumency book, had helped him get much needed rest that had been viciously eluding him since last summer.

Another two weeks later, Harry has gleaned all the important information in the sixth and seventh year curricula. With some actual practice with a real wand for sometime, Harry thought he could actually pass his NEWT's with an acceptable grade and an exceeds

expectations grade in DADA. He had also gained some stamina and his muscles though not really developed, were starting to harden and show cuts though not very visible.

By the time the wane end of July approached, he had mastered Occlumency and could build impenetrable mental walls at a seconds notice. He practiced his Leglimency skills on his relatives especially Aunt Petunia. Looking deep into the eyes of the fat blob of an Uncle and the whale clone of a cousin that had somehow managed to learn to walk on land, was not very appealing to Harry. Vernon's twittering moustache always managed to distract him from his goal. So completely unknown to the Dursleys, they were the test subjects of their famous wizard nephew. The only useful thing that he learnt from them was discerning between truths and lies, and reading their emotions the back of his hand.

Harry was surprised to learn that Vernon feared him even though he put on his most fearless and imperial expressions when trying to order him around. This was nothing compared to the shock he got when he figured there was a distinct feeling of pride underneath his Aunt's contemptuous glare that she frequently gave him. After learning that, however harsh her tongue he always answered her politely and without asking her, helped her in her chores from time to time. The flare in the feelings of affection and pride he picked up from her, only served to reinforce his resolve that he would do anything to protect her from Voldemort and his minions.

Harry, even though having theoretically mastered the wand techniques and movements that accompanied various curses, jinxes, hexes and counter-curses from his highly advanced dueling, charms and transfiguration books, was feeling severely handicapped by not being able to perform actual magic with his real wand.

He was itching to animate Dudley's broken toys that were lying in his room and practice some extremely advanced shields, like the one he had seen Voldemort holding at the battle at the Ministry. Harry knew



he could perform most of the spells but seeing the fruits of his hard labor first hand had a different feeling of its own.

The book on British Wizarding Laws also provided him with some very useful insight into the existing legal system. He had some ideas running around his head about some legal loopholes he could exploit, but wanted to confer with Lupin first. After all, failing short of being actively persecuted for being a werewolf, Lupin he thought must have had quite a few run-ins with a law and other legal hassles werewolves were subjected to. 'Yes, Lupin is the best person to talk to about this', Harry thought.

He didn't want Dumbledore to be privy to his plans because he was the newly re-instated chief of the Wizengamot. Dumbledore would be an integral part of his future plans but he still needed to maintain some distance from him, so that when he dropped the bombshell on the Order, they would not be able to stand in his way and Molly-Cuddle him.

With a hearty chuckle, he took out a quill and some parchment and started writing a letter to Moony.

Dear Moony,

I was hoping we could talk to each other about some things. I can't write much in this letter though. Hedwig will wait for your reply. Looking forward to seeing you soon.

Harry.

Satisfied with the slightly ambiguous tone of the letter, he turned to his owl. "Hedwig, take this to Professor Lupin. Be safe. Okay?" She faintly bobbed her head conveying to him that she would all right and swiftly flew out of the window with a mental picture of Lupin in her mind.

Late in the evening, Harry received a response from Lupin saying that he would be there to talk to him the following day around noon.

It was sharp at noon the next day that the front door bell rang. Dudley, thinking it was Piers and Polkiss immediately went to answer and was horrified to find a shabbily dressed man with graying hair. He immediately recognized him as one of the freaks from King's Cross Station and ran to call his mother with one hand on his backside.

"MUM, MUM," he shouted halfway through the way to her room, "ONE OF HIS KIND IS IN THE HOUSE!" Petunia immediately got up on hearing this and went to confront the visitor.

Looking up and down at Lupin with great distaste, she called out to Harry who was just waiting by the end of the stairs trying to sense the new wave of emotions that she was now wearing on her sleeve.

It turned out that the disgust that she showed on her face for Lupin was also what she was feeling in abundance. Momentarily disconcerted by the sheer intensity of the off-putting emotions that were rolling off her in waves, he quickly put his Occlumency shields up and turned to face Lupin.

Lupin's first reaction on seeing Harry was that of complete and utter astonishment. 'Here was a young man, barely sixteen years old, with the weight of the world on his weak shoulders and he was THE picture perfect definition of tranquility'.

But after a brief glance at his new frame and build he thought, 'did I just say weak shoulders, WOW, - scratch that, looks like Harry has done some serious growing up!'

"Hello Moony, how are keeping up?" Just a simple sentence. But the power hidden in his tones was apparent to anyone with a good ear. 'Merlin, WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THIS KID IN JUST TWO MONTHS?' Lupin reflected on Harry for the third time in two minutes.

After a brief embrace in which Harry projected his love and respect for his old Professor and best friend of his parents, he asked Lupin if he would like any refreshments.

Lupin politely declined and asked Harry if he would like to continue the conversation in his room, after seeing Harry's Aunt and cousin standing close by and looking at him with a mixture of fear and hate.

"Sure, let's go upstairs", Harry replied. Once comfortably settled in Harry's room, he gave out a low whistle when his eyes landed on his Harry's tiny library. "Merlin Harry, some of those books you've got there are really rare", Lupin told him appreciatively.

Harry shrugged but inwardly he was thinking about whether or not the owner of Flourish and Blotts edited the mail-order catalogue for him, since some of the books he had were really quite old and would have been sold out instantly had they been on display in the shop.

"Thanks" he answered after a brief pause. "Moony, I want to get straight to the point with you. You are one of the few people I trust and there are some things I need to discuss with you. But first you must swear that what I am going to tell you doesn't go out of this room. No one in the Order should know anything related to our conversation especially Dumbledore".

To say the least, shocked was an understatement for what Lupin was feeling right now. Here he was thinking that Harry would want to talk to him about Sirius or try to get news about Voldemort and his lapdogs. 'This day is certainly turning out to be different'.

'Oh well, might as well see what the cub has to say'. "Okay Harry, I promise I will keep our conversation absolutely private except if you are planning to do something really dangerous, like going after Voldemort!" he answered back with complete honesty.

Harry sensing his sincerity went on about why he originally asked him and what he was planning to do in the coming week.

By the time Harry had finished his explanation, Moony was looking at him slack jawed and after closing and opening his mouth a few times, gave a hearty laugh and finished with a wolfish grin.

"Harry, you are definitely the son of Prongs", but immediately his expression turned serious. "I know this is a really clever idea and quite well thought out Harry, but things could get really nasty if something goes wrong".

"What if —", but Harry instantly cut him off before Lupin could start voicing his objections. "NO MOONY, I've little left to loose now. Sirius is gone now. I have to do this for him and it's time someone took a stand. I choose to be that person. I never asked for it, but I've to do it. Either you are with me or not Moony. I HAVE TO START TAKING CONTROL OF MY OWN GODAMN LIFE".

Realizing he was loosing his control, he calmed himself before continuing and softly asked his mentor and friend, "what will it be Moony?"

With a contemplative look on his Lupin took a deep breath and replied in the same soft tone, "I am with you Harry, all the way".

Harry's serious expression immediately mirrored the same wolfish grin he had seen on Moony's face after he had just finished telling him his plans and said, "Okay. Let's go over what we've got to do".

Lupin shuffled closer to Harry when he beckoned him, his finger tracing over a paragraph in his recently acquired book - The Complete Laws and Statutes of the British Ministry of Magic.

"In the context of emancipated minors, emancipation is essentially a legal procedure whereby children become legally responsible for

themselves and their parents are no longer responsible (financially or otherwise) for their children.

Thus, emancipated children are freed from parental custody and control and essentially become "adults" in many ways.

As soon as wizard or witch turns 17, he or she legally becomes an adult and is automatically emancipated from parental custody and control.

To become an emancipated minor, the child over the age of 12 has to petition the Familial Affairs Wing of the Wizengamot and obtain a declaration of emancipation from a judge, which can sometime be a complex proceeding."

Harry then flipped over to another chapter relating to muggle-born wizards and witches and eagerly showed an underlined paragraph to his father's best friend.

"Muggle-born wizards or witches or any other wizard or witch who was brought up in muggle world with their traditions and who satisfies the set condition of not having been in any intentional contact with the magical world for 10 or more years can choose to be judged by muggle laws, under the strict condition that he or she has not intentionally caused harm to any magical person.

For guidelines of what constitutes willful harm see page 378."

"Come on Moony, why am I showing you this again when you just read it 10 minutes back", Harry asked.

"I don't want you to get into undue trouble if we read a clause wrong, Harry".

"Remember, that is why you asked me to come here in the first place, who is the legal veteran here, Huh?" Lupin answered back with a

patient voice.

"All right, here's the other book". With that Harry passed over another heavy book on muggle laws to Lupin which he had obtained from Vernon's collection of books he had proudly arranged downstairs to impress visitors about how well-educated his family was.

"In the case of an orphaned minor, he or she can become legally emancipated simply by declaring themselves emancipated at a court's registry, unless he or she is under the age of 14. "

"Yes, that pretty much covers it. You, Harry are absolutely correct in thinking that you have met all the conditions and will be recognized legally as an adult by the muggle world.

The Ministry of Magic will be forced to grant you all the privileges that come from being an adult wizard. I can see nothing in these laws that can be turned around by Fudge and his associates to cause you any further grievance".

Harry gave a triumphant smile and enthusiastically pulled at Lupin's sleeve. "So what are we waiting for Moony? LET'S GO TO THE COURTHOUSE!"

An hour and a half later, Harry entered #4 Privet Drive with a huge smile on his face. The moment he stepped in he was confronted by Uncle Vernon.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN BOY?" he shouted in his face, moustache quivering dangerously as if it was in total agreement with its owner.

Without batting an eyelid, Harry took out his wand, and waved it in the air. With a complex movement and a softly uttered spell, "CAPILLATUS", Vernon's moustache gained length at an incredible speed and started wrapping itself around his head over and over

again, firmly sealing his mouth. It left a small gap just below his nose so that he could breathe properly.

For the next few minutes, utter silence reigned in the house only to be broken by a flapping of wings of an owl carrying a letter that was addressed to Harry Potter.

Harry slowly read through the letter and as expected it was from the Department of Improper Use of Magic. He was going to a hearing.

'And so it begins', Harry Potter said before his face schooled into a blank slate.

The ensuing silence was once broken by the sound of three simultaneous cracks that originated at the back yard of Number 4, Privet drive.

If Ronald Weasley had ever been asked what he thought of the notion of the Dark Lord reading the Lovegood owned newspaper The Quibbler, he would have probably given that person a funny look and turned to his best friend Harry Potter and earnestly told him "Mental, That One!"

Harry Potter would then have suppressed a grin so as to not annoy his other best friend, Hermione Granger.

She would have been watching them joke and after giving them both a fake exasperated look, would immediately reply "Honestly, you two! We have this assignment due tomorrow. Stop chit-chatting and do some work".

However, two days from the incident at Privet Drive, the day when Uncle Vernon found his moustache to have come alive and claimed his entire head as its own, Lord Voldemort, one of the most feared Dark Lord in recent English history, was sitting in an old mansion overlooking a graveyard doing something Ronald Weasley would

have considered mental.

He was reading The Quibbler.

'Ah, Harry Potter. So you make your first move. A very interesting move, indeed. Most interesting! You are surely turning into a worthy opponent. '

'Looks like that blasted Dumbledore has trained his golden boy well.'

'But mark my words BOY; you WILL suffer the same fate as your foolish dead parents - for they also stood in the way of Lord Voldemort.'

Meanwhile, Albus Dumbledore, considered by many to be one of the greatest wizards of the modern times was sitting on a conjured chair with a slightly amused look on his face at Number 12, Grimmauld Place, The Most Ancient and Noble House of Black and presently, the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix.

Sitting on the other side of the room with the same amused look was Remus Lupin, former prankster, Hogwarts prefect, werewolf, best friend of Sirius Black and the Potters', and secondary godfather to their son, Harry Potter.

They were both listening to a motley collection of people shouting and a few words could be easily heard every now and then over the cacophony.

"TOO YOUNG", said a voice that could easily have been identified as belonging to Molly Weasley.

"BLOODY BRILLIANT HARRY" shouted another voice that belonged to her youngest son.

"MERLIN, WHAT A STUD!" said a voice that belonged to a short



haired witch whose hair colors were cycling through all the rainbow colors at an incredible rate.

"TONKS!" shouted ten different voices at the same time.

Meanwhile the object of their conversations was sitting at Number 4, Privet Drive, subconsciously charging the magical wards that protected the Dursley's residence from harm and consciously doing what he had wanted to do for the last two weeks.

Dudley's broken toys were now all repaired and engaged in an intense duel with each other.

They were silently watched by Harry Potter from above as he idly waved his holly wand and orchestrated the fight.

As Dudley's favorite action figure of Superman flew up and down making circles and then suddenly charged at a metal dinosaur that had been desperately trying to get on miniature Harley-Davidson in an attempt to flee the impending attack, Harry silently reflected on how the last two days had changed his life irrevocably and forced drastic changes at the British Ministry of Magic.

'Enjoy your happy days in hell, Fudge.'

'That was for you Padfoot, just for you. For all the misery that scoundrel made you go through. Now he will suffer from what he dreads the most, public ignominy'.

As loving memories of his deceased godfather flooded back into his tired mind, a silent tear dropped unnoticed on the ground.

Soon Harry Potter went to sleep with a heavy heart and an overworked mind that desperately tried to visualize about how different his life could have been if his parents and godfather had been with him and Voldemort had never happened.

The door to the backyard flew open and three breathless Aurors rushed in.

"Harry Potter, under the powers invested in us by the Ministry of Magic, you are hereby placed under arrest for breaking the Decree of Underage Use of Magic.

You will now surrender your wand and accompany us to the Ministry of Magic where you will be placed under confinement until your hearing tomorrow".

After reciting out the memorized speech the Auror looked keenly towards Harry as if expecting this to be a simple everyday happening. He could not have been more wrong.

"If you attack me or try to use any kind of force on me, I will have to take legal action against you for wrongful imprisonment and misuse of official powers", Harry calmly replied back.

The flabbergasted Aurors turned towards each other and after a silent signal surreptitiously took out their wand from the holsters. They were met with the sight of the Boy-Who-Lived standing in a perfect dueling stance, wand aimed at the leader and ready to fire off curses at the slightest movement.

Meanwhile the Dursleys had retreated to the back of the living room with the now temporarily sight deprived Vernon clutching his wife's hand as if they were his only lifeline.

"STATITIOUS TOTALUS" - The momentary standoff was suddenly broken with a loudly uttered jinx from the Auror at the rear end of their leader.

A calm Harry softly muttered something under his breath and simultaneously waved his holly wand in a slight 'O' shape and thrust

it at the imaginary centre. A dazzling white light sprang forth from it and shot towards the three Aurors. Never having seen such a display of magic before they had no idea how to react and their weak impromptu shields shattered like millions of pieces of glass. They were absolutely stunned and froze for what seemed like an eternity. When they came to their senses they had been tied and bound by conjured ropes and neatly placed one beside the other on the sofas in the living room.

"All right, you wanted my attention. You've got it all now. Now let's get you somewhere you will be more appreciated."

"You! Fond of making dramatic entrances, aren't you. How does a flying carpet sound to you?"

"PORTUS". With a less than humored smile, Harry touched the doormat with his wand and made it glow blue after converting it to a portkey.'

He then proceeded to unceremoniously dump the three Aurors sticking very close to each other onto the doormat.

"Okay, now you three valiant upholders of the law have got a long day ahead of you. My business with you is very short though. I want you all to behave yourselves like good children. Any rowdiness and Voldemort will be the last of your concerns. Am I clear?"

"Crystal", the Auror in charge replied with a bitter tone, though the anxious look on his face betrayed his nervousness.

"Off we go then. One. Two. Three". With a thud the Aurors landed right in the centre of the offices of The Daily Prophet. Harry quietly apparated behind them. By now a small crowd was gathering at the scene of disturbance.

"I want someone to go and fetch Rita Skeeter", Harry told the

swelling number of people grouped around them in a commanding tone. A young witch nervously nodded and ran to try and find Rita Skeeter.

"Make way, make way - Coming through", the voice of the Ms. Rita carried across from the end of the mob. Her eyes lit up at the sight of Harry Potter surrounded by three immobile Aurors desperately looking towards the crowd, all pomposity and self respect forgotten.

"Ah, Harry. My dear boy! Why don't we go somewhere more private?" she questioned him, though she had no intention of doing so. Harry sensing her intentions and also thinking it would be more fruitful of washing the dirty laundry in public, politely nodded in the negative.

"Ms. Rita Skeeter. I know you are an honorable reporter and always try and stick as close as possible to the truth. That is why I am personally requesting you to tell the public how deplorable the condition of the Ministry of Magic had become.

Voldemort is out there, killing innocent men and women.

Orphaning children. Maiming innocents. Spreading terror through the Wizarding world.

He hides behind his minions and like a plague destroys the very fabric of our life.

And here we have the Minister of Magic sending three class 'A' Aurors to fetch the only one who has ever successfully opposed him for a hearing.

Last year he tried his best to ridicule and slander me and Professor Dumbledore.

Dolores Umbridge sent dementors after me and my muggle cousin. Just for defending myself, I was tried at a full hearing of the

Wizengamot.

Tell me - How many of you knew that? Your very own newspaper was in league with him and helped Fudge a great deal with his scheming and plotting.

And what is the crime I am being accused of now. Underage magic!

I may not be a fully qualified adult wizard but according to British Laws, I am fully entitled to use magic whenever and wherever I want.

Fudge has gone on long enough as the Minister of Magic, a position he isn't even fit to handle.

He accused me of being mentally unstable. I ask you, who is the mentally unstable person here?

One of our laws that has remained unchanged since ancient times is that any wizard or witch who feels he or she has been unjustly wronged by another person has a right to challenge that wizard or witch to a public or private duel.

For insulting my family name, I Harry James Potter, hereby challenge Cornelius Oswald Fudge to a magical duel in public tomorrow at 10:00 clock in Diagon Alley.

Let the citizens of the Wizarding world know that no one is above the law and how pitiable our Minister of Magic really is for he is going to be loose to a 6th year student of Hogwarts.

There will be no hearing tomorrow. Let it be known by all that the charges against me are groundless.

I am going to submit the entire proof of this along with other interesting tidbits about Fudge to Ms. Skeeter who will be reporting this in tomorrow's edition of the Daily Prophet.

Since you are all extremely fond of reporting on my antics, I am also going to give to your newspaper my complete story since starting first year at Hogwarts.

Now, as an act of good faith I am going to release these three Aurors.

Anyone who tries to interfere with my business will know the full extent of my anger.

Right now I am not really feeling very sociable, so if you will all excuse us, Ms. Skeeter and I have something to contribute to your esteemed newspaper. Thank you all for your time."

After two hours in the office of Rita Skeeter, a tired Harry quietly apparated to the Leaky Cauldron and after a brief conversation with Tom, the barkeeper, proceeded upstairs to rest.

Next Day - Diagon Alley

A quiet and composed Harry waited patiently outside a shop called Magic Menagerie in the middle of Diagon Alley.

Almost everyone in Diagon Alley had a copy of the Daily Prophet in their hands were looking at him with awe clearly written across their face. Teenage witches were giving him adoring glances every now and then.

A huge crowd had collected around him, but everyone was at a safe distance as if expecting the Minister of Magic to try some dirty trick when he made his appearance there.

After reading the day's edition of the newspaper, there was growing dissent among the Wizarding population against Cornelius Fudge.

The tales of Harry Potter and his two loyal, steadfast friends and their

adventures they had been on, was now known by all the children who had in turn been told by their parents after their cries of outrage at Fudge turned to cries of wonder when reading about Harry's school years.

Loud cracks announced the arrival of Fudge and his entourage. His face was swollen with anger and disbelief.

How and when had he been totally and utterly outwitted and outmaneuvered by a mere sixteen year old boy?

He knew his position in the ministry would not last another day but this was his chance to get back at the impudent brat for the public disgrace he had been caused.

"AURORS – ARREST THIS BOY!" However not a single person stepped forward to do his bidding.

In return it was Harry who responded to him.

"What happened Fudge? Are you also afraid like Voldemort to come out and fight in the open? Or are you just plain scared of old plain me? Come let's settle this dispute like men.

Take out your wand Fudge. You have done enough harm trying to hush up things and spreading lies. Sometimes I think you are acting on the orders of good ole' Snakeface!

Come on Fudge. Duel me".

"WHY YOU!"

"CAMINUS INCENDI".

As a bright orange flare rushed towards Harry Potter from the wand of Cornelius Fudge, Harry waved his wand and a bright blue shield of

water that covered his entire frame appeared.

The flames instantly disappeared.

'My turn now...'

What happened next would be told over many a drink at the Leaky Cauldron with laughter echoing through the entire inn.

Without batting an eyelid, Harry weaved his way with the grace of a professional dancer not giving Fudge even a remote chance to retaliate.

"PULSARE"

"BATTUERO"

"CATENA RESTRICTO"

"FERA BESTIUS"

"FRIGUS"

"TERREUS"

A jet of yellow light emerged from Harry's wand and hit Fudge right in his stomach.

As he fell down with a terror struck face, another beam of light which was making his way towards him sent him flying.

Just before he could impact with the windows of Flourish and Blotts imaginary chains confined him.

A huge black grim like dog sprang forth from a pebble and with a vicious growl proceeded to bite his shoes.



As the dog kept trying to dismember his nether regions, a pillar of ice squeezed Fudge in effectively preventing his escape.

The earth suddenly split open and Fudge rocked dangerously left and right before falling right in.

With just his head sticking out of the brick lined alley, Fudge remained encased in his tomb of ice and sputtered stupidly, before realizing that the face of Harry Potter was peering closely at him.

"LEGLIMENS". It was a minute later Fudge realized that he was wailing loudly and somehow sharing his most embarrassing moments with his sixteen year old nemesis.

"Next time Fudge, choose your enemies carefully".

That was the last Cornelius Oswald Fudge ever heard from Harry Potter, The Boy- Who-Lived, Saviour of the WIZARDING world before he resigned from his position and disappeared from public life.

"VOLDEMORT I KNOW YOU WILL HEAR ME. SO LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY. I AM COMING FOR YOU. IT MAY BE TODAY, IT MAY BE TOMMORROW, IT MAY BE ONE YEAR LATER. I AM COMING FOR YOU".

That was the last the WIZARDING public gathered at Diagon Alley heard from Harry Potter, The Boy- Who-Lived, Saviour of the WIZARDING world before he retired to his abode at Number 4, Privet Drive for the remaining summer.

The moment Harry Potter disappeared from Diagon Alley, an old wrinkled face sporting a huge white beard broke into a proud smile and disappeared the same way as his protégé.

I am a silent spectator to my own self,

I see things happening to me.

I merely watch.

It is all powerful chain of events

Taking toll of me.

Spectators others too are

That is but unreal.

I watch my bare self

My bare truth, only I

When I am absorbed

In the heightened glory

Time gets lost, uncontrolled

Paining sole

I try to grab

I reach out to hold time

In a vain attempt

The events unfold

Starting a saga of millions

I am only a repeat

A silent spectator.

-Harry Potter, May 28th 1996.

The chain of events that happened after Harry's departure from Diagon Alley had left the Wizarding world in a daze.

After Fudge booted himself from office and Madam Amelia Bones was elected the new Minister of Magic, Aurors were placed at strategic places of importance all over the magical parts of Britain.

Checks and balances were placed into effect at the Ministry to flush out spies and Voldemort sympathizers.

Suspected Death Eaters were taken into custody and after heavy doses of interrogation in which Alastor 'Mad-Eye' Moody had a major role, released when all manner of useful information had been extracted from them.

The dementors had already deserted Azkaban, and guard trolls along with specially trained Aurors patrolled it now. Numerous security charms and wards were placed over the prison to make it impenetrable and prevent possible break-outs.

The Order of Phoenix was recruiting new members - wizards and witches who had proven themselves loyal to the light side or were considered extremely trustworthy by the present members.

Voldemort on the other hand, was maintaining a steadfast silence and it was anyone's guess what he was up to.

The Order suspected him to be recruiting his own Death Eaters from different parts of Europe and was keeping a strict watch on the Death Eaters released by the Ministry after their interrogations.

Our hero on the other hand was spending quiet days at his only living relative's house at Privet Drive in Surrey, contemplating life and his future.

'Where do I go from here Padfoot? I have bettered myself in mind and body this entire summer. I can handle any Death eater Voldemort throws at me and maybe even his most evil Lordship himself. Do you think it will be enough?'

He let out a soft sigh and got up from his rickety wooden chair from where he had been staring out of the window for the past hour.

After refilling Hedwig's water bowl with some fresh water he made it way to the bed and lied down after letting out another barely inaudible sigh.

Hands crossed behind his head and legs bent over in a perfect imitation of the alphabet X Harry thought fondly about Ron and Hermione. Their smiling faces succeeded in bringing out a gentle smile on his chiseled face.

For some unfathomable reason another picture immediately came to his mind.

Waist length dirty blond hair, wide doe like eyes and a wand stuck behind the ears. The image then focused on soft cherry colored lips and they opened up to reveal a set of pearly white teeth. "Wit beyond measure is a man's greatest treasure", said a soft voice.

'Now where I have heard that before? WAIT A SECOND HARRY! YOU WERE JUST NOW THINKING ABOUT LUNA LOVEGOOD!'

With a start of sudden realization, Harry immediately jolted from his bed.

"AAh", he shouted after hitting his head on the edge of the study

table.

He rubbed the backside of his head, his disobedient unruly hair standing up even more after rubbing it repeatedly with the palm of his right hand.

'First Snakeface, then an idiotic Minister of Magic, then the overly secretive Order of the mighty Goose and now LUNA LOVEGOOD. Why does this only have to happen to me?'

"Bloody hormones!"

'Do I like Luna?'

'Does she like me?'

As question after question raged in his mind, the Boy-Who-Lived never realized when he had assumed his position back in the bed and fell asleep with lips curved into a contented smile.

To any casual observer, it would have seemed that it was just some teenaged boy thinking about his first love and wondering what the future would bring for them.

He could not have been more right as the last thought in the mind of the barely conscious Harry Potter, was that of a dirty blond haired and emerald eyed little girl pulling the hair of another black haired and wide eyed little boy.

As Harry woke up in the morning after his best sleep the whole summer, last night's thoughts came rushing back to his head.

He shook his head as if it would get rid of strange thoughts he had dreamt about, only to find Hedwig looking at him quizzically.

She turned herself around imperiously, her entire demeanor

suggesting to Harry that she thought he had finally lost it.

After she flew out of the window to hunt something for her early morning snack, Harry got up and after a quick shower decided he needed to do some quick shopping for school supplies and more importantly, check up some things at Gringotts.

He realized that the new school term would be starting in just a few days and morning was the best time to avoid the usual rush of eager students and their harassed parents.

Just a few days back he had politely rejected Ron's offer to meet up at Diagon Alley. He knew Mrs. Weasley would want to confront him there and he was in absolutely no mood for providing explanations, however much he adored her.

Thinking that he should be getting a move on, Harry went downstairs to inform Aunt Petunia that he would be leaving for the better part of the day to get his school supplies.

"Aunt Petunia", he called out to her as she was making breakfast.

"I will be gone for most of the day to get some stuff for school".

Seeing Vernon's hand suddenly start to shake nervously a wicked smile made its way into his features and after some effort to fight back the smile he innocently continued, "Actually, I think I will leave just now".

And with that he apparated to Diagon Alley, leaving behind a broken teacup, a rapidly staining carpet and an uncontrollably shaky Vernon Dursley.

Harry apparated directly in front of the Gringotts front entrance.

He made his way to the head goblins desk and called for his

attention.

The goblin looked up from some jewel he was carefully inspecting and on recognizing Harry Potter, immediately went on his best behavior.

"Mr. Potter, what a pleasant surprise. What can I do for you today?"

"Good morning. I am here to inquire about the state of my finances and to get a complete statement on my list of possessions", Harry replied in a business like tone.

"Of course Mr. Potter! If you could just wait for a minute."

He opened one of the many hidden drawers underneath his huge desk and took out some parchments.

"As you have amply demonstrated that you are of eligible age Mr. Potter the sum total contained in your vaults now amounts to four hundred and sixty five million galleons, ninety four thousand sickles and twenty two knuts".

Harry slowly let out the breath he had been holding and in a voice that could have been described as distinctly girlish asked the goblin – "could you repeat that figure for me again please?"

"Certainly Mr. Potter. The sum total contained in your vaults amounts to four hundred and sixty five million galleons, nine hundred four thousand sickles and twenty two knuts".

'Breathe Harry. Yes that's the way, in and out, in and out, in and out'.

'Holy silver haired mother of all beautiful beautiful BEAUTIFUL GODS!'

'I AM RICH. I AM RICH. Harry Potter of cupboard under the stairs,

Number 4 Privet Drive – YOU ARE ONE BLEEDIN RICH KID'.

'Wow, what would Sirius have said to that?'

The moment Harry thought of his deceased godfather all exuberance at his newly discovered wealth went out of the window and he immediately sobered up.

"All right. Thank you very much for your time."

As Harry left Gringotts with a whirlpool of emotions raging through his heart, he spotted the shop for all kinds of options ingredients.

Harry had made it though to the NEWT level potions class after receiving an Outstanding in his potions OWL examination.

He had decided to take Advanced DADA, Transfiguration, Charms and Potions. He only took COMC as his elective because he wanted as much time as possible in pushing his magical limits and learning anything of value from the library at Hogwarts.

He had also planned to study Animagus Transformations in honor of his father and Sirius. He knew with all the extra work he was going to be doing; he would have very little time for other subjects that would be of little value to him in his fight against Voldemort.

After buying all required potion ingredients, Harry made his way to the Quality Quidditch Supplies to check on the latest broom.

'Bloody Umbitch', he swore mentally at Dolores Umbridge, the former Hogwarts High Inquisitor.

She had not only confiscated his Firebolt but also destroyed it.

'Can't even do anything to her now. Let her come out of St. Mungo's. This time it's going to be me who will send her back there, not the



Centaurs.'

He quickly found what he was looking for.

"Moonbeam X – Fastest broom in the world. Can outstrip any other model of broomstick out there. Guaranteed!" announced the owner proudly.

After shelling out six hundred galleons for it, a very satisfied Harry shrunk the broom and put it in the back pocket of his jeans.

'Moonbeam. Hmm, wonder what Luna would think of that!'

Harry sighted a jewelry shop and walked in with thoughts of the dirty-blond haired witch haunting him. His eyes fell upon a pair of dazzling white diamond studded ear-rings shaped like the moon and made a spur-of-the-moment decision to buy them as a present for Luna.

A quick trip to Ollivander's added wand polish and a brand new, charmed dragon-hide wand holster to his list of acquisitions.

'That's all for today I guess. Time to do my final packing for Hogwarts', Harry silently contemplated on the day.

Two days later, with a quick peck on the cheek and an absolutely astonished Aunt later Harry silently apparated to Platform nine and three quarters.

Most of the platform was empty except for a few students. Harry decided to settle in a compartment and make himself comfortable.

Half hour later, the door to the compartment slid open and Neville Longbottom and Luna Lovegood walked inside hand in hand.

I opened the door

You did not even knock

But I heard it

Your heart beat

Your calling me loudly

Seeking my soul

My body and the rest

I let myself believe you

Your madness shocked me

The shock was my joy

I am closing the door

For you never knocked

- Harry Potter, The Ride To Hogwarts

A burning hot iron rod slowly twisting its way through the guts and making its way upwards, to where the heart resides and staying put till the frail organ finally stopped beating. That is how Harry felt when he saw the clasped hands of his clumsy friend who was finally coming into his own and the girl who had taken away his peace of mind for the last many days and made a place of her own in his burdened heart.

For a brief moment he stiffened like an ironing board till conscious thought finally kicked in and looking at Luna with downcast eyes he softly said, "Hello Luna."

"Neville."

"I hope your grandmother wasn't angry at you for breaking your father's wand?"

Neville who was blissfully ignorant of the gigantic blow his and Luna's entrance had caused on Harry, jovially replied – "Oh No Harry! Grandma was so proud of me when she heard of what exactly had happened. I never really thanked you for giving me the confidence to face my fears. So here it is – Thanks Harry. Thanks so much!"

Harry gave a small smile and replied "Glad to have helped."

He briefly looked up at Luna only to find her giving him an extremely scrutinizing look that turned into a questioning look and finally gave way to a curious mix of sadness and apology.

There was an uncomfortable silence in the compartment that was choking him until the doors slid open to reveal the smiling face of his best friend Ron Weasley closely followed by his other best friend Hermione Granger. Just the sight of the two was enough to change his whole demeanor, which went from miserable to extremely content in a matter of seconds.

"HARRY! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?" shrieked Hermione with so much worry on her face that he was briefly taken aback.

"Listen guys. There are some things I need to talk to you about. Let's go outside for a minute."

Without waiting for their answer he gently pulled along his two friends from the compartment and shut the door close.

"Harry Wha-". Before Ron could complete the sentence, Harry placed a finger on his mouth indicating them to be quiet.

He took out his wand from the holster and cast a privacy bubble along with an eavesdropping deterrent charm and after pocketing it back in his wand holster turned a soft gaze towards Hermione.

"My beautiful Hermione," he said tenderly caressing her cheek. "Do you know how much I love you? If my parents were alive and I had a sister I would have wished her to be just like you."

"so perfect..." He said the last part so quietly that both Ron and Hermione barely heard it.

Hermione had silent tears flowing down her cheek and gave him a tight hug. "Why are you saying this Harry? What's wrong? Tell me. Did someone say anything to you? I WILL KILL THEM."

"No, No Hermione. Let me finish first. No one said anything to me."

"Ron", he said keeping a firm hand on his shoulder. If I would have wished Hermione as my sister, then you would most definitely have been my brother. I don't care if I am not related to both of you by blood. You are my family. My only family."

"Take care of Hermione for me Ron. And Hermione will you take care of Hedwig for me?"

Hermione nodded silently. Harry gently brushed away a tear from under her eye.

"I have to go somewhere. There are some things I must do. Don't try to find me. PLEASE. I have to do this."

"Promise me. Both of you. You will not try to find me. Promise me."

"And. And I will come back."

Ron nodded dumbly, not knowing how to react for this was one situation he was not prepared for when he boarded the train. All he could understand was that there was an inner fire in his best friends, no, not best friend, his brother's bright emerald eyes and that he had to go somewhere.

Harry pulled them both into a tight hug and suddenly let go. He turned toward the outer doors and after casting a cushioning charm on the ground next to the railway tracks, he jumped from the speeding train.

'IF A WEAPON I HAVE TO BE – THEN A WEAPON I WILL BECOME. After all, that's all there is to my wretched life...'

The month of October is usually associated with a cool breeze flowing across a serene landscape dotted with flaming trees that are ready to shed their leaves till the rejuvenating season of spring brings them back to life with soft childlike innocent leaves take their place to repeat the endless cycle of life and death.

Harry Potter was not feeling too much of the light wind though. He was in a terrain where snow clad mountains competed with lush coniferous forests to provide an overall awesome view. He was at the Himalayas.

Sheltered in a cave from the howling winds that raged from the north and then mellowed down enough by the time they reached the great Indian plains, he was kept company a man who very well could have passed off as the prominent English wizard Albus Dumbledore with his bright twinkling eyes and outsized white beard.

The only difference being that this man was in a partial state of undress with only a carrotty loin cloth, which would seemingly have offended western sensibilities, to cover him and possessed a light brown tone of the skin. No, Harry Potter was not here to test his gender orientations. Rather he was in an extreme state of meditation

softly chanting an ancient Hindu hymn that was to aid him in his purposes of concentration.

Suddenly after a day long span of absorption in his ritual which he had been going over for the past month and a half, he felt as if ants were slowly crawling along his back. An intense heat in his spine as if molten lava was softly making its way down took its place and a soft buzzing echo in his ear slowly rose in crescendo to reproduce a roaring sound that finished with a clap of thunder. This was immediately followed by a feeling of pure bliss that gave way to millions of bright flashy lights in his head that revealed to him the creative, intellectual and spiritual side of life.

With an extremely content smile on his face, Harry slowly lowered his chin to reveal a set of beautiful glowing green eyes and was met with the sight of the Indian version of Dumbledore proudly beaming at him.

"Did you see, my child?" he asked of Harry. Harry slowly nodded.

"You are now one with yourself now child. You must learn to harness the energy you have been gifted with. Your magic is only worth so much. But the energy within us all is so immense, so powerful yet so beautiful. Each of us is enough to create a star by ourselves just by harnessing all which we have. Go now. Go in peace. May the blessings of the gods be with you."

Harry slowly got up and wrapped his arms around the wizened Indian hermit to give him a gentle hug.

"And child, you don't need that stick you carry around with you anymore. Nor those silly words you keep uttering with that stick. Will it. Ask of your being for it to happen and it will happen....."

With a trusting nod, Harry took out his wand from his holster and giving it one last loving look. He then gripped the sides of the wand

and with a slight effort bent it at the middle. What happened next would remain firmly etched in his mind as an everlasting memory.

The wand broke with a resounding CRACK and exposed a stunning red and gold feather from Dumbledore's pet phoenix. The feather immediately burst into flames and all of a sudden, exploded into millions of red and gold sparkling lights. The glittering lights soon turned into a phantom figure that took the shape of a majestic phoenix. It slowly drifted upwards and just when it was about to touch the ceiling of the cave, it gave a mighty screech and without another warning rushed towards Harry.

The moment it entered Harry, he felt as if all his pain, all his sorrows, all his misery had been washed away. He felt rejuvenated as if he had suddenly found an oasis of water in a hot sterile desert.

"My child! Oh my! Do you realize what has just happened?" the hermit suddenly exclaimed.

Without waiting for Harry to answer, the positively gleeful man clapped his hands and continued talking – "Look what it did! This celestial creature cleansed all the darkness that was trying to take hold of you. When you first came to me, lost and miserable I questioned myself whether I should teach you the ancient ways. I sensed a great amount of inherent righteousness in you, but that was slowly being eaten away by your rage and anger. Sooner or later, these would have led you to the path of self-destruction. It seems I made the right decision, for only someone absolutely pure of heart could have received such a wonderful gift from this creature. Now I have nothing to worry about. You must go and solve that which earlier troubled you so greatly."

With a silent nod and a barely audible pop, Harry left.

"Rise oh tortured soul,

The brunt's you have borne enough

It's time taming

Wisdom and faith in you

Floating on towers of imagination

Success, failure, adventure

Risen you Have now

Vision of your glory, is there

It is now an eternal story."

With a soft sigh, the old man finished his song and slowly made his way out of the cave to collect fruits for the day's meal.

Lavender Brown always considered herself to be a very sociable and gregarious girl, whose zest for life could only be matched by her best friend, Parvati Patil. No wonder that she was now fervently kissing her fifth selection of a boyfriend in the past two weeks at the window facing the north side at the infamous Astronomy tower.

She suddenly felt warmth creeping up her face till she chanced a look outside to see a majestic figure making its way through towards the outer doors of the great hall. With an impatient huff she broke away contact with her male companion and felt a growing good pleasantness as the figure approached closer. This person was walking with a naturalness and grace that only the noblest of blood and the highest order of royalty could even think to imitate.

There was an extremely powerful aura surrounding him and she suddenly felt loved and wanted and that everything in the world was all right. Her natural instincts kicked in and she realized she must find



out who this person was. With an unnatural burst of speed she raced down towards the great hall, just in time to see the doors of her school - Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, gently opening.

'The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog'. Had Hermione Granger ever been questioned as to what was so special about the sentence in pertinence to English Grammar, she would have thought with a slight frown for a minute and then brightly answered – "Why of course! It contains all the letters of the English alphabet".

If that sentence managed to display all the letters of the English grammar, then the moment the great doors opened and the person who had caused Lavender Brown to rush all the way down from the Astronomy Tower gracefully stepped in, all shades of admiring emotions that were humanly possible for a normal hot blooded sixteen year old girl managed to openly display themselves across her face.

Any professor of human psychology would have killed to be there at that moment in time as parallel expressions adorned themselves on every teenage witch present in the great hall.

Draco Malfoy, the self proclaimed Slytherin prince of Hogwarts started out with outright disbelief and the incredulity somehow managed to transform itself into an unmatched fury.

Dumbledore unsuccessfully tried maintaining a neutral expression as his eyes kept darting about the hall in utter confusion when he felt the familiar calming presence of his loyal and steadfast friend Fawkes nearby, the same time his most favorite student in all of his many decades of teaching experience entered. 'Well, almost most favorite...', he thought mischievously as he secretively braved a sideward glance at Professor McGonagall.

Hermione and Ron were showing utter relief on their faces and when they turned to each other to express their utter delight at

Harry's return, somehow managed to get completely lost in each other's eyes. Completely oblivious to what was going on around them they were now singularly involved in repeating what Ms. Brown of Gryffindor was so busy in a few minutes back.

With a happy grin Harry saw them and slowly breathing in the wonderful atmosphere, let out a slow breath. Piercing green emerald eyes slowly turned towards the Ravenclaw table and tried scanning the table for straggly waist length dirty blond hair.

"Where is Luna?" he politely asked a fourth year Ravenclaw girl sitting closest to where he was standing. The girl's eyes widened like those of a deer caught in the headlights when she realized HE had chosen to speak to her.

As a soft blush made its way through her face, she managed to stutter out some incomprehensible words. "I am sorry. Could you repeat that again for me please?" he asked of her.

Soft giggling noises brought the girl back to the great hall and her immediate surroundings and she finally managed to blurt out - "Hunting for her belongings. Someone managed to hide them again tonight!"

Moments after the Ravenclaw divulged Luna Lovegood's whereabouts, the walls started rumbling and all of the glass dishes at the Ravenclaw table shattered sending glass everywhere. The merry atmosphere in the great hall instantaneously turned dark as shrieks of the students went up. Any student who had ever played around with Luna's belongings or mentally tortured her was shivering uncontrollably. A few first year's who had recently been introduced into the favorite pastime of Luna baiting by their seniors were sobbing quietly.

McGonagall got up fuming and with a wary glance at Dumbledore, who silently nodded his assent, turned towards Harry Potter. "MR.

POTTER! STOP THIS IMMEDIATELY!"

In a soft tone of voice that even Severus Snape, potions master extraordinaire and resident expert of the noble art of intimidation, would have been hard-pressed to copy, Harry gave a unsettling look to those affected by his recent magical outburst - "Touch so much as a hair on Luna's head and that will be the last thing you do in this lifetime."

The cold fury etched in every line of Harry Potter's youthful face was the last thing a worried Cho Chang saw before he slowly shimmered out of existence in front of the entire great hall.

Harry willed himself to be at Luna's side as he noiselessly left the great hall. He reappeared in a deserted corridor with just a portrait of what appeared to be a goblin haggling over some gold with a clever looking wizard. Looking around he thought he had made a mistake when he saw no sign of Luna.

He was about to leave when his right leg touched something soft on the ground. With a start he realized that it was Luna, the girl who had made a very special place in his heart.

Harry was absolutely furious with the people who had caused her so much suffering and pain and his heart almost broke in two when he realized that she was trembling slightly in her sleep with dry tear marks running down her eyes. He gently picked her up in his arms as if she was a fragile piece of glass and softly kissed her forehead.

'NEVER AGAIN! NEVER EVER BLOODY AGAIN! I SWEAR NO WILL DARE TO LAY A FINGER ON YOU AGAIN LUNA'

The next second Harry appeared with Luna resting gently in his arms at the old dilapidated structure that was the Shrieking Shack. With a mental thought the entire dust vanished and the whole place was sparkling clean.

Blue and gold competed with each other for the upholstery and a merry fire cackled in the now repaired fireplace. A bed fit for a queen appeared along with a comfortable looking couch by its side. With a final kiss on her forehead, Harry softly placed Luna on the bed and covered her with sheets of the finest silk. With a sigh he settled down on the couch, her hand entwined in his.

Two days after Luna woke up to be greeted with the sight of Harry Potter smiling at her endearingly...

Harry entered the Dungeons and walked up to the Potions classroom for the sixth year NEWT students conducted by Severus Snape. Murder was written in his eyes as he stood outside the closed doors.

He lifted his hands to his chest and violently pulled them apart. The same time he did so, the doors blasted apart from the hinges and swept all the way behind him. His cloak angrily billowing in the non existent wind, he indifferently stepped into the classroom and fiercely eyed the students, all of whom were now turned towards him and looking at him with a mixture of fright and curiosity clearly written across their faces.

One student in particular was desperately trying to cover his frightened features with a smug expression on his face.

"POTTER, HOW DARE YOU COM-". Before Snape could even complete the sentence, he was brutally sent flying across the dimly lit classroom into the moss covered stone walls, with an impatient wave of Harry's hand. A sickening crunch announced to the class that the Potions master would not be able to attend his classes for the next one or two weeks, depending on the skills of the healers at St. Mungos.

Harry had not broken his eye-contact with Draco Malfoy throughout the entire ordeal and after giving him an intense look finally opened

his mouth to speak.

"Come Draco. We have some things to talk about. Come with me."

Malfoy realizing that the next few minutes were probably going to be his last, after seeing the battered body of his Head of House, was stupidly nodding no. He got up from his wooden stool and without more ado ran and crouched underneath the bench.

The bench he was hiding under lifted up in the air and flew towards Snape's table where it softly landed, harmlessly spilling a few half-made potions from their owner's cauldrons.

"I SAID COME HERE YOU PIECE OF SHIT". With a snarl Harry lifted his right hand and Malfoy came flying through toward him. With an iron grip Harry caught hold of his neck and slowly pressed it tighter and tighter, choking him with the intent to kill.

Malfoy's eyes were bulging out from their sockets and his pale face rapid turning blue. All the students were transfixed with the sight before them and when Hermione thought that enough was enough, she proceeded to take out her wand.

To her horror she realized that she was totally immobilized as were the rest of the students. With a final sputter, Draco Malfoy finally breathed his last.

Like a rag doll, Harry tossed the corpse of Draco Malfoy aside and left the classroom as quickly as he had come.

Harry Potter, the golden boy of Gryffindor, had consciously committed his first murder...

Meanwhile in Dumbledore's office

Albus Dumbledore, the most revered wizard of his age lied back on a

chair with a completely defeated look on his face. Minerva McGonagall was furiously debating whether she should mouth her growing concerns or not after seeing her mentor in such crushed position.

Finally, her Gryffindor traits won, and she went on to speak – "Albus, we must do something about the boy. I fear he will completely lose control over himself if you don't talk to him NOW. Albus! Please do something. Anything".

Elsewhere at Voldemort's secret hideout

An evil cackle echoed off the walls of a shadowy mansion. The entire atmosphere was thick with sinister malevolence and the dampness in the air because of the light rain outside the confines of the man-made structure only served to reinforce it.

A skeleton thin man with slits for his nostrils and a high forehead stood at the forefront of a dozen people in black robes. "Good job Malfoy! For once your incompetence at getting things done right seems to have taken a back-foot."

As if imitating a cheap 'B' grade movie villain, Lord Voldemort a.k.a. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named a.k.a. You-Know-Who, spun his hands from behind his pitch black robes,

and pretended to squeeze an imaginary object with his spidery fingers. "If you can't stab them from the front, then stab them from the back. Just make sure it reaches their heart."

"Excellent!"

'Harry Potter, I have broken your spirit. The game has begun. It's your move now', he silently contemplated on the brilliant happenings of the day.

While still thinking about how Lord Voldemort was the most brilliant and powerful Dark Lord in centuries, You-Know-Who got his wish granted unknown to him as a seething figure of Harry Potter shimmered and took physical form in the dark shadows near some chipped Romanesque pillars.

Even with Voldemort's presence, the temperature suddenly seemed to drop a few degrees. His Death Eater's were nervously looking around as if they sensed something was not right in their master's public chamber.

It took the fanatical hissing of Nagini to alert him to the presence of his arch nemesis. Hsss here master. Hsss here master. Canss I sink my fangsss in hisss legssss

With a sharp nod he jerked his neck towards the dark shadows. "Harry - my Boy! You honor me with your presence. Let's have a spot of tea dear boy. Nothing like a round of torture and pain to wash it all down with."

"Come out, Come out. Little Johnny wants to play the Big Bad Boy today. Let's all humor him, my loyal Deat-".

As Harry Potter stepped out of the shadows, an involuntary shiver ran down almost every Death Eater present. Lord Voldemort stopped mid-sentence and did something he had never done after being trashed by the warden in the old orphanage, at the tender age of four.

He gulped.

On the Flames we glare

Passing faces

So cold and speechless

They look

It is breaking away

A passionate past

The silence of burial

Fragrance spreads

Pushing a stone wall

With bare bosoms

Bleeding

Falls the wall

Glares strengthen wounds

Healing becomes an endless process

Calling futuristic path

We tread so softly

-Harry Potter, The Murder of Luna Lovegood

Harry watched Lord Voldemort with detached eyes. For a moment everything seemed to have come to a complete standstill as if time itself was frozen. And in that moment Harry remembered.

Flashes of the last two days.

Days that would not return, ever.



A dream of a happy life left unfulfilled.

Luna waking up with Harry's hand entwined in hers.

Luna breaking down and crying in his comforting embrace.

Luna holding him close as if her very life depended on her grip.

Lifting her chin to meet his eyes.

The Kiss.

His first real kiss.

Luna blushing slightly.

The day spent comfortably snuggling into each others arms next to the fireplace.

Escorting her back to Hogwarts.

Whispers flying about their closeness as they entered the great hall together.

The joyous look sent to him by his friends.

The amused look sent towards him by the headmaster.

The apologetic look sent by Cho Chang.

The deriding sneer sent towards by the Potion Master.

The malevolent glare sent towards him by the ferret.

Taking Luna to the kitchens.

Laughing together at Dobby's antics.

Waking up the next morning in the room of requirement with her warm presence close to him.

Dropping her off to her first class.

Leaving for the Dursleys to strengthen the wards.

Coming back to find an unsettling hush over the entire school.

Leglimencing the students.

Running towards Madam Pomfrey's office.

Luna covered with white sheets.

Lifting the sheets.

Luna's lifeless body carved with tattoos. Tattoos of his scar.

The cry of anguish. The cry that shattered everything innocent left in him.

The tears. The tears that flowed from his eyes. The tears that swore revenge.

Revenge for those who had died a helpless death.

Revenge for everything dear that was snatched unfairly from him.

Discovering magical signature residues of both the Malfoys' on her.

His first murder, Draco Malfoy.

Lord Voldemort before him.

And the way a dam bursts everyone suddenly leapt into action. Though to their discredit, every Death Eater found themselves unable to move - just like the students had in the dungeons at Hogwarts a few minutes back.

Except for Lord Voldemort. He eyed Harry nervously and with a huge effort forced it down. His Slytherin instincts screamed at him to flee and come back for a fight later.

Looking over at the whelp, he couldn't help but admire how far the brat had come from the strangely calm baby he had attempted to murder sixteen years ago. Before him stood a tall, well built man. His frame was that of a seasoned athlete yet the impression he gave was that of an extremely well bred royal. His eyes... They were glowing dangerously. Like the waters of a deep ocean. Rough and perilous on the surface, with the promise of hidden horrors underneath.

"AVADA KED – ". Harry never gave him a chance to finish the fatal spell as he faded to a soft red mist with a swirling gold and black centre, and calmly stepped into Lord Voldemort's skeletal frame.

The Dark Lord's wand dropped to the floor with a clank and he screamed in agony with his hands on his forehead. "NO MORE. PLEASE NO", he cried desperately.

Meanwhile Harry was rapidly thinking of every loving emotion he had come across. His mother softly cooing to him. Ron and Hermione helping him shoulder his burdens. Sirius offering a place to live with him after he was rescued. Mrs. Weasley hugging him tightly at the end of the third task. Luna's soft loving embrace.

With a final yell, Lord Voldemort stopped clawing his bloodied face and fell lifeless to the ground. Harry tried getting out back to his own body but he found that he was trapped.

A bright light was shining at the end of long dark passageway. An invisible force gently pushed him towards the bright glow. Time had no meaning as Harry finally reached the brightly glowing source of light. A silent tear made its way down to the ground as Harry felt the sheer intensity of the love that the huge orb of light was projecting.

He felt invisible hands gently ruffling his hair. Not a moment too soon a dainty invisible hand lightly caressed his cheeks and softly touched his lips.

"Go Harry. They are giving everything another chance. Make things right. I will meet you soon. I love you".

Harry was violently pushed back and with a groan he opened his eyes.

"Ah! Harry my child. You are finally awake. The stone is safe."

When Harry looked up into the eyes of Dumbledore to confirm whether he had heard him correctly, he was suddenly assaulted with an onslaught of foreign memories, though it has a distinctly familiar tinge to it.

With a start, the eleven year old boy realized that these memories were his own and not someone else's. Year's worth of experiences, good as well as bad, trickled and settled in his conscious mind. It seemed like an eternity to Harry but to any casual observer it would have appeared as if Harry had simply spaced out for a few seconds.

Albus Dumbledore however, wasn't just any casual observer. He was watching the boy with something akin to pride when he felt a strange change come over his eleven year old ward in a matter of mere seconds.

Albus Dumbledore who prided himself in being able to scrutinize and

decipher even the slightest bit of human expressions found himself stumped when a completely unreadable expression came over the child.

His shock was furthered when the tiny boy suddenly got up from his bed and hugged him tightly around his waist and softly said, "Thank for taking care and watching over me Professor Dumbledore. I must be going now. Have to meet my friends."

No questions were asked as to what happened to the stone.

No questions were asked as to how Harry was able to defeat Voldemort's shadow.

No questions were asked as to why Voldemort tried to kill him that dreadful Halloween night.

Albus Dumbledore was left completely surprised.

While Dumbledore was staring off into space with a blank expression into space trying to sort out and analyze the very recent events, Harry softly made his way out of Madam Pomfrey's domain.

He realized he needed more time to think about the future that had been revealed to him and he didn't want to take any drastic steps to alter it without understanding the consequences of his actions. So the entire time, till he reached Privet Drive, he acted in a similar fashion to how his past self had which included winning the house cup, thanking Hagrid for the photo album and almost every other minute detail that came to mind.

Back at the Dursley's

Harry realized that he could not perform any magic in the summers till he was at least fourteen years of age, which was the minimum age of emancipation for an orphaned minor in the muggle world. So

unwittingly, he still had to perform Aunt Petunia's chores and listen to the Dursleys verbally pick on him.

One good outcome of having the memories of his other self was having his advanced knowledge. In a matter of minutes, Harry re-taught himself Occlumency and Leglimency. He had all the advanced knowledge of the highly powerful spells and other subject matter that he had learned over the years.

However, somehow he had lost the lingering shadow of Fawkes, the headmaster's magnificent phoenix and also the complete transformation he had gone through at the Himalayas under the guidance of the wizened sage. He knew how to go about it but he understood it would take him a great amount of patience and solitude to achieve it again - something for which he had no time.

He had thought long and hard about his future course of actions and he understood that there was no possible in hell that he would go through all that mental anguish throughout his Hogwarts years.

He would not let the future turn out the way it did if he had any say in it, and he had a very big say in it he thought with great mental relish.

Taking out a quill and some parchment, Harry made a list of things that he knew he would have to sort out in the not too distant future.

& Azkaban

2.Wormtail, the traitorous rat...

3.Dobby/freedom from Malfoy

4. The Chamber of Secrets & the Basilisk

5.Tom Riddle/Diary & Ginny Weasley

6. Lucius Malfoy & the Diary

7. Reveal Parseltongue abilities?

'Phew! That's quite a list I've got there. How in heavens name am I going to do this?'

Like a bulb being switched on he was suddenly struck with an idea. 'The summer after the fifth year, when I was a complete emotional heap and this summer really have distinct parallels. Let's see. Aha! GOT IT!'

With a calm expression on his face, Harry neatly penned a letter –

Dear Ms. Rita Skeeter,

There are some things I would really like to discuss with you. I am sure on fully hearing me out; you will not be disappointed with what I have to offer to you.

If you are in acceptance of my offer, I will expect a "bug" in my hands tomorrow at 3:00 pm near the swings at the public park near Privet Drive, Surrey.

yours humbly,

Harry Potter.

'BUG! -that'll remind her not to - not come....,' he thought with a proud smile adorning his boyish looks.

A minute later a disappearing white speck could be seen in the sky carrying a very important letter.

It was to a brand new day that Harry woke up feeling full of excitement and an overwhelming sense of anticipation about the

shape of things to come. He was justifiably feeling a little nervous; though with a few claming breaths he managed to reign in his perturbing emotions lest he loose control of himself, which could eventually lead to an unmitigated disaster when the time came for Rita Skeeter to print her piece in the Daily Prophet.

After all, the way he presented himself and his case to her would determine the future flow of events. And Harry had no intentions of screwing things up before hand.

The previous day he had made a list of things to think about and act on. He had arrived at the conclusion that exposing Wormtail for who he was would eventually lead to his capture and his godfather's freedom.

But he could not afford to do that, not yet. Undoubtedly Sirius would still remain a captive and later on a fugitive, but at least he would be assured that if things happened the way they already had, Wormtail would try and bring Voldemort back to life during the third task at the Tri-wizard tournament and he would have a chance to save Cedric Diggory's life, now that he knew what to expect.

Otherwise, Voldemort could eventually be brought back to his full powers at any other time and he would have to live his entire remaining years on the edge thinking about when Voldemort would be brought back and who else might die because of so many unknown variables.

All he had to make sure was that Barty Crouch Jr. was exposed for who he was without Fudge getting his hands on him and therefore, shutting him up permanently with a Dementor's kiss. He also had to include Dumbledore in his future plans and let him know about the tri-wizard cup being a portkey before hand.

That way they could take care of the powerless Voldemort and finish off the looming threat of his return once and for all. But that was a



story for another day.

Right now he had to think of a way to save Ginny and give Lucius Malfoy what he oh-so-thoroughly deserved – a long term in Azkaban in his own personal cell, without Dobby to as a punching bag.

And that brought him back to Skeeter. Everything thing now depended on how he handled her.

With his thoughts well chartered out in his mind, Harry confidently closed the door to No. 4 Privet Drive and set off to meet Rita Skeeter at the local park.

At The Park : 2:55 pm

Harry slowly made his way to the birch tree near the broken swings and sat down with a huff. No sooner had he made himself comfortable, he heard a twig snap behind him and without a moments hesitation he had his wand drawn and pointed between the shocked eyes of none other than Rita Skeeter.

"Why, hello Miss Skeeter! I see that you are five minutes early for our appointment. How do you do?" Harry asked her with false cheer - something which both of them saw through.

"I am terribly good, this fine evening Mr. Potter," she replied back in the same tone, though she had a sickly sweet smile plastered on her face.

"Well then I don't plan to BUG you too much today and spoil this wonderful day for you, but could you tell me what is the punishment for being an unregistered animagus these days? A short term in Azkaban I presume? Or is it just a heavy fine that the Ministry imposes on offending individuals if they are caught?" he asked her with heavy emphasis on the word 'bug'.

"How diiid did youu you knoww," she stuttered.

"Well Ms. Skeeter, I am sorry my secrets are my own – But I would like to offer you a deal – a VERY fair deal. I promise that you have nothing to loose and everything to gain. You will undoubtedly make the biggest story of the decade, i.e. after the defeat of Voldemort by me, The-Boy-Who-Lived, and it will be completely to your credit. A salute to the brilliant investigative journalists of our time and their undying devotion to give the truth to the citizens of this great nation. AND, I will completely forget that some of these reporters become unregistered animagi like BUGS to uncover the truth. So, what say you?"

To say that Harry had managed to whet Rita Skeeter's appetite and arouse her curiosity would have been an understatement, for she was just one step away from actually drooling on Harry's feet. With a wary glance at his legs he quietly managed to take a few steps back giving her time to think about his proposal and possibly save himself the burden of cleaning up his shoe laces later on.

"All right Harry, Can I call you Harry? What have you got for me?" she carried on without acknowledging his nod about her calling him Harry.

"Well, then listen carefully Rita. Can I call you Rita?"

At her eager nod he continued, "Lucius Malfoy is in possession of a Class-I Dark Artifact which he will intentionally place into the possession of one Ms. Ginny Weasely, only daughter of Mr. Arthur Weasely of the office of Misuse of Muggle Artifacts. This will happen when Gilderoy Lockhart has his signing day gala at Flourish and Blotts at the end of this summer, before the new Hogwarts term starts."

"Now you will ask me what is so special about this particular dark artifact. You see, this artifact comes across nothing but just a simple

diary to the innocent eye, with the original owner's name written on it in silver – Tom Marvolo Riddle."

"This diary contains all the memories of the owner – in a nutshell the entire essence of his being as a sixteen year old. The essence of this person can interact with anyone who writes in this diary and slowly takes over the writer's will as time passes by stealing his or her life energy. Of course, if have a strong will, nothing will happen to you. But Rita, imagine what will happen if you place this diary in the hands of an innocent, gullible eleven year old girls who will be attending Hogwarts for the first time."

"THAT BASTARD!" she exclaimed loudly, scaring some of the nearby birds away.

"Calm down Rita! We aren't even hot yet."

"Do you know why this story, i.e. if you publish it - by catching Lucius Malfoy red-handed, will earn you so much acclaim? No? Let me tell you then. Do you know who Tom Marvolo Riddle was?"

"Here hold your wand," he asked her soothingly.

"Oh! For Merlin's sake - I can't do underage magic away from school!" he replied seeing her questioning look.

"All right then, I am now going to show you something."

With a gentle grip on her wand arm, he slowly wrote TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE in burning letters in the air. With a smooth flick of her hand, he slowly rearranged the words to form I AM LORD VOLDEMORT in place of the old letters.

With a horror struck look on her face, Rita Skeeter turned towards Harry and then promptly fainted.

Rita Skeeter was mildly surprised to wake up to the sight of seeing the Boy-Who-Lived whistling merrily to some odd tune with his back resting against a grand birch tree.

"How can you be so calm after what you told me?" she asked him indignantly.

"Well, Rita if you have seen what I have seen, then you learn to accept things and make the best out of a given situation. So I understand that you will be doing the expose on Lucius Malfoy, pureblood and upstanding member of the British Wizard Community?" Harry asked her with a smirk.

"Of course. How could I not?" she finished with a dangerous yet oddly determined glint in her eye.

Harry gave her a calculating look and then proceeded to get up from his sitting position and after dusting off the dust from his hands; he made a gesture to shake her hand.

"All the best then!" With a firm handshake, he sauntered walked off towards Number 4 Privet Drive without turning around.

The day finally arrived when Vernon was to make his business deal and Dobby his dramatic appearance in Harry's bedroom.

Counting down the minutes Harry softly cursed his bad luck and slowly climbed upstairs after the verbal bout with his Uncle about how he was supposed to be a good boy, pretend he did not exist and stay in his room all evening.

The moment he opened his door he was greeted with the sight of Dobby jumping up and down like there was no tomorrow on his rickety old bed. Without making a sound he silently closed the door and leaned against the cupboard.

"Hello Dobby," he said with a slight smile on his face.

To say Dobby was surprised would have been an understatement.

"HARRY POTTER KNOWS DOBBY?" he exclaimed with his eyes pooping out.

"How can that be? Dobby has never met Harry Potter before. Such a great wizard he is. But Dobby is not supposed to be here! Dobby must warn Harry Potter that he must not return to Hogwart's School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this year. Evil is being plotted and DOBBY MUST WARN HARRY POTTER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE," he said shrieking out the last part.

Before the little house elf could bang his hand on the dresser table about how he must not betray his masters, Harry quickly caught hold of him and gently placed him on the bed by his side.

With a soft sigh, Harry gathered his thoughts and wondered how he was going to get his thoughts across to the easily excitable house-elf.

"Listen Dobby, the powers-that-be have informed me all about the evil plot that you are warning me about. I know everything there is to know about who is going to do what at the end of the summer holidays and the consequences of that. But don't worry. I have a plan and already set it into motion. Everything will turn out to be all right. OK?"

Dobby by this time was looking at the wizard he had heard so much about from his fellow house-elves with wide wondrous eyes and without warning started bawling like a small child. "Harry Potter is a great wizard – that he is. Dobby trusts Harry Potter. But Dobby is sorry to have stolen Harry Potter's letters." He removed a huge bundle of letters from his back and apologized profusely about how he thought that if Harry Potter thought that his friends don't like him, he would choose not to go to Hogwarts.

Before he could start banging his head for the third time that evening, Harry caught hold of the dirty pillow case that covered his body and with a hard look in his face that softened when seeing the house elf's wide eyes, softly told him "Don't punish yourself Dobby. You have done nothing wrong. Although I am slightly angry with you, I won't hold it against you. Go back to your home and wait for the events to unfold. I can promise you one thing. I may not be able to get you your freedom but I will help your kind and YOU for that matter, whenever you need me. So just give me my letters and leave with goodwill. Consider me indebted to you for your concern and your warning. HE will get his comeuppance soon."

Tears flowed gently down the little house-elf's eyes and with a serene expression he folded his hands across his chest and vanished into thin air.

Harry had written to Ron about staying with him at the Burrow. Ron whole-heartedly greeted the idea and managed to surrey him to his house with the help of his twin brothers and a flying Ford Angelica. Though Mrs. Weasley was none too pleased with her sons for taking out their father's enchanted car without permission she forgave them immediately when she saw Harry and with a bright expression proceeded to pamper him with food and other motherly gestures that Harry had missed out on for so long.

Finally the day arrived when they were to go to Diagon Alley and Rita Skeeter was to carry out her part of the deal.

Harry stepped into the grate and clearly shouted out 'DIAGON ALLEY', careful that he would not land up in Knockturn Alley, like he had last time.

After buying all their nitty-gritty's the Weasley's and Harry proceeded towards Flourish and Blott's where they met Hermione and after warm hugs went inside the bookstore. Mr. Weasley immediately

struck a conversation with the Grangers about various muggle contraptions and how they were finding the wizarding world. Harry meanwhile had been spotted by Gilderoy Lockhart and was compelled to get his photo taken with the man.

No sooner had Lockhart's vice like grip released him and a swooning Mrs. Weasley offered to get his books autographed by him, he heard someone whose head he literally wanted to bash in.

"Bet you loved that, didn't you Potter," he snarled.

'Draco Malfoy. Oh Shit. Here goes nothing. Where are you Rita? You better not mess this up.'

When Ginny came to his rescue, Draco gave them all a look as if they were filthy - "Oh look , Potter's got himself a girlfriend!"

"Now, Now Draco," a cane with a snake with its fangs protruding out made its way over the little squirt's shoulder and a older replica of Draco Malfoy made his appearance from behind him.

"Be polite! Ah. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Lucius Malfoy. You must be the Harry Potter."

"Your scar is a legend Mr. Potter," he said revealing it with his cane, "As was the wizard who gave it to you."

"Ms. Granger, I presume?" he said turning towards Hermione. "Of course, Draco has told me all about you."

"And red hair, hand me down clothes and tattered books. You must be the Weasley's!"

While Lucius Malfoy was busy removing the few books from Ginny's cauldron and then putting them back in with a new addition, he didn't notice a witch with huge glasses and a exquisite dragon hide purse

coming closer towards him, along with another middle aged wizard with a huge camera in his hands.

It was only when the camera went off with a bright flash that Lucius Malfoy realized his actions had been caught on official Daily Prophet record.

"Hello, Mr. Malfoy. I am Rita Skeeter from the Daily Prophet. Might I have a look as to what you just now put into this unsuspecting little girl's cauldron? It seemed to me that it was a diary of some sort," she finished with a sweet smile on her face.

The expression on Lucius Malfoy's was very reminiscent of the one time in his childhood, when his most strict mother had caught him with his hand stuck in a cookie jar.

'Take that you piece of Thestral Dropping!' Harry thought with a innocent expression mirrored on his face.

SHOCKING PLOT UNEARTHED TO BRING BACK

YOU-KNOW-WHO

Rita Skeeter

On assignment to The Daily Prophet.

We live in peaceful times; well-liked by the rest of the wizarding world and known for our kind, good hearted people, and wise leaders. But everyone once in a while, a Dark Lord comes along who manages to tear apart our cohesive nation into a fragmented land, whose fearful people are torn apart by pure-blooded assumptions, ethnic issues, or simple economic division. Corrupt politicians are pawns to be played in the hands of such Dark Lords, and are taken advantage of by whispered promises of further power and wealth. The minions of such Dark Lords kill freely and sometimes in these times of grave



peril, there is no end of the slaughter in sight as they roam about the country unhindered.

The most recent example of such a Dark Lord has been You-Know-Who. The reporter, herself admits to being scared stiff of using the Dark Lord's actual name alongwith thousands of other citizens of the British wizardry world. Such is the fear we are in of someone who has been long gone since more than a decade!

But that is not what I want to talk about here in these pages of The Daily Prophet that will be circulated freely among the wizardry populace of Britian.

After the demise of You-Know-Who, a number of trials were conducted for his captured minions. A fair number of them were given the Dementor's kiss, while some were carted of to the dark fortress of Azkaban to remain under the watchful eyes of the Dementor guards. We were assured of a peaceful world once more where our children could grow up without the constant threat of torture or the black shorud of death surrounding them. The Ministry of Magic had fulfilled its solemn duty to guard and protect us from these Dark Wizards who lacked basic humanity and operated without a shred of conscience.

Or has it?

What many of us don't know is that a small number of the Dark Lord's captured minions are still living amongst us under the guise of upstanding members of our society. They claimed to be under the effects of the unforgivable Imperious curse. Yes, it is true that the Dark Lord used the Imperious curse to control people who resisted him, as was made abundantly clear when the confessions of his Death Eaters came out. But were our prudent politicians, who were in such a hurry to deliver free and fair trails to all and quickly done over with delivering justice and pass their sentences, careful enough to check the testimony of these 'upsatnding wizards' under the truth

serum Veritaserum?

Sadly the answer to the question posed above is a big NO. "Give Veritaserum to these pureblood pillars of our society. It's an outrage! Shocking absolutely!" That was the response of some of our politicians at that time. And so without checking for the truth and accuracy of the testimonials given by these Dark Wizards and Witches, they were given apologies by the Ministry of Magic for their erroneous capture and let off scott-free.

Without their master to guide them, every once in a while these power hungry wizards, who secretly have dreamed their entire life of just once having total control over the lives of other human beings, eagerly hatch horrendous plots to savor that feeling of power that was abruptly snatched away from them, after the Dark Lord's sudden demise by the Boy-Who-Lived.

One such plot came to light yesterday under the very eyes of your devoted Daily Prophet reporter Rita Skeeter and Daily Prophet photographer, Clipeus Adlevo.

Lucius Malfoy, earlier suspected of being one of the Dark Lord's Lieutenant, was caught red-handed trying to implant a Class – I Dark Artifact into the possessions of an eleven year old, unsuspecting witch, Ginny Weasley - only daughter of Arthur Weasley, an honest and hardworking wizard in the Department of Misuse of Muggle Artifacts. The artifact in question is rumored to be a diary of the You-Know-Who's sixteen year old self and is enchanted to possess whoever writes into it for too long a duration by stealing their life force and thus possibly re-incarnate the Dark Lord.

The evidence for this shocking act of cruelty, which could quite possibly have led to the poor girl's untimely death, has been captured on camera and before the Ministry could cry foul and tamper with the evidence, a unanimous decision was made by the Daily Prophet staff to print these photographs. Turn to Pgs. 2-3 to see how Lucius

Malfoy skillfully planted this Diary into the hands of the first year Hogwarts student.

The question we must ask ourselves is now will our legislators, some of whom are believed to have been already purchased by the deep pockets of Lucius Malfoy and his associates, apologise to him once again for damaging his reputation, for his capture by the Department of Law Enforcement just like sixteen years ago, or will true justice finally be served?

The choice is yours my fellow citizens, to reclaim the Ministry from few corrupt heathens who control it, and see that the guilty are made to pay for their unpunished crimes.

'Masterful, simply masterful Rita! One down, many more to go...' sighed Harry mentally in the comfortable bed that had in placed in Ron's shocking orange room at the Burrow.

"Sweet dreams Malfoy," he softly uttered before closing his eyes and preparing to goto sleep.

"What was that Harry?" Ron's voice queried.

"Huh? Oh nothing. Just thinking is all. How's Ginny taking all this Ron?"

Ron's face darkened immediately at the thought of Lucius Malfoy planting the diary in his sweet, innocent baby sister's cauldron. "She's fine. A bit dazed by it, but I guess she will be fine when things settle down. I must thank that reporter Harry some day. What was her name? Oh yeah, Rita Skeeter."

"Mum once told me that she was a no-good woman. Guess her opinion must've changed by know. Whaddya reckon Harry? We are really indebted to her for saving Ginny!"

"Oh yeah, she must have been a terribly brave and nice person to have written that article. I must thank her some time ..."

With a small smile on his face, Harry Potter slowly ambled off to the land of dreams, patiently waiting for the day when he would return for his second year at Hogwart's and a chance to see his sweetheart's sorting, something which he had earlier missed owing to Dobby's attempt at saving his life by closing the gateway.

## Chapter 2:

Without the pressures of having to worry about Dobby preventing him and Ron from making through to the train. Harry relaxed, some of the worry easing from his heart. In a way his talk with Dobby had been a welcome release.

And then with Rita Skeeter actually helping him instead of hindering, he was able to prevent Ginny from being possessed by the memories of Voldemort. Doubt in Fudge's terms in office and of the release of Death Eaters who claimed to have been under the Imperious curse, like Lucius Malfoy, was running rampant. Many members of both the ministry and the wizengamot were calling for investigations, retrials and for Fudge's removal from office.

He got to stay with the Weasleys before having to go back to school. He got to play quidditch, eat huge helpings at meals and do whatever he wanted for relaxation. And using his trust fund money he finally got cloths that fit and were of the 'highest quality'! Now he was on the train to Hogwarts to begin another year.

Life was good.

Except for the tiny fact he had yet to take care of the basilisk and the Chamber of Secrets itself. Maybe there were more then just the main room. Imagine what could be found if anymore rooms existed. Slytherin himself was known for his extensive knowledge of not only

potions but also the dark arts. The ancient books and knowledge that could be gained was enormous.

'That has to be one of the next things I do. Maybe during the weekend at Hogwarts.' Harry thought to himself. 'Oh, I have to contact Gringott's about my inheritance. And I've got to have another chat with Rita, to get started on freeing Sirius. But how will I prove that Pettigrew was the real secret keeper? Right now Pettigrew is in the form of Scabbers, so if I can get Scabbers away from Ron.....Then again Rita could be the one to ask Ron to had him over. If there are aurors and maybe Madam Bones there when she revealed him that could take care of two birds with one stone. I'll send Hedwig out with a note.'

Harry thoughts were abruptly cut off.

"TEN MINUTES TO HOGSMEADE! ALL STUDENTS BE READY TO DISEMBARKE. LEAVE ALL LUGEDGE ON THE TRAIN IT WILL BE TRANSPORTED SEPERATELY." A voice droned over the intercom.

"Geez, almost there already?" Harry muttered, pulling out his uniform and changing. Sure enough a few minutes later they pull into the station. Excitement began to build in Harry, for he was coming to his home.

Children disembarked, chattering back and forth while Harry moved swiftly and gracefully through the crowd to the carriages. So after settling in he was joined by a group of third year ravenclaws, who just seemed to stare at him with awed eyes. Harry merely stared out the carriage windows until they arrived at the castle. As he climbed out he briefly wondered where Ron & Hermione were before shaking it off.

'That just means I won't have to try to sneak around them as much. There still my friends but I've grown up and I have things that need to be done.' He muttered to himself as he entered the great and took his

seat. Ron and Hermione sat across from him looking slightly pink in the cheeks. The other students doing the same within a few moments.

After all of the students and staff were settled into there seats, save for McGonagall of course. The doors of the great hall were opened and McGonagall lead in the new first years to be sorted. Including Ron's sister Ginny. Almost an hour later all the first years were at there house tables and Dumbledore rose from his seat.

"Welcome! Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts! Before we again our banquet, I would like to say a few words. And here they are: Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak! Thank you!"

Noise filled the hall as the student chatted and ate there dinner. Catching up on time missed, and any big events that happened. As everything began to wind down, suddenly the tables was cleared and the dishes were again sparkling clean.

Dumbledore stood up and got the attention of the room, "Ahem-just a few more words now that we are all fed and watered. I have of term notices to give you. First years should note that the forest on the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. I have also been asked by Mr. Filch, the caretaker, to remind you all that no magic should be used between classes in the corridors. Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of the term. Anyone interested should contact Madam Hooch." Dumbledore continued on, "And now before go to bed, the school song! Everyone pick a tune and off we go!"

The words appeared in thin spiraling gold script in the air as everyone started to sing, at a different pace and tune, the words.

"Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty Hogwarts,  
Teach us something please,  
Whether we be old and bald  
Or young with scabby knees,

Our heads could do with filling  
With some interesting stuff,  
For now they're bare and full of air,  
Dead flies and bits of fluff,  
So teach us things worth knowing,  
Bring back what we've forgot,  
Just do your best, we'll do the rest,  
And learn until our brains all rot."

"Ah, music for the heart an soul. I'm sure you're looking forward to classes tomorrow," many students groaned, "so off to bed with you."

The next morning Harry rose with the dawn. Showering, dressing, grabbing his bag and leaving Gryffindor tower toward the great hall. Harry wondered how he should approach Luna, to let her know he was serious in his feelings. Maybe it was too soon. Maybe he should wait. Maybe.....no, there are to many maybes in life. A plan I need a plan. For everything, not just Luna. Taking a seat, he took out a piece of parchment and a quill.

To Do's:

Get class schedules from Prof. McGonagall)

Get catalogs from all the store in Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade

Order copy's of all the books from Flourish and Blotts:

Transfiguration

Defense Against the Dark Arts

Art

Herbology

Potions

Ancient Runes

History of Magic

Magical Theory

Charms

Divination?

Care of Magical Creatures

Medimagic

Muggle Studies?

Languages (Latin, French, Greek, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Anglo-Saxon,.....)

Astronomy

Arithmacy

Muggle & Magical Geography

Magical Law

Goblin Laws

Goblin History

Goblin Etiquette and Customs

Magical Etiquette



Traditional Practices

Genealogy & Ascestral Magic

Horseback ridding & Pegasi-back ridding

Muggle Driving

Driving Magical Vehicles

Aparation

Animagus

Music books & blank sheets

Enchantments

Weaponry

Alchemy

Contact Music shop in diagon alley (cello, flute, violin, guitar)

Contact Apothecary for ingredients (probably get little of everything)

Contact Weapons Store (daggers, swords, bows & arrows, staff, throwing daggers & stars, sai's)

Contact Gringott's (inheritance, business exchanges, and financial records)

Get Gryffindor sword from the Headmasters office

Begin sending small 'tokens' to Luna (jewelry, flowers, books?)

Have a 'chat' with Rita Skeeter

Contact Remus Lupin

Send a 'tip' to Fudge about a death eater in Hogwarts

Capture Wormtail and hold him til Fudge arrives

Study Occlumency & Legimency

Get the map from the Twins

Go down to the Chamber of Secrets (chat with the basilisk – maybe contact a meat plant for it's food supply, explore for any hidden things that may be there,)

Visit Aragog (bring as much 'food' for his kids to make it back out alive – maybe contact a meat plants for it food supplies also)

Look for any of the other Founders Rooms (if there one there may be several)

Send another 'tip' about the hidden chambers in Malfoy Manor

Find and destroy Tom Riddle's (senior) bones to prevent ritual

Get the Dursley's to sign emancipation papers (maybe wait until winter break to do this)

Locate new home or fix up Grimmauld Place (minus )

Drive Snape a.)batty with my 'sudden' expertiece in potions b.)pranks of all kinds

Work on modifying the Wolfsbane potion, for greater control

Visit ministry on pretense to see Fudge but also go to DoM for the prophecy orb (wait til winter break?)

'Well that's a list, and its not even done yet. This years definitely going to be busy. Thank merlin classes should be relatively easy.' Harry's thought were cut off by Ron and Hermione arriving. Harry quickly stuffed the parchment and quill into his pack. Looking up he saw Hermione's head was once again stuck in a giant book. And Ron was scarfing down food in a rather disgusting, earning disgusted looks from everyone at the table. Harry dug into his food, though with perfect manners and decorum, which gained him some interest from various individuals.

Soon after finishing eating, Professor McGonagall came with the schedules and began to hand them out.

#### Gryffindor 2nd Year Schedual

Mondays – Double Transfiguration (8 am – 12 pm)

Lunch

- Double Charms (2 pm – 6 pm)

Tuesdays – Double Potions (8 am – 12 pm)

Lunch

- Double Herbology (2 pm – 6pm)

Wednesday – History of Magic (8 am – 12pm)

Lunch

-Defense Against the Dark Arts (2 pm – 6 pm)

Dinner

- Astronomy (11 pm – 1 am)

Thursday – Double Potions (8 am – 12 pm)

Lunch

- Double Herbology (2 pm – 6 pm)

Friday – Double Transfiguration (8 am – 12 pm)

Lunch

Double Charms (2 pm – 6 pm)

Chapter 3:

Transfiguration and Charms was way too easy and very boring. Even though this class was mainly review from the last two years, having to have to go the 'lower' level classes again felt like a waste. He could do everything the first time around, both McGonagall and Flitwick seemed to be delighted that he had 'gained' an aptitude for both fields. After all his parents were both 'gifted' in each of the fields, so it was only right that he would be able to do both. He earned Gryffindor around fifty points for that alone.

So it was decided after much thought that he'd work on advanced levels when he received the books he was going to order.

He'd already sent out several school owls and letters requesting catalogs from the different stores in Diagon Alley and other locations. Especially the music shop, apothecary, and weapons store. Well except for his booklist of the different subjects he wanted to study, he sent that off to Flourish and Blott's already and a note that told them

to charge it to his trust vault, also asking them to shrink everything down for transport to the school. Thankfully he knew that he had more than enough in the account for everything several times over. 'Thank Merlin!'

Checking off the first three things on his 'To-Do' list felt good. He could at least see what they had to offer. But he really had to contact Gringott's! It had was the next step for him on his list. He could always put it on hold since he wanted to take care of that during the weekend. Good thing he secured written permission to leave Hogwarts from his 'family' and that he be emancipated upon receiving his inheritance, whatever they thought that might be to them, with the promise of freeing them of his 'freaky' presence if they helped with everything. By the school rules he could go as long as he informed his head of house before. Though they didn't specify how long before.

But here he was, in the library, burrowing through countless bookcases filled with books and hiding from everyone. They just seemed so.....childish to him now. He still loved everything, but it was so weird seeing everyone and everything like it was years ago, at least to him. Hermione was still.. bookish. Ron was his normal self, if you can call him that. Though Ginny did still seem to be very much like a kid sister.

"Ow. Damn book falling on my head." Harry rubbed the top of his head, then picked up the book from the floor. "Potions of the World A-Z and Their Ingredients by Salazar Slytherin. What the hell?" He blinked before grinning evilly. "Snape would have a cow if he ever saw this! Better memorize the whole thing and really yank that stick out of his ass on class tomorrow. I wonder if there's a potion in this that helps me memorize things faster?"

Flipping through the book, skimming the pages to find what he was looking for. 'Aha! Found it!' Glancing over the ingredients and directions he hummed. 'This seems fairly simple. I can use my new

truck's potions lab.' He hid the book in his robes, and leaving the library quickly heading back to Gryffindor tower.

Giving the password he went to his dorm and trunk quickly. Opening the fifth lock, he went down the stairs into the lab and began to make the potion.

Three and a half hours later, he finished it! Pouring all of it into several phials he cleaned his equipment. Then waiting another ten minutes, he opened one phial and downed it in a single gulp wincing at the taste. Suddenly he got very dizzy, the world spinning before his eyes and then settling down back to normal. Grabbing Salazar's book he flipped through the pages within a couple of seconds, memorizing every minute detail.

"It worked!" He whopped with joy dancing around. Looking at the clock, which showed 9 pm, he weighed whether he want to get food from the kitchens and spend the evening in the library, or to go down to dinner. 'Lets go with kitchens and the library.'

Opening the lid to his trunk he looked around the dorm room. Good, all clear. He climbed out and then repeated the process with the common room. Dashing through the halls and stairs, he tickled the pair and walked into the kitchens. Some of the house elves froze.

"Is there being something we can be getting for you sir?" One asked timidly.

"Yes, I need some dinner that I can take with me. I have to work in the library." Harry said gently. The house-elves hesitated briefly before coming back with a rather large lunch bag. "Thanks." The elves nodded and bowed. Harry briefly bowed back, shocking all of them for no wizard had ever bowed to a house elf, and left for the library.

He munching on the food as he flipped through book after book

within seconds of each other. This may still take a while.....

It took him til 2 am but he got through all of them. Even the restricted section! Though he had to hide from both Pince and Filch, well and Ms. Norris if count a cat. Pince when she closed the library, and Filch when he was checking for 'those misfits' who tried to stay out after curfew. They never even got close to him.

Harry crept through the halls and up to Gryffindor tower, and finally to his bed. After setting up an alarm spell to wake him in time for breakfast, he fell on the bed asleep as soon as his head touch his pillow. Dreaming of all that he could do with the knowledge he now had, and the greater knowledge he would gain.

Harry blinked as a loud ringing sound came through the sleepy haze. Sitting up and stretching, he spelled his cloths clean and wrinkle free. He stood and began to move to the door when he heard a loud tapping sound from one of the windows. Looking he saw flock of owls. His orders he sent out!

Opening the window quickly, he soon relieved the owls of there burdens and let them fly back out. Going through everything quickly he sorted the packages into the different compartments of his truck. He checked off the next three things on his list before double checking the time. Quickly grabbing his book bag and necessary supply's for class that day, he rushed out of the tower and down to the great hall. Sitting beside Seamus he forced himself to slow down and eat slowly so as not to get an upset stomach. He didn't need to give Snape any chances to try and take points, well more then he normally did.

'Better leave little early. Want to have a chat with Snape. And give him the shock of his day.'

Draco strutted along down the hallways, not caring that he was going to be late. Going to the potions classroom, he walked straight into a

heated discussion between Snape and Harry, on advanced potions, almost a third year level if not higher. And it wasn't the usual sneer at Potter fight. All of the students were gaping at the two, as if they had gone mad.

"...It's dark brown! I've read it in five books!" Harry said frustration evident in his voice. Snape was glaring at him, his dark eyes glinting.

"The mind clearing potion is NOT dark brown! It is milky white with blue swirls that gives out a hint of vanilla." Snape said in an I-Know-Better-Than-You kind of voice. Harry interrupted the snarky teacher by banging his fist down hard on the table. The cauldrons set upon it jumped and caused many worried gasps, for fear that they would spill over or be completely ruined. Neville's cauldron emitted a high-pitched scream and soon had thick dark smoke billowing out of it. The boy slumped in his seat in defeat, Neither Snape nor Harry noticed though.

"NO! That's the basic Skin clarifying potion. For when you have the blue cough." Exclaimed Harry.

Snape opened his mouth to give a scratching reply but quickly turned around to get a thick tomb from his desk. Hermione meanwhile had motioned for Neville to sit next to her and was currently setting up a second cauldron for the nervous looking boy and spelling away the ruined one. Neville was obviously fearing Snapes reaction. Snape after consulting the thick book and no doubt finding what he was looking for, snapped the book shut after giving Harry a dark yet unreadable look. And continued with the class, order Harry to brew the correct potion.

After that Snape seemed to constantly study Harry whenever he was nearby. Giving him unreadable expressions. And his Slytherin's sat up and took notice, even Draco seemed to become mature and observant, watching Harry as well. Harry noticed, made note of this but moved on to focus on herbology. Walking down to Greenhouse 3



with Neville, Seamus and Dean chattering back and forth.

Passing through the entrance, they moved to stand along side the large work tables place in the center of the greenhouse.

"Welcome to 2nd year herbology, today we will be repotting mandrakes. Now does anyone know what a mandrake is?" Sprout questioned, both Hermione and Harry raised there hands. Though this earned Harry a few curious looks. "Yes, Mr. Potter."

"Mandrake or mandragora. The mandrake root is a powerful restorative. It forms an essential part of most antidotes, including one for petrification. The mandrake restorative draught returns for people who have been transfigured or cursed, including those who have been petrified even by the king snake basilisk, to their original state. Mandrakes seedlings are tufty little plants, purplish green in color with what look like tiny babies growing where the roots would be. These creatures grow and develop over the course of several months until they mature and can be harvested and used for potions. The cry of a mandrake is a fatal humans, so special care must be taken when growing them. Even as a baby, the mandrakes howls can knock a person out for a couple of hours. The dugbog is particularly fond of eating mandrakes."

Everyone, including Hermione and Professor Sprout, stared at him in shock, jaws dropped and eyes the size of dinner plates.

"Um.....yes, that's quite correct.....um..... thirty points to Gryffindor for given such a detailed answer." Sprout stuttered. "Right, now then....."

After class ended many of the students, especially Hermione, had questions for Harry and he did his best to answer them.

"Where did you read that? I don't think the assigned textbook was that specific." A random ravenclaw asked, with many others of

different houses nodding in agreement, even some of the slytherin's.

"I read it in a book in the library. I don't really remember where I found it. I was just looking around when I spotted it. Though the book was kind of tucked away I think. I put it back right where I found it, so it should still be there. I think I can try and find it again. It really up to you guys, and girls, to decide who get it first." Harry answered before heading to the library with a few in tow, a few split off to go to the great hall.

Entering the library with the others following, Harry spent the next few minutes pretending to look around before finding the volume. He showed them the book and then set it on the table next to him before leaving quickly to get out of the way of the others in case some sort of fight broke out. His assumption was correct as many began to argue over who got the book first. He spotted Madam Pince coming to check what the disturbance in her library was, he made a dash out the doors running through to the great hall.

Sitting he dished up a big helping and ate it, as was becoming the norm, with perfect educate. Aware of the many stare he was receiving from many of the others in the room, and not just from the students either. Even Dumbledore seemed to be watching him, with that damned twinkle in his eye.

After finishing he whipped his mouth, pushed his plate away, and rose gracefully before leaving the hall, going back to the dorms to organize his new things into his various truck-rooms. He grinned as he scanned and then organized his new books into his study/library. There were at least a couple hundred to go through, and the note that came with the last box said more were on order, along with a list of contacts for some of the 'rarer' volumes. A few were of the very illegal variety.

'If some of the 'regular' books were dating back to well before the founders. I wonder what the rarer books are from. And where they

had the illegal ones stashed.' Harry thought to himself briefly.

After finishing with all of the books, he used the connecting door to go the potions room where he began to organize all of the ingredients. Some were just as rare or as very illegal, as some of the books. As with the books it took some time to get things organized. And by the time he looked at the clock he realized that he better get ready to go to bed before the others arrived in the dorm room.

Going up the stairs with one of the new books, even if only to make it appear he was reading, after having changed into pajamas, he hopped into the bed under the sheets and read for a little while. Neville came in soon after, which made Harry glad he came up when he did.

"There was a big fight over that book you showed everyone. Even a few curses and hexes were thrown about too. Good thing you got out of there.....and that I already have a copy of the book, so we didn't have to get involved." Neville blushed slightly and Harry chuckled.

"I had a feeling something was going to happen. And I didn't want to get blamed for the whole thing just because I showed them where the book was." Harry responded with Neville nodding in agreement.

"Even Hermione got into it."

"WHAT! HERMIONE TOO!"

Even with knowing what was being covered in history of magic, he found it to be especially boring. Binn's voice just made whatever interest he did have, disappear. On top of that he was still getting odd looks all through breakfast and into class. Hermione, herself, was sporting a few bruises though she did ultimately when the fight for the offending volume Harry had so generously shared the location too with his fellow students. Harry also made the hospital wing a very

popular location, though Madam Pomfrey would love to say otherwise. Plus he put Snape through his stock of basic healing potions too.

After grabbing a couple of sandwiches he headed to the owlry sending off a request for a meeting with the Goblins. The message stated the following:

To Whom it may concern of Gringott's Back, Diagon Alley Branch,

It has come to my attention that the will of parents was not followed. And I also just found out that I have some sort of matter involving an inheritance that I did not even know of. I have also received hint that others may be encroaching on my inheritance. I wish to meet to be set to discuss what actions will be taken to rectify the current situation, and past negligence's. As well as to get copies of all financial records pertaining to myself. If a meeting date is not set that match with my school schedule or with someone in an appropriate leveled position, I will be force to give an interview stating my displeasure, including that fact that I will remove all accounts from your companies and subsidiaries.

Sincerely,

Harry James Potter

Son of James Potter and Lily Evans Potter

He knew that would make the goblins sit up and take notice about several things. He only hoped a certain order members didn't take or mess with anything, including his money. Knowing Dumbledore, it was a possibility. Now he had to head all the way to DADA. To bad he wasn't able to get rid of Lockhart yet. Was that even on his list?

'I don't think it, Is I'll have to add that. Maybe I can draft the letters to Fudge, Rita, Remus and Madam Bones.'

Settling down into a seat he got out a quill, ink and parchment as he began drafting the various letters, waiting for the inevitable self-righteous-git-that-was-his-DADA-professor this year. He actually completed the various letters before even all of the students arrived. Everything in them was kept simple but eloquent, as was becoming his new 'style'.

The various portraits of Lockhart were showing off their overly-whiter teeth to everyone as they smiled exaggeratingly. The door to the private office opened and Lockhart strutted out as if the world was made to worship the ground he walked on.

'Yeah right.' Harry snorted silently, looking around at his classmates, most of whom seemed to agree with Lockhart. Some of the girls were even batting their eyelashes at the idiot! Sickening really! What were they? Whimpering buffoons?

'Well no they're not. I really shouldn't think that. There just.....kids or taken in by Lockhart disgusting version of what he may think is charm.'

Though it did seem Draco and a few slytherins weren't impressed either. 'That's refreshing.' He thought before turning back to 'pay attention to the royal idiot.'

This was going to be a long class.....unfortunately.

## Chapter 4

Well, Harry was right when he thought the letter would make the goblins sit up and take notice. It, quite frankly, made them freak out. Not only was several laws in the goblins law and charter were broken, but they could very well lose their largest account and gain great losses from others wizards if the interview took place, if they didn't take care of the situation properly. The young Harry Potter was

known to be the heir of both the Potter and the Black fortunes and possibly even more. They could not lose him.

Investigations began immediately within mere moments of receiving the letter. The heads of every department were in the council room, and the goblin king himself was coming to personally oversee that the matter is solved.

Even from the beginning of the investigations they came across several discrepancy's were found already. Each and everyone of them were noted for further investigation. And a reply to Mr. Potter's letter was drawn up to be personally delivered to Hogwarts and to Mr. Potters hand directly.

Mr. Potter,

We, the goblins of Gringott's, have received you letter and have begun an investigation immediately. The one's who bear this letter also have with them a portkey that will take you directly to the Gringott's High Council. We have secured permission for you to come immediately if you so wish.

It is promised that we will find the source of these discrepancy's will be found and pushed to the fullest extent of the law, both goblin and wizard.

This matter will be resolved upon your visit to the High Council and we apologize for these troubles from ever occurring.

Sincerely,

Ragnook

Head of the Gringott's Consortium, Diagon Alley Branch

Member of the High Council of Gringott's

And as promised the letter was delivered by three goblins in fine battle robes directly to Harry in the Great Hall at Hogwarts during breakfast. Both students and staff stared in shock as Harry read the letter and then nodded.

"I wish to leave immediately."

"Yes Sir." The three replied in unison. But Dumbledore rose interrupting anything else that might have been said.

"I am afraid that Mr. Potter is a second year student and does not have permission to leave at this time."

"That is quite alright professor. I have a signed statement from my family..." Harry emphasized "That I am allowed to leave as long as I get approval from either my head of house or the ministry itself. As is stated in the school charter." Many jaws dropped at the statement. "The Goblin High Council has already done so for me, thank you for your.....concern."

A goblin held out a gold hoop and they disappeared.

Dumbledore was not pleased by this turn of events. Several of the staff and many students, after getting over there shock, had to hide grins and laughter until he left the hall.

Reappearing in a room the size of the great hall, doors made of gold, and a large 'round' table. Harry noticed immediately that all in the room rose and bowed. Bowing back he took the seat that appeared to have been left available for him. All but one of the occupants of the room sat shortly thereafter.

"Mr. Potter I am Ragnook. we apologize for this inconvenience, and the mistakes that were allowed to occur. We have prepared the inheritance rituals. With the ritual completed we will be able to

properly address any of your questions involving them." Ragnook bowed again.

"I understand that things will be rectified. The reason I wrote the letter in such a manner was because I thought it was the only way to find those responsible for this law breaking. If they are properly punished I see no reason why the Gringott's consortium should suffer." Many seemed to sigh in relief at Harry's words. "I do not believe that any goblin intentionally allowed this because you have always be a fair and just race on a hole as far as I can tell. I merely wish to have the situation rectified. And, to claim my full inheritance under the goblin laws and charter."

The other occupants gasp, eyes widening.

"You know our laws?" One in a red robes questioned.

"I have studied them, yes. The specific law is in article three, section five, paragraph two of the goblin charter. I believe." Harry shrugged.

"Um right then, let me introduce my fellow council members. In the green is Gaptooth, Head of Monetary Exchange. In yellow is Secrock, Head of the Investments & Stocks Department. In green is Toadmet, Head of the Accounting Departments. In black is Refrenck, Head of Security. In blue is Yani, Head of the Inheritance Department. Quanooth is Liaison to the Ministry of Magic. And our King Gerinoz." Ragnook motioned to each as he said there names, and each bowed slightly as they were introduced. Harry bowed in return, bowing slightly deeper to the king. "Let us complete the inheritance ritual, and then discuss what it covers."

Another goblin stepped forward with a tray that had a crystal beaker and a silver dagger on it. Picking up the dagger, Harry made a cut into the palm of his hand, allowing his blood to drip into the beaker before healing himself, cleaning the knife and placing the knife back on the tray. The goblin then set the tray aside after placing the beaker



in front of Ragnook.

They waited in silence as the blood in the beaker turned black. Ragnook then poured the black substance which was absorbed into a parchment scroll in front of him. A rather long list appeared with the following,

Harry James Potter

Son of Lord James Potter and Lady Lily Evans Potter

Lord of:

Potter

Black (acting lord)

Dumbledore (by the breaking oath, and falsely giving an oath)

Gentry

Emerys

Slytherin

Gryffindor

Hufflepuff

Ravenclaw

Tenraoe

Merlin

Le Fay

Pendragon

Caer Azkaban

Rothwood

Warrien

Sakrath

Brentworth

Evans

Kerriworth

Antonini

Donovan

Romanov

Gondor

Rohan

Moria

Imaldalris

Lothlorien

Mirkwood

Ithilien

Heir of:

Lupin

Pettigrew

McGonagall

"Wow." Harry muttered "How, exactly, am I the Lord of some many families? Especially the founders, Merlin and Le Fay? And since when is the Evans family magical, Mum was a muggleborn or so I was told."

"It was most likely that several generation before her were squibs. And many bloodlines have been whipped out by one dark lord or another over the century's." Gerinoz responded not quite getting over the shock. The others merely nodded. "And with this revelation I would like to extend the post of the Ambassador of the Goblin race. I'm sure the others will agree with me. Many of the family's you are now Lord to have had earned there place among the goblin people."

"Yes I agree, I would be honored to work for you Lord Potter." Quanooth spoke up, the others also nodded in agreement.

"But how would I be able to do that, now I have not only school, the wizenmagot, the ministry, Voldy-shorts, the Lord of so many family's and now you ask me to be an ambassador. Plus Dumbledore would never let me complete such duties." Harry questioned.

"I may have an idea about that....."

Harry reappeared in the great hall of Hogwarts during dinner that night. Several students shrieked in surprised and several had drawn there wands before they realized it was Harry. Fudge, Rita, Madam Bones and several aurors were present. Dumbledore rose from his

seat, walked around the table over to Harry.

"Mr. Potter I wish to speak with you in my office immediately. That will be fifty points from Gryffindor for disobeying me earlier and you will serve a months detention with Filch." He spoke confidently and moved to leave the hall, obviously expecting Harry to follow.

"Now, now Dumbledore, the Liaison to the Goblins informed me yesterday evening that they wished to speak with Potter. Any punishment to Harry is unwarranted and voided." Fudge admonished lightly. "Good of you to get back Mr. Potter. How did it go?"

"Lord Potter will be attending the next wizenmagot session." Harry replied, and the others looked shocked.

"Mr. Potter, you are not old enough to do so." Dumbledore gazed sharply at him. Harry felt prick in his mind and brought up his shields. Dumbledore literally staggered slightly, others looked between them, only Snape seemed to truly understand what had happened.

"So you've come into your inheritance then?" Rita questioned.

"Yes, I have. Though Dumbledore doesn't seem to like the idea that I found out in the first place."

"What do you mean Mr. Potter?" Madam Bones asked sharply.

"I mean that even though he witnessed my parents will, he did not follow it. And did not prepare me for it in the slightest. With my relatives approval and coming into my full inheritance, I have become emancipated and now decide my own destiny." Harry's avada green eyes seemed to gleam with hidden power.

"Their will was not followed? Now see here Dumbledore, it is Harry's right to know of his inheritance and not yours to keep it from him!" Fudge bellowed. Rita and Snape both seemed to be silently cackling

gleefully at Dumbledore's expense. Rita's quill going a mile a second in her never-ending notebook.

"I wished that Harry not to have that burden placed upon him so young. There would have been time enough to train him for his inheritance after he graduated." Dumbledore said 'serenely' though his eyes were sharp.

"You mean you wished to have even greater control over my life then you already did!" Harry snorted in reply before taking out a thick stack of folded parchments from his robe pocket. And reading from it for everyone to hear. "I have written authorization by another heir of the founders to have full authority equal to that of the headmasters. Any decisions made with that authority can only be overridden by a minimum of two heirs in unanimous agreement. And as per the contracted agreement I am here by removed from house rivalry in any fashion, including points, detention, any other punishments, and sports. Though I may act in an advisory capacity to any teacher or student. I will have my own apartment of rooms at an undisclosed location in the school, and may leave the school at any time to fulfill any outside obligations. If warranted I may remove any teacher or student from the school and, in case of the students expel them if need be. Anyone I choose to give permanent or temporary authority to may only be overridden by myself or two or more heirs. No one student or staff can say they act in my name for any reason without explicit written and verbal approval from me directly. And I may not be forcibly removed from Hogwarts in any way for any reason without multiple heirs unanimous agreement. Anyone in violation will be mine to punish in any fashion I see fit. So it is written, so shall it be."

Absolute silence reigned through out the hall as all felt the magic of what was said bind all of them irrevocably. Even Dumbledore realized the power Harry now had over everyone and everything in the castle.

"How.....how is this possible? If you missed to many classes you'd

fail out." Fudge stuttered

"As an heir of the founders and with the authority of the heir of multiple houses, I can be granted such rights. I also just completed full testing in both OWL's and NEWT's. If I have tested high enough I may even receive masters papers in whatever subjects I have qualified for. Oh, and Dumbledore, I'll be taking my sword back now." Harry shrugged as Fawkes suddenly appeared with the top of the sorting hat clutched in his claws.

"Welcome Founders Heir." The sorting hat greeted before a sword fell into Harry's expert hands. A sword of silver and rubies with the name Godric Gryffindor etched into the blade.

## Chapter 5:

Harry was in his new rooms and boy were they big! He actually had around fifteen rooms. There was a study, a personal library, a giant potions lab, a sitting room, 2 bedrooms – one for him and another if he should have a guest, his own observatory and several small greenhouses with a large connecting balcony.

With his added knowledge he knew that for the bond he must form for the castle had to be done as soon as possible. It would help cement his authority in the castle and anything that pertained to it. So far he had only shown he was the heir of one founder and not all four. This could be used to his advantage in future, especially with that meddling old coot.

'I wonder if he's received the letter yet.' Harry mused silently as he prepared for the ritual.

Meanwhile in another part of the school, the headmaster stared out a window clutching a letter he had just received in his hand. It read,

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore,

We would like to inform you that all of the accounts you opened in the Potter and Black fortunes have been closed. Upon the request of Lord Potter we have made duplicate copies of the records, and of the last will of James and Lily Potter. The Goblin High Council, with the support of Lord Potter, has removed you as executor of the estates and will be pressing charges for the return of all of the funds that you have with drawled and for your arrest on many other charges.

On behalf of the Goblin High Council we must also inform you that you have be been banished from the house of Dumbledore and all vaults, lands, and titles therein are forfeit to Lord Potter as temporary compensation for your many crimes against the Ancient and Most Noble House of Potter.

Have a nice day.

Sincerely,

Gringott's High Council

"How could he do this?" Dumbledore seethed. The loss of the money was a great blow to both him and to the order. Many don't know that the Dumbledore estate was rendered almost Knut-less from the first war. When the Potters had died it was like a godsend, he would be able to continue in the lifestyle he had become accustomed to. Now he had nothing. All because Potter wouldn't be the good little pawn he was supposed to be. "I must do something; this can not be allowed to continue. I have to put Potter back in his place, one way or another." He looked to his potion cabinet smirking slightly. But then a rumble shook the school and he felt something tugging on his bond with Hogwarts. "What now!"

In his private room, Harry was chanting in the middle of a sacred circle he had made. The symbols of the four founders were in each of the four degrees - north, south, east and west. Each symbol was

glowing, and power literally cracked through the air. And then suddenly it was silent, everything just seemed to stop. With a final whoosh of power, the circle disappeared and Harry crumpled to the ground gasping for breath.

"It is done."

After taking a moment to gather himself. He grabbed a large stack of letters and product orders, along with the small cage he created to hold 'Scabbers', headed for the owlry to send them all out.

Pausing briefly at the entrance to his rooms he shouted,

"ACCIO SCABBERS!"

There were a couple of loud bangs before the animagus-man came flying at him. Catching the squirming rat he stuffed it into the cage before once again heading out to go to the owlry.

This would cross off several things on his to-do list. Including some gifts for Luna. It only really took a few moments to get done, so he headed back to his rooms to get some sleep before the next round of fun began.

In the headmasters office all of the portraits, tapestry's, books, instruments – basically anything that was of Hogwarts glowed. The headmaster looked around, then reached out and tried to touch a book.

CRASH!

He flew back and slammed into the wall on the opposite side of his office. He could literally feel that his bond with Hogwarts was almost non-existent. What's going on?

Once again he tried to touch something but was thrown again, this



time he was unconscious. And would wake up with one hell of a headache.

What many over time did not seem to realize was that Hogwarts was actually sentient. The founders built her to be that way. So that if the castle or one of its inhabitants was attacked Hogwarts could respond appropriately to the situation.

And right now Hogwarts was not a happy castle. Thinking back on past events, many memories come forward.

The night was quiet and slightly chilly. She watched over her children, making sure that they were secure in their beds. She checked in on the house-elves, but they were busy cleaning and cooking. She smiled gently as they hummed cheerfully as they worked. She looked out farther and watched as the groundskeeper took care of a baby unicorn he had found injured in the forest.

She chuckled silently as the groundskeeper's bushy face broke into a smile as the unicorn nuzzled up to him. She had always been fond of him. He had a soft heart and a courage that matched the size of his body. With a soft sigh, she looked inward once more and went to check on her favorite children. She'd had many children over the years, but there were few that she would consider her favorite.

This group of young adults had to be her favorite to date. She chuckled as she saw the three of them sneaking into the kitchen to have a late night snack. They were hiding under the Invisibility Cloak, but she could still see them. Sirius Black was leading them and talking most excitedly about an upcoming prank. She sighed in discontent as she realized that he was once again going to prank Severus Snape. While not one of her favorite children, she had a soft place in her heart for the snarky Slytherin. If she could have, she would've shaken her head in exasperation.

She heard the news of Lily and James were getting married, and

could feel the joy well up within her. One of her favorite children was marrying her other favorite child. She was so happy. The bloodlines were mixing again. There would be an Heir. She would finally have an Heir. With James Potter's Gryffindor and Hufflepuff blood mixing with Lily's Slytherin and Ravenclaw blood, Hogwarts would finally have an Heir; someone who would be able to fully access the powers of the castle, someone who could finally unlock the secrets that have been hidden for so long. She'd had hopes for Tom Riddle, but sadly that young man could never hear her, could never feel her magic.

Once James Potter and Lily Evans entered the castle, she knew that the possibility that she would have an Heir was there. Lily Evans was thought to be a Muggleborn, but She knew that Lily was from a long line of Squibs that dated back several hundred years. She had hoped that James and Lily would get together. She knew there was an attraction. She had seen it years ago, but they both fought it until they couldn't fight it any longer. Once they began to date in their sixth year, she had been ecstatic. Now, they were getting married. Hogwart's walls began to hum in joy.

She watched as they fell asleep. She would miss her favorite boys. The Marauders, as they called themselves, made the last seven years joyful. She was saddened to know that one of the Marauders wasn't as he seemed. She would've loved to have been able to tell James, but no matter how hard she tried, he still couldn't hear her. She just hoped that it wouldn't cause trouble in the future.

She decided it was time to leave her boys and check on Lily. She looked into the girl's dorm and saw that the red head was asleep in her bed. Lily has a small content smile on her face. Lily turned over and sighed in her sleep. She smiled as she heard "James" coming from Lily's mouth. This girl, no woman, was one of her favorite children. She had watched as Lily stood up to the Slytherins about her Muggleborn status. She would have loved to let them know that Lily had more right to be in this school than they did. She had watched as the young girl grew and got closer to the Marauders. She

watched when Lily would secretly meet with Severus Snape. She had made sure to hide them the best she could. She agreed with their secret friendship. Severus was a different boy when he was with Lily.

She made the magic in the room pulsate and gently caressed the young woman's hair. She would miss her children, but she knew that their children would be coming here when it was time. She only had to wait a handful more years before the true Heir of Hogwarts arrived. She had waited this long, she could wait a little longer.

The next day, she watched as the children left for the summer. She was sad to see them go, but knew they would be back in the fall. She cried silent tears as her children left. The Headmaster could feel her sadness through their limited bond, but he couldn't understand why she was sad.

Over the years, she watched as children came and went. Her favorite children came to visit the Headmaster several times through the years. She watched in delight as James and Lily got married at Hogwarts several months after they had left. She made sure that the Great Hall was at its best. The magic that pulsated that day struck awe in most of the Witches and Wizards that attended the wedding. She overheard James saying Hogwarts must approve of their marriage, and she couldn't help but agree with him. She was very happy to see them married.

The days following the wedding, she watched as Dumbledore realized there was something unusual about the castle and the Potters. She watched as he studied the lineage of both James and Lily. She didn't like his obsessive attitude.

There was two prophecy's declared, that would effect a child of Lily and James.

It was time to let her favored child know of the second prophecy. This

time Dumbledore could not send Harry away from her. Dumbledore would pay for what he has done to us. It was bad enough the prophecy of Harry having to defeat the dark lord existed, much less that it was the younger of the two prophecies', and it could very well kill her heir. The prophecy of the heir was:

Born of the blood of the Founders,  
Hogwarts will claim her child heir...  
Through the child heir, shall she be unlocked,  
the secrets and the powers shall belong to the child heir.  
With the powers and the secrets, the child heir shall bring peace to all.  
Overthrowing the Leader of the Phoenix, the one who hides his manipulations.  
Through the scar, shall the child know the truth that was hidden from it.  
The child will reveal all to the world and the world will make those who have hurt them face their wrath,  
So that the truth may finally be known to all.  
Beware those who try to harm the child,  
as Hogwarts protects her own.

Hogwarts almost severed the bond that Dumbledore had with her, transferring it to Harry. For Harry was her true heir. When Harry began the bonding ritual Hogwarts had seen the life he had to endure. This was what truly made her angry. He had had to endure so much pain, torture, humiliation and bigotry. It was a wonder that he even survived it all, much less turn out as good as he had. If Hogwarts was a betting castle, she would think that Dumbledore used dark magic to make Harry's other relations act the way they did. If one checked the book containing the names of the magical children they would have found that while Petunia was on the original list when she was born, she was later found to be a squib like many of her family before her.

One of the few joys that she had was when she had seen Harry's care for the Lovegood child. He truly cared for her, and would give

her everything he had just to have a chance. His father felt much the same about Lily when they were younger. These feelings would help both Harry and Luna realize that they could give love and receive it in return unconditionally.

There was much planning to be done. Not only to help the children but to get revenge on Dumbledore for his actions.

The next day was a sight to behold as the owls were making their delivery's. Dumbledore had not only arrived late, but his robe were the same as yesterday's with wrinkles and stains all of them, looking disheveled and drawn. And then if that wasn't enough he was constantly glaring at Harry Potter, who in return just smiles sweetly at him. Dumbledore seemed to glare harder at that.

Then gasps and mutters went up all over the great hall as people crowded around copies of the Daily Prophet. There were several headlines blaring across the front page:

"ALBUS DUMBLEDORE STRIPPED OF LORDSHIP FOR OATHBREAKING",

"GOBLINS CHARGING MUGWUMP WITH THEFT FROM BOY-WHO-LIVED!"

"ALBUS DUMBLEDORE, CREATOR OF HE-WHO-MUST-NOT-BE-NAMED!"

"BOY-WHO-LIVED, HEIR OF THE FOUNDERS!"

"BOY-WHO-LIVED TELLS ALL AND SPEAKS OUT! MUGWUMP USED DARK MAGIC ON BOY-WHO-LIVED'S RELATIVE TO ENSURE HE WAS ABUSED!"

The resulting articles were all written by Rita Skeeter, each article had a corresponding picture of the mugwump. Letters from those

who were involved were also published. Several of the articles had direct quotes from Harry, while the last was actually from a tell-all interview about Harry's life, including the abuse and treatment he face from his relatives.

Needless to say Dumbledore was getting murderous looks from both students and staff. Even Snape! These articles shattered his reality and attitudes toward the boy-who-lived. If Harry Potter's life was really like that then there was no way he could hate him any longer as he had in the past.

Dumbledore also looked murderous, though for different reasons. 'First he took my hard earned things, now he wants to take my reputation I worked so hard to develop.'

Any further thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of an army of owls; at least twenty went to Luna Lovegood at the Ravenclaw table. The rest went to Dumbledore and Harry. The owls that went to Dumbledore had angry-red-smoking howlers, there had to be a couple of hundred of them. Harry was covered him in a mountain of envelopes and packages. Harry pushed his way out of the mountain and shouted on word.....

"Dobby!"

The little bouncing house elf appeared, "Oh the great Harry Potter called for Dobby! How can Dobby help you sir!"

"Could you take all of these, go through them for any curses or hexes and then neatly stack them in my study."

"Oh yes sir! Dobby would be honored, sir!" With a snap of his small fingers both he and the 'mountain' disappeared completely from the great hall. Those students who were watching him turned there attention to the ravenclaw table when they heard a high pitched squeal.

There was Luna Lovegood with a pile of chocolates, really expensive cloths and jewelry, and..... a love letter. Blushing she put everything in her bag and ran out of the great hall to return to her house common room to put everything safely in her trunk.

'Who sent me all this? I hope this isn't some kind of sick joke.' She put several locking and security charms on her trunk, just in case. And then headed for her first class.

Harry walked into his double Transfiguration class; he noticed that he was one of the first to arrive. Taking his normal seat he began to take out his textbook when Professor McGonagall walked over to him.

"Mr. Potter I must apologize to you. I was there when Dumbledore put you on the Dursley's doorstep. I tried to argue but I allowed Dumbledore to sway me. For that I am deeply sorry."

"I know professor. And there is no need to apologize. I know exactly how persuasive the old man can be." Harry gave her a gentle genuine smile; she seemed to smile back sadly.

"I was planning on having an open discussion today, so you will not need your books today. I was actually wondering if you would be willing to begin it. I wanted to cover the topic of blood purity births and power difference between them and the muggle-borns. It is a topic that should have been covered long ago in your first year."

"I would be honored Professor." Harry rose from his desk and went to stand next to McGonagall at the front of the classroom. They chatted idly as they waited for the last of the students to be seated.

"Today I wanted to have an open discussion on blood-purity and the differences between purebloods to muggle-borns to squibs and muggles themselves. Mr. Potter has been kind enough to volunteer to begin the discussions and answer a few questions, on this topic

only."

"Thank you Professor McGonagall. Now, as this topic can also involve the dark lords supposed beliefs we will begin with him. Lord Voldemort, in reality, is actually born Tom Marvolo Riddle son of Merope Gaunt, a witch and Tom Riddle, a muggle. This makes him a half-blood." Cries of surprise and shock sounded throughout the classroom before settling down. "Yes, I do have proof of what I say. Now, Merope was intensely in love with Tom Riddle, but Riddle abhorred her as she was rather disgusting looking. With both her father and brother in Azkaban for various crimes she was free to chase after him as she wanted. She used a love potion to make him return her feelings, however shortly after she became pregnant she, for some reason, decided to let the love potion were off. When it did Tom Riddle abandoned both her and her baby. She eventually gave birth to there son at an orphanage, shortly before dieing she named him Tom Marvolo Riddle."

Harry toke a deep breath before continuing on, "Voldemort, much like myself was greatly abused in his early years, but he quickly became a bit of a bully years before even finding out about Hogwarts. And when he did find out, it was Dumbledore who told him and introduced him to the wizarding world. When he came to Hogwarts he was sorted into Slytherin. At Hogwarts he became obsessed with learning about his heritage. Although he had figured out in his first year he was an heir of slytherin, albeit a few times removed from direct ascension, he didn't learn the complete story of what had happened until he tracked down his uncle Morfin Gaunt in the summer of 1943, who by this time was out of Azkaban. Morfin told him who his father was and Tom stunned him. Tom went to the Riddle house that was not to far from where he was and killed everyone there including his own father. Before leaving Tom went back to the Gaunt shack and bespelled Morfin, taking his family ring as well at the time. When he was bespelled Morfin confessed to the crimes and was again sent to Azkaban. After leaving Hogwarts in 1945 Riddle began working at Borgin and Burkes in Knockturn Alley. His job was to ferret out items



of value and obtain them at the lowest prices possible. He suddenly left his job after he killed Hepzibah Smith for a gold locket that had once belonged to Slytherin himself and a golden cup that had belonged to Hufflepuff herself."

"In the ten years after he left Hogwarts he gave himself the name Voldemort and began to gather his death eaters or formerly the Knight of Walpurgis. Roughly ten years after leaving Hogwarts Riddle returned. He was no longer the handsome young man he had once been. He was deathly pale, he looked waxy and distorted, and the whites of his eyes now had a permanent bloody look to them. He asked to fill the DADA position but was denied. In his fifth year at Hogwarts Tom had created a magical diary that had a piece of himself within it, his memory if you will. It was Tom who had opened the famous 'Chamber of Secrets' all those years ago, and set the monster of the chamber upon his fellow students." McGonagall's jaw dropped at this. "Tom managed to 'place' the blame on another student of his own house, who was then expelled from Hogwarts and his wand snapped. Tom, a supposed lowly half-blood, became the supposedly feared Dark Lord Voldemort. Now I have a question for all of you. May I ask why would you follow him in the first place, if you liked his point of view?" A hufflepuff shyly raised her hand. And Harry nodded to her.

"Because of his whole blood-purity nonsense and the supposed inferiority of anyone else?" She asked timidly.

"Very good. Ten points to Hufflepuff. If a pure blood were to use a stunning spell it would have the same effect as if half bloods were to use it and muggles have their own kind of magic. They call it science and technology. With it they have the power to destroy thousands. To underestimate their value would be foolish. They have created weapons that could shoot thousands of killing curses per second. If a war was ever started it would be difficult to predict an outcome, and they also outnumber us by a great amount."

There were mutters from many of all houses, along the lines of 'never thought about it like that', 'that's a new twist', and 'he's got a point'.

"If he were to return and defeat the light. The problem is what he will do after he wins. If Voldermort were some how able to defeat every single muggle and half blood on the planet do you think his thirst for destruction and superiority would just end?" Harry said pausing for a second. "He would then come to the conclusion that the blood of some wizards would not be pure enough and destroy them, starting yet another war. It wouldn't matter how old your blood line really is. In some case you could most likely out live a large number of the other wizards, but eventually Voldermort would turn on you." Harry said with equal confidence. "Even if he stopped killing families would die out eventually anyway. After a time the blood lines would become weak due to inbreeding, and then there will be nothing living on this planet. Consider your chosen path very carefully, because you might not get the chance to regret it."

#### Chapter Notes:

Chapter 1: VHDL said that if anyone wants to continue the story, they were welcome to. So I decided to give it a try. The first chapter is what was previously written by VHDL, everything after that is being written by me. Hope you like it.

Chapter 2: No note.

Chapter 3: There was a scene inspired from the story "Harry Potter and the power the dark lord knows not" written by poenix-child-mina. Let's see if you recognize which scene it was. And yes I got permission to use it.

Chapter 4: Stix-the-Rebel pointed out that merlin's name is myddrin emry. I want the bloodline to split into two lines before coming back together again.

Chapter 5: One the reviewers expressed a concern that I was stealing from others story's. I would like to put this argument to rest. If I do you use anything, even down to the smallest paragraph, I always contact the original author and ask for permission to use it in my story with the provision that they will most definitely me noted as the original creator in the chapter it is featured in.

Also, any reference to plants, creatures, potion, etc. is referenced from one main site. The HP-Lexicon. The Lexicon provides that information free of charge and for others to use for such references as they need. I apologize for the confusion and hope that this answers any question you may have. If not, send a message and I will respond as soon as I get it.

I did use some more parts from other stories. And I have been in contact with the authors for permission to use them, so no flames. The authors are mariesty2 and jumpin, both from You'll see how everything comes together in the end, I promise.

On with the story.....Oh and I need a beta.

## Chapters 6 – 10

Note: a few spelling and grammar changes were done. Some sentences added while others were deleted. Let's see if you can tell the difference.

### Chapter 6

The news of Harry's discussion whipped through the halls like wild fire. By the end of lunch everyone, teachers and students, knew what he had said, almost word for word in some cases. And those words, the history and the evidence made many stop and think. Strong waves through those with dark families or death eater families began to surface many questions of the motives of the supposed dark lord. In some cases they wrote down exactly what was said, and sent them off to their parents.

Harry just seemed to ignore all of this and went on to his Charms class after he finished his lunch.

"Today we will be playing a game of sorts. First we will divide into teams, at least one person from each house on a team. Now, come on move around, pick your teams." Flitwick said cheerfully. And students slowly rose and moved about. Some seemed to timid to approach Harry, but he was soon joined by Padma Patil, Hannah Abbot, Susan Bones, Neville Longbottom and (shock to all) Draco Malfoy. Hermione and Ron had joined other groups near by. Flitwick waved his wand and a number appeared before each group. Harry's group was number 3. "Now then we will be going over all sorts of charms, not just those from this year's lesson. The object of the game is not only name a charm but what it is and what it can do. You have the next ten minutes to write all of the charms down. And then you will hand you lists to me, I will then quiz your group with several charms that are on the list. The ones who do the team with the most charms and correct information will when 60 points divided up equally for each team member's house. Begin."

The buzz of conversation filled the room as the student chatted and began to write there lists.

"How about I'll write what I know down and then we go over all of it and add anything new? I'll cover the charms when Flitwick asks." Harry looked around at his group. The others nodded and Harry began to write (only those covered in the school library)...

Charms:

AlohomoraConfundusTalon-ClippingHover

Bubble-

CheeringGrowthFlame-FreezingFreezing

Color

TicklingMuggle-RepellingLocomotionMemory

SubstantiveReducingAguamenti

"How in Merlins name do know about all of these Potter?" Malfoy questioned eyes wide; the others only made sounds of agreement.

"I've been reading a lot lately, and I've got a photo graphic memory." Harry shrugged. "Like I said add anymore if you know some. When Flitwick asks about these I'll answer."

"I don't know any more charms to add though." Padma muttered. Hannah, Susan and Neville nodded in agreement while Draco merely grunted.

"I hope you really know the answers Potter."

A bell rang loudly, "Alright quills down and bring up the papers." Harry handed his in first and Flitwick gave him a look of surprise before taking the other parchments handed to him. Taking his seat again Harry merely leaned back in his chair slightly. "Well then group 3 handed there in first so we shall start with them. There are quite a few listed here, over thirty." Murmurs sounded around the classroom. "Alright then Mr. Potter you will represent the group." Harry nodded. "What is the Aguamenti charm?"

"The Aguamenti charm is a charm that conjures a fountain or jet of clear water from the caster's wand."

"Very good. Now what is the Patronus charm?"

"The Patronus is a silvery-white, conjured creature created by using the Patronus charm. The incantation is expecto patronum. The patronus is used against dementors and Lethifolds."

"Good, good. The summoning charm?"

"The summoning charm, accio, causes an object to fly to the caster, even over quite some distance. The target object is said to have been summoned. It would seem that the caster must know at least the general location of the object summoned."

"Oh, wonderful." Flitwick seemed to bounce slightly. "Now the Fidelius charm."

Harry took a deep breath, "This is a charm I am rather familiar with. The fidelius charm is an immensely complex spell involving the magical concealment of a secret inside a single, living soul. The information is hidden inside the chosen person, or Secret-Keeper, and is henceforth impossible to find – unless of course, the

secret-keeper chooses to divulge it. The reason I am familiar with this charm is because it was the one my parents used to originally hide us all when I was younger. I only remember some parts of what happened, but I do remember who the secret-keeper was.....it was Peter Pettigrew."

Complete silence greeted this statement as everyone was apparently in shock.

After a little while Flitwick continued the questions with Harry and then moved on to other groups. Though Hermione's group also had many charms listed, it was no where near Harry's group. Needless to say group 3 won the game.

Harry didn't even bother going to dinner, knowing word would spread just as quickly as it previously had. So he went to his rooms to carry out another part of his list. And wrote out a letter to Fudge.

Minister Fudge,

I have reason to believe that there is a death eater or in the very least an illegal animagus in Hogwarts. I was reviewing charms before class when I did a detection charm on a piece of parchment. It showed the symbol of a rat and of the dark mark. I don't know what it means but I did a summoning charm for all of the rats in Hogwarts and only one came back as a possible animagus. I fear that your help will be needed to bring the intruder to justice and in sure the safety of the students and staff here at Hogwarts.

Sincerely,

Lord Harry James Potter

Sealing the envelope with his ancestral ring, he gave the letter to Hedwig.

"Take this directly to Minister Fudge, let no one else take it in any way." He instructed, she hooted loudly and nodded slightly before nipping his finger and flew out the window. "Right then, let's get the map next." He wrote out a quick note, and then called for Dobby.

"How can Dobby help Harry Potter Sir?"

"I need you to give this to Fred and George Weasley. After they read allow them to gather whatever they need and it bring them to me here."

Dobby took the letter, "Yes sir. Dobby will do this."

Harry sighed and moved over to his desk to begin reading and replying to all of the letters and packages. He did, however, end up coming across the instruments and weapons he had ordered.

Appearing in front of Fred and George in the Gryffindor Common Room so suddenly nearly gave them heart attacks.

"How can we..." Fred began.

".....help you?" George finished.

"Harry Potter Sir has asked Dobby to deliver this, and then to bring you to him when you are ready, Dobby is."

Fred opened the letter with George reading it over his shoulder. Their eyes widened and jaws dropped before looking to each other. Quickly rushing up to the room, they grabbed a bit of parchment and ran back to Dobby. Nodding, Dobby snapped his fingers and they appeared in a beautiful study or office of some sort, Harry sitting behind the desk writing something. With one last stroke, he set the quill aside and looked up.

"Take a seat boys. I take it you got my letter post haste to have



appeared so quickly."

"Yes, Dobby brought the letter to us....." George began.

".....but how did you know of the Marauders Map?" Fred finished.

"It's simple really. My father helped to make the map. His name is Prongs by the way." Harry grinned at their expressions.

"Your dad....."

".....was a marauder? That's so....."

".....not fair!"

"Hey I said that he was one of the creators. Moony is Remus Lupin, Padfoot is my godfather Sirius Black, and unfortunately Wormtail is Peter Pettigrew." Harry grimaced at the last name.

"Sirius Black....."

".....is your godfather! But he....."

"betrayed your parents! Everyone knows that."

"Actually Peter Pettigrew betrayed my parents. I can remember that from before Voldemort attacked us. I heard from both dad and mum." Harry's face seemed to gain a look of pain before clearing. "I wanted to ask if I could have my fathers map. It's one of the last things of him left, I want it to remember him by."

Fred and George looked too each other before Fred placed the map on the desk. And in a rare moment of compassion they said:

"He was your dad....."

".....its what remain of his legacy....."

".....it should be yours anyway. Though....."

".....if we could meet Moony that would be great!"

Harry's eyes seemed to water slightly. "Thanks. And I promise to uphold the Marauder tradition." He stood and moved over to one of the few book shelves, taking out a thick leather book he handed it to George. "This is one of a couple of copies that have lists and details of all of the pranks they ever did in school. Use it wisely."

The two grinned widely and nodded. Dobby snapped his fingers and they disappeared.

"Those two are great lads." After checking off a few more things on his list, he looked to the grandfather clock near by he smiled. "Still plenty of time to visit the chamber."

After getting past Myrtle, he opened the tunnel the lead to the entrance to the chamber. He jumped down, laughing with fun as he finally arrived at the bottom.

"That's lots of fun if only it wasn't so dirty. Scourgify." He pointed his wand at his robes and they were instantly cleaned. Walking past the piles of old basilisk skin, he came to the door with the snake locks. "Open in the name of the Heir of Slytherin!" He hissed.

With wrenching sounds the snake locks moved back and the door swung open. Climbing through he looked around. "Lights." He hissed, before walking to the great statue of Slytherin. "Come forth Slytherin's serpent and serve his rightful heir faithfully!"

The mouth of the statue opened slowly before the great serpent came forth with it's eyes closed so as not to harm Harry.

"Master's true heir is here at last! Welcome young master, I am Seleth."

"The one who came before may have had some Slytherin blood, but he was not the heir and was never worthy to be such. Why did you follow him and let him order you about?" Harry questioned.

"He was the first to speak the tongue in almost a thousand years, master. I thought him to be carrying on the great masters true work to protect this place and the wizarding world, but he proved to be false when he had me kill the girl. I did not listen to the false one after that. I am sorry for what I have done." Seleth seemed to bow in humble remorse.

"Very well. But you must not feed in the forest anymore, I will bring you food. I need the creatures and clans of the forest to help me fight the false heir and the old man. Do you once again swear yourself to the Slytherin Lord and accept to follow the orders you are given?"

"I so swear master." The power of magic itself strengthened the unbreakable bond that had been passed down through the generations. Harry smiled brightly before sending out a spell at the basilisk's eyes. Seleth hissed slightly.

"Open your eyes, you now can control the strength of your sight. It is my gift to you for your oaths and loyal service."

Seleth slowly opened her eyes and gazed upon her new master. He truly had her great master eyes. "Thank you master."

"Have you fed already?"

"No Master." Harry nodded and with another flick of his wand a large pile of raw meats appeared.

"Eat now. I wish to explore the depths of the chamber and then maybe speak with you before I have to go back to the surface." Seleth seemed to nod and began to eat as Harry went off to explore.

In exploring the chamber he found several passage ways. Four of them lead to each of the common rooms for the four houses. Several more lead to various rooms all throughout the castle. But the most valuable of the passages led to a suite of rooms, Salazar Slytherin's rooms. They were much like his own, the same number of rooms though instead of having so many greenhouses the space seemed to have been combined into one gigantic potions lab the size of the great hall. The walls were lined with ingredients, some so rare they are thought to be extinct. And the library! It was gorgeous, walls lined with books for what looked like four floors. Though the rooms had very little furniture, what they did hold looked comfortable and elegant.

He heard a small snore. And spun with his wand up and pointed at a painting of a man dressed in fine green robes. Lower his wand, Harry coughed loudly and the man startled awake.

"And who might you be young man?" The painting asked.

"Harry James Potter, Heir of the Founders." Harry bowed slightly. "Would I be correct in my guess that you are Lord Salazar Slytherin?"

"Yes, lad. I am Salazar Slytherin. You are my heir hmmm." Salazar rubbed his chin briefly. "Yes, you have the eyes of our line. And I assume you can speak our ways as well if you have come this far."

"Indeed, I can milord. I am your heir through my mother side."

"Ah, I see. And how long has it been from my time?"

"A thousand years, milord. And you have been given the title of a traitor among the Hogwarts four, though I know that to not be the

case."

"ME! A TRAITOR! WHY I WOULD NEVER! HOW DARE THEY SAY SUCH A THING! EXPLAIN THIS TRAVISTY IMMEDIATELY." Salazar jumped up shouting.

"Milord, They say that you fought with the other founders and then attacked them. They also say that you wished for the murder of every Muggle and Muggle-born. That you would have the purebloods rule all and oppress anyone less then pureblood." Harry said as he at in a seat that was facing the portrait.

"I believed that the muggles would wipe us out if they knew of our world existence. And that, naturally, Muggle-borns could be a great risk. But I never wanted them all dead! What of my Slytherin house?"

"Many who have been in Slytherin, though not all, in the last 50 to 60 years now follow one who claims to be your heir though he is a half-blood. His name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, and he is attempting to wipe out and enslave in your name. I have opposed him since birth, literally. There is a prophecy that I must fight and kill him or all if doomed to the dark."

Salazar was surprisingly calm though he had a dangerous glint in his eyes. "This Tom what does he call himself. And what of you? Are you not in my house?"

"Tom goes by the name Lord Voldemort now. And no I was not sorted into Slytherin. I am a Gryffindor, though it took me a while to talk the hat into it. I am trying to clear your name and set so many wrongs right. The current headmaster is a manipulative old man, who has very murdered many including my parents. I have taken steps to neutralize his power both in title, power and reputation. I have bonded with Hogwarts and am now searching for the rooms and things the founders have hidden."

Salazar stared at Harry with eyes widened before gaining back some of his composure. "I see. Have everything taken from these rooms. Yes, everything. Your rooms as our heir will naturally expand to hold everything as you find them, even every piece of furniture. The passage ways will also move them selves to an entrance way in your rooms. And have one of my portraits moved to the great hall once more and the other to the Slytherin common room, I will not stand for this any longer. The incantation for moving everything is *admoveo dehinc quicum vaco meus -a -um ablego addo ab coegi*. After that go directly to your rooms to ensure they arrive at the right place. And here's a clue to find the others. Look to each strength that is hidden and find the places where we rest. Our heir must come to each and free us to help once more."

"Yes sir." Harry bowed before taking out his wand and saying the incantation. "*Admoveo dehinc quicum vaco meus -a -um ablego addo ab coegi*." Everything glowed and disappeared. Harry shrunk down the two portrait frames, and quickly went back to the main chamber where Seleth was waiting. "Lord Salazar has asked me to do some things for him. I shall come back in a couple of days when I can get away without suspision. Until then I will have a house elf bring your food, do not harm the house elves. And do not leave."

Seleth nodded. "Yes master."

Harry quickly ran out of the chamber, sealed the door and levitated himself up to Myrtle's bathroom. He sealed the entrance way before taking deep breaths and checking to see that he was presentable. Leaving the bathroom, he walked to his rooms, though he ran into some prefects all they did was nod and continue there rounds.

Entering, he checked each of his rooms, he noticed that they had indeed expanded to fit everything and there were actually new rooms added. The personal library was now not only as large as the school library but also three stories tall lined from wall to wall with books.

"If Salazar's library and mine are this big, then what will happen when I had the other three founders?" Harry muttered. "I'll have to see if there are multiple copies of some books. Maybe have a second library for those." Suddenly some of the books lit up and then disappeared. "What the heck." Harry muttered before moving on.

The potions lab was much the same with the lab equipment on the main floor and the ingredients lined the other floors. The greenhouses combined to one large room with two levels. His personal study and office also combined to one room. There were one more bedrooms, a second study, a large sitting room, a drawing room, and (guess what) a secondly library.

Grabbing another vial of the memory potion and downing it quickly, he went to his personal study he sat next to the fireplace where a warm and welcoming fire was strong. "Okay, now I've got to figure out how to find the other founders rooms now." Looking at the clock he realized that it was only ten. Standing he made his way to the desk, took out a piece of parchment and wrote Salazar's clue down. "I still have some time. With the potions I only have to sleep for two or three hours now. So let's see..."

"Look to each strength that is hidden

and find the places where we rest.

Our heir must come to each

and free us to help once more."

"Hidden strength could mean there minor traits. Something not easily known." He sat back thoughtfully before taking out his wand. "Accio Hogwarts, A History." The book came flying into the room and his hand. He flipped through it quickly before sending it back to its place in the library. Closing his eyes he let his mind wander over the information and then through his bond with Hogwarts. Suddenly a

thought came to him and his eyes snapped open. Quickly rushing out and running through the halls he came to the empty great hall. Keeping his promise he took out one of Salazar's portraits and spelled it to the wall. Moving through the hall and around the teachers table he faced the back wall. Reaching deep to his magical core, eyes glowing with power, he spoke. "Open to the Heir of the Founders!"

Silence.

And then the wall parted to reveal an arch way. Moving forward he entered a well lit sitting room, and over the fireplace was a portrait.....of Godric Gryffindor.

Chapter 7:

"By Merlin's Beard!" Harry gasped and Godric portrait smiled.

"Why hello young one. I am Lord Godric Gryffindor. Who are you?"

"Harry James Potter, Heir of the Founders." Harry bowed and Godric did the same. "I am descended from you through my fathers line."

"I see, you know your heritage then. Have you found any of the others yet? And which house were you originally placed in?"

"Yes milord. I've been to Lord Salazar's Chambers. He gave me the clues to try and find the rest of you. And I'm a Gryffindor sir." Harry grinned shyly. And Godric laughed loudly.

"Ah, Salazar my old friend, bet it was a site when you said you were of my house. Now then, you know the incantation most likely by now. Everything that was mine will automatically be transported from there locations to your rooms. If wish to come back here the entrance to my rooms will be revealed after you remove my portrait. Place one of my portraits in the Great Hall and the other in my common room."



Harry nodded before taking out his wand. "Admoveo dehinc quicum vaco meus -a -um ablego addo ab coegi."

Again there was a bright glow. And again Harry made a dash to his rooms after securing one of Godric's portraits on to the wall beside Salazar's. Pausing before leaving the great hall he turned all of the large house tables into many round tables.

Again he checked each of his rooms, he noticed that they had indeed expanded to fit everything and there were actually more new rooms added (again). The personal library was now five stories tall lined from wall to wall with books. And again he asked for any newer duplicate books to be sent to the second library. The potions lab and greenhouse expanded very little though there did appear to be new things added here and there. His personal study and office also only changed expanded a little with some books and items appearing on new shelves and displays. There were another bedroom was added. The second study was larger with two desk sets, sitting room and drawing rooms expanded further slightly, and (guess what) the secondly library gained another floor level.

Looking to new clock he saw that it was only eleven thirty. He went both the Slytherin and Gryffindor common rooms, securing each frame to the wall above the fireplaces. After returning to his rooms he shrugged slightly before he went to his newly expanded main library and spent the rest of the evening and into the morning flipping through each of his new books, assimilating there knowledge.

Dragging himself out of bed he grabbed a pepper-up potion on the way to the great hall. And boy was it noisy in there. All the student of Gryffindor and Slytherin woke up and meet the original founders. But not only that now, the entire school had the company of both in the great hall. The students seemed to accept the new table arrangements with ease by comparison. Many looked at him as he entered but turned back to there meals and conversations after he

sat and started to eat.

All the teachers save Trelawney seemed to be present.....And watching him. Well, Dumbledore was glaring as was now normal.

Suddenly, the doors slammed open, the entire hall went silent, and Fudge entered with his entourage including Rita and Madam Bones, heading straight to him.

"Lord Potter, I received your message. Where is this death eater you captured?" Many students and staff gasped, gawped, and jaws dropped. Especially when Harry performed a perfect summoning charm and summoned.....a rat in a cage? "Ah, animagus like you guessed then."

"Yes minister he is." With a single movement of his wand the rat was both pulled out of the cage and stunned. "Now to see who this intruder is....." Another wand movement, and the rat suddenly became a man. Not just any man, but Peter Pettigrew. Students screamed and ran to the walls of the hall trying to put as much space between them and the supposedly dead Pettigrew. "Ah, the traitor who got my parents murdered."

"Pettigrew! Alive!" Fudge yelled before turning back to Harry. "What on earth do you mean? Your parents traitor? Crouch said and blamed Black. Even put the man in prison."

"Sirius was never the secret-keeper of my parents. It was Pettigrew. I remember many things from that night, unfortunately. I remember Sirius and Pettigrew talking with my parents. I remember Sirius saying he had to be a decoy instead of the real secret-keeper, that Peter," Harry sneered, "was the perfect one because no one would suspect it was him. Oh, he betrayed my parents alright and he made sure Sirius took the fall. But don't trust me....no....I'm just a boy. You want proof use veritasium on Dumbledore. He put up the Fidelius charm himself! He knew who the Secret-keeper was, he had to know

in order to even perform the charm!"

Shock had set into those in the great hall. Dumbledore paled. Yet again he was given death glares and rude gestures.

Rita summed it all up nicely, "You manipulative bastard!"

"Albus, how could you allow Sirius to go to prison? How could you do that?" McGonagall gasped raising her wand at him. Fudge, the other teachers, the aurors, Rita, Madam Bones and even man of the students following suit. Dumbledore seemed to look about wildly before forcible gaining back his look of serenity.

Fudge, for once in his life gained a backbone, "Aurors Arrest Albus Dumbledore immediately. If that meets with your approval, Lord Potter."

All eyes turned to Harry as he turned to face Dumbledore. "Albus Percival Wulfric Brain Dumbledore you are no longer headmaster of Hogwarts. For your actions against my parents, both heirs of founders, you are stripped of all right and privileges there in. You are to held at Azkaban until a trial date for your other crimes can be set. I will personally present evidence of all of your crimes. And trust me when I say I have more than enough to have you kissed by the dementors several times over. I'm sure they'd enjoy the meal too. So I say, so shall it be. So mote it be!"

Madam Bones stared at Harry before clearing her throat. "Very well then. Because justice must be upheld, I will personally make sure that both Pettigrew and Dumbledore stand trial." She personally rebound both and placed anti-animagus charms on Peter. "I'm sure that classes will be canceled for at least the rest of the day." McGonagall nodded in agreement.

With in two hours a special edition of the Daily Prophet began to arrive at Hogwarts, each student and staff had there own copies.

Headlines blared:

"PETER PETTIGREW FOUND ALIVE! TRUE TRAITOR OF THE POTTERS!"

"ALBUS DUMBLEDORE STRIPPED OF POWER, HELD AT AZKABAN FOR MURDER CHARGES AND MORE."

"SIRIUS BLACK PARDONED AND RELEASED!"

Harry, not wanting to deal with anyone in the castle at the moment, went off into the forest going to Aragog's nest. Within seconds of arriving he was surrounded by arcomantula and Aragog revealed himself.

"Why are you here human?"

"I am here as a friend. Of Hagrid and of you." Harry replied and a clacking sound filled the hollow.

"Hagrid may be friend but you are not. My children are hungry, you will feed some of them." Some of the large spiders began to move forward.

"I am a friend because your enemy is now gone from this wood!" Harry shouted to all. And the spiders froze.

"The serpent is gone. You defeated it?" Aragog questioned moving forward slightly.

"I did not kill Seleth, because I have commanded her to stop." Clacking began to fill the hollow once more. "Voldemort was never the heir of Slytherin and had no right to command her, I am the true heir.....of all the founders. For what she has done I have restricted her to a chamber within the castle, she will not come within the wood without my permission and her eyes are no longer as

deadly. If she is attacked she will be able to defend herself but no more than that. The food that is required to sustain her is brought to her, as I said she cannot leave unless I order her to. I will only ever give such an order to defend the castle and its inhabitants. For the most part she will only be allow out again on one of my other property's where she can harm none. You have my word."

"And how do we know you will keep your promise to us human?"

"Would you like for me to swear on my life, blood and magic. You know that such oath cannot be broken without the consequences to me being painful and dire indeed." Silence met this reply.

"You would give such an oath?"

"Yes, I would." Harry stared straight into Aragog's many eyes. Aragog seemed to try to look into him, into his very soul before he clacked his fangs.

"Very well. We shall take your word for now, but any betrayal will meet with harsh punishment."

"I understand. I also wished to ask something of you." The spiders seemed to make an indignant sound at this. "I only ask that you along with any other tribes and creatures of the forest allow no death eater to pass. If they says they are to meet with me then bind them, hold them, tell Hagrid to get me and I will tend to them myself. I swear this also. I only ask for your help protecting the forest, to not harm the students and to deal with death eaters as you please. If I give them a specific item, a pendent of the serpent, then they work for me and are bringing me information that could save lives."

Aragog hummed slightly, "Very well, in return for controlling the serpent enemy we will do this. However if they are not a student nor bare your mark then I will let my children feed."

"Agreed. I will warn the others then. Good day to you." Harry bowed and left, the clacking of the spiders following him.

After leaving the grove he went toward where he knew the centaurs roam. Like the acromantula, it did not take long for them to appear. Though they did have bows and arrows drawn.

"What are you doing here human!" One shouted angrily.

"Easy now. I have merely come to inform your elders of events in and around the castle. I come in peace and shall leave as such, I swear." Harry said as he held up his empty hands for them to see.

"And what would you say to the elders young Harry Potter?" Firenze questioned stepping forward.

"The old man and his manipulations are gone from the castle. He is to stand trial for many crimes. I merely wish to tell the elders and learn of any grievances you all may have to bring forward." Many lowered their bows slightly, relaxed but ready if a battle was to happen. "And to inform you the serpent will not be back unless it is needed to protect the castle its self."

"The serpent is gone?"

Harry sighed and repeated what he said earlier, "I did not kill Seleth, because I have commanded her to stop. Voldemort was never the heir of Slytherin and had no right to command her, I am the true heir.....of all the founders. For what she has done I have restricted her to a chamber within the castle, she will not come within the wood without my permission and her eyes are no longer as deadly. If she is attacked she will be able to defend herself but no more than that. The food that is required to sustain her is brought to her, as I said she cannot leave unless I order her to. I will only ever give such an order to defend the castle and its inhabitants. For the most part she will only be allowed out again on one of my other

property's where she can harm none. You have my word."

The centaurs muttered to each other before coming to some sort of agreement. Firenze stepped forward, "Very well then, we will guide you to the elders."

"Before we go, do I have your oath of protection for as we are gathered this day." Harry questioned.....in druidic? The centaurs froze.

"You know of the old ways?" Magorian questioned in the same language.

"Indeed, do I have your oath." He replied, again in druidic.

"Then you have it, I swear."

Harry nodding and walked forward, Firenze and Magorian leading the group with the others surrounding him. It took nearly an hour to get to the centaur village. Once at the village he saw many more centaurs than he had in the previously 'life.' He was led through the many small structures to a meeting hut. Going in he was immediately met by the site of thirteen elder centaurs.

"Magorian and Firenze, why have you brought this human here and before us?" One to the right questioned.

"He has brought a great deal of news. Sworn to come in peace and leave in peace. And has asked for an oath of peace in the old ways." His words were met with mutters, before another shifted forward slightly.

"Is this true human?"

"Yes, and my name is Harry James Potter." Harry bowed slightly. "As I have explained to the warriors, the old man and his manipulations

are gone from the castle. He is to stand trial for many crimes. I merely wish to tell the elders and learn of any grievances you all may have to bring forward. And to inform you the serpent will not be back unless it is needed to protect the castle its self. And before you say it no the serpent is not dead. I did not kill Seleth, because I have commanded her to stop. Voldemort was never the heir of Slytherin and had no right to command her, I am the true heir.....of all the founders. For what she has done I have restricted her to a chamber within the castle, she will not come within the wood without my permission and her eyes are no longer as deadly. If she is attacked she will be able to defend herself but no more then that. The food that is required to sustain her is brought to her, as I said she cannot leave unless I order her to. I will only ever give such an order to defend the castle and its inhabitants. For the most part she will only be allowed out again on one of my other property's where she can harm none. You have my word."

Again as the times before it, silence greeted his words. And those around him muttered in contemplation.

"If I may continue. I have spoken with Aragog of the acromantula clan. He has agreed with me on several things, and I wish to present you with the same. I only ask that you along with any other tribes and creatures of the forest allow no death eater to pass. If they says they are to meet with me then bind them, hold them, tell Hagrid to get me or send a messenger and I will tend to them myself. I swear this also. I only ask for your help protecting the forest, to not harm the students and to deal with death eaters as you please. If I give them a specific item, a pendent of the serpent, then they work for me and are bringing me information that could save lives."

"You do bring good news to us in many ways, but it will take time to consider such an agreement. We normally send student back anyways so that is not a charge or hardship, but the rest we must consider. As for the crimes of Dumbledore then we have much to say."



"Very well, if I might return for your answer on the matter. Then let's discuss Dumbledore's crimes. If you do not object it would help to use a testification quill. It would be forced to be recognized as an official testimony and held in such regard." Harry showed them the quill and enlarged a leather book. The elders nodded. "I will be presenting evidence to the courts myself to ensure everything is brought forward."

"Magorian have any in the village brought forward after we speak here. We must be sure that this cannot be ignored." Magorian nodded and bowed before leaving. "Very well, lets us begin....."

It took Harry well into the evening to get testimony from all of the centaurs of not only that village but two more villages near by. It was rare for a centaur to allow a human to ride them, but Magorian himself carried Harry to the other villages for their testimony. In total Harry actually interviewed over 750 centaurs. Thank Merlin the book and quill were charmed to never run out, otherwise there would be serious problems.

When Harry returned to the castle he made a bit of a scene, considered Magorian and other centaurs escorted him to the doors of the great hall.

"Harry Potter, you are welcome to come to us anytime in future. We wish for news when Dumbledore is sentenced for his crimes, not only for you but for us. We wish to know that human will not be allowed such power again." Magorian said to Harry bowing his head slightly.

"You have my word. I will bring the news myself and I thank you for your help." Harry bowed in reply. And the centaurs left.

" WHERE WERE YOU ALL DAY AND WHY WERE THEY HERE?" McGonagall bellowed stepping down from the head table and walked toward him.

"I was collecting their testimony to be presented at Dumbledore's trial. I also secured the safety of the student population from harm. They have agreed that a student will not be harmed and brought here, though I have given them permission to defend themselves from attack from any students or staff, should an incident occur. Now, if you will excuse me I have business to tend too." Harry replied calmly and then left before more could be said.

## Chapter 8:

Classes ended up being canceled the next day as well. The students looked at this as a holiday of sorts. Many were running around, reading, playing games including some impromptu quidditch matches. Harry, however, was busily writing away in his study answering letters and sending out letters of his own. Since the arrests had become public knowledge, people had been sending things to Harry to show support (in more ways than one).

He finally finish around noon when suddenly a tapping sound came from another room, Harry rose and followed the sound to one of the glass doors of the greenhouse. It was a flock of owls.

"Oh, no more please!" Harry sighed and opened the window allowing the owls to come in and relieved them of their burdens. "Maybe I can set something up with Gringott's where they check the mail and bring the more important things to me here. Yeah that could work!" Harry rubbed his chin before turning back to the owls. "Alright any who need me to reply you can stay here, the rest can leave." With hoots of confirmation many of the owls flew out while others stayed where they were. "Now if your from the ministry or the wizemagot go over there next to the rose bush, gringott's and solicitors or what ever over there to the tree, any one else go to the bushes and get settled in." Gathering everything he went back to his study and sat down prepared to get another cramped hand.

Opening a letter from Minister Fudge, he read;

Lord Potter,

Your presence is requested for the trial of Albus Dumbledore to present any evidence gathered for the prosecution. Please arrive at 9am tomorrow morning to review any pertinent evidence we have already gathered. We do not wish for Dumbledore to have any opportunity to escape justice. The trial will begin promptly at 10am.

Sincerely,

Cornelius Fudge

Minister of Magic

'Finally Dumbledore will pay for all that he's done. To me, to everyone muggle or magical.' Harry thought while grinning widely. "Maybe I'll have this framed." He muttered before setting the letter aside, and picking up the next, much thicker legal sized envelope from the ministry's departments of education and certification.

Lord Potter,

With your special circumstances, as you have proven, we went ahead with your OWL and NEWT testing, as well as mastery and elite certification and testing. We are pleased to inform you, that you have received double outstandings on all subjects for all of the tests, including master and elite level testing.

We have never seen such a thing as this ever in the history of the ministry. Not even the founders themselves. It is an honor to see such events in our lifetimes. All of the paperwork, certificates and degrees are in the next pages. You have received masters and elite level degrees and certificates in the following areas:

Transfiguration

Potions

Herbology

Defense Against the Dark Arts

Ancient Runes

History of Magic

Magical Theory

Charms

Care of Magical Creatures

Medi-magic

Muggle Studies

Ancient Linguistics

Modern Linguistics

Astronomy

Arithmacy

Muggle & Magical Geography

Magical & Muggle Law

Goblins Law

Goblins History

Goblins Etiquette & Customs

Traditional Practices

Genealogy & Ascestral Magics

Apparation

Animagus

Enchantment Specialties

Weaponry Specialties

Alchemy

Business Law

It is with great honor that we commend you for all that you have accomplished. The ministry may even ask for your assistance in future on various matters.

Congradulations from all at the Ministry.

Sincerely,

Madam Griselda Marchbanks

Newly Reinstated Head of the Wizarding Examinations Authority

"YES!" He shouted as he bounced around the room excitedly. "No more classes if I don't want to! I can wave in front of the big greasy bat's face! BOO YAH!" (One guess who the big greasy bat is.) After eventually calming, but no stopping that grin from his face, he

returned to the desk and he riffled through the stack of papers making sure everything was there before moving on to the next letters.

He made a note to the centaur elders asking for someone who would be willing to take over Trelawneys classes until he could find a more suitable replacement.

It took him until dinner to get everything sorted out. Gathering his paperwork from the ministry, he marched down to the great hall and straight to McGonagall at the head table. The hall going silent, wondering what it was the boy-who-lived could shock them with now. And it would most likely be a big shock with how wide McGonagall's eyes were going.

"Well.....um.....You are formerly excused from all class as you have not only completed your OWLs and NEWTs, but higher levels." She stuttered at him still in shock. Whispers erupted among the students and staff.

"What do you mean Minerva?" Hooch questioned

"Young Mr. Potter has not only completed the OWLs and NEWTs but also masters and elite levels."

"WHAT!" Hermione screeched with many joining her, including a certain big greasy bat. She was starting to feel a little jealous.

"He tested and certified for practically any subject that you can test in. And has elite status in everyone of them. He no longer needs to attend classes. At all." She waived falling back against the back of her seat.

"How could he get elite levels!" Snape snapped at her.

"Would you like to see the paperwork, MR. SNAPE." Harry bit back,

and Snape paled dramatically as did many of the Slytherin students.

"Now now, Harry I'm sure it's just the shock. And you have to admit this is a bit of a shock for everyone." McGonagall looked nervously between them. "As an heir you sit here at the head table, will you be joining us for dinner?" Harry seemed to ignore her at first, his eyes narrowly focused on the now sweating Snape, before turning back to McGonagall with a neutral expression.

"Yes, I will. I want to chat with you about the current teaching roster." All sound in the hall stopped, you could have heard a pin drop. All eyes were watching him as he moved around the table to his seat. The seat of the former headmaster. Slowly as Harry began to eat sound returned, and students went back to their meals. All of the teachers now nervously doing the same.

Harry murmured something to McGonagall who seemed to sigh with relief and nodded back to him. They went back and forth for the rest of the meal. Their tone high enough to hear each other but not for others to overhear. Though Harry putting up a mild silencing spell did help, not that anyone else knew about it. Eventually the students went off as they realized that they wouldn't get more of the show that was to follow. Many of the Slytherins gave Snape meaningful looks before moving on.

"There will be an impromptu staff meeting now in the staff room." Harry said as both he and McGonagall rose and left through the side door. The others quickly following them, Snape in the lead. He even slides into the room and rushed to a seat. Harry's mouth twitched slightly.

After all of the teachers, including Trelawney, settled into chairs. Harry turned to face them. Two house-elf were waiting nearby with, what looked like, small jewelry boxes.

"First and for most, I would like to warn you I will be making changes

to the staff. Dumbledore allowed some things to slid. I, however, will not." Snape and a few others stiffened. "Minister Fudge, even without true authority on these hollowed grounds, has given me leave to do as I please to ensure the protection and education of the students who reside here. So Sybil Trelawney you have taught your last day here, the school has no need for fake seers with only one correct prediction under her belt. Your severance pay is in your trunks which are out in the hall. Good bye."

Trelawney seemed to blink rapidly before slowly rising and heading out the door seemingly in a silenced shock.

"But I don't understand who will teach divination?" Sprout questioned.

"The centaur council of elders have agreed to allow one of there people who is willing to volunteer, to fill the position until I can secure a more regular instructure. The centaur is called Fireneze, he saved my life last year when I was attacked in the forest by Voldemort." Gasps were heard throughout the room, but Harry raised his hand before any could speak. "I trust him, he knows the subject and is willing to braze just about anything to help us. He is to be treated with the utmost respect, even after he leaves. Now moving on." Harry motioned to the house elves, who began to hand out the small boxes. "For your own safety any adult who works or regularly visits the school have to have specific passes in order to go anywhere near the forbidden forest. The students are already granted safety because they are students. But adults are not. You must wear these at all times when you are out of your chambers. They will not only offer some spell protection, but the creatures of the forest will not attack you if you have them. As long as you do carry them and you respect all of them, they will do nothing to you. If, however, you do try something you will be stunned, possibly even wounded and brought directly to me. Trust me when I say you will not like the consequences if you test my or their patience."



"So if we have these with us, they will not attack." Hooch picked up the locket from the box.

"Yes, they may even be worn under your robes, so they don't get in the way." Harry nodded. "I cannot sense anything beyond the fact that you're in or out of the castle. So you still retain some privacy, but I will know when you're near the forest or lake. I won't dictate your movements, your adults. I will always treat anyone as such. But become a threat to the school, and being treated like an adult will be the least of your worries. Oh, and Binns. You may remain at the castle if you wish, but your services as a teacher are no longer required. I have secured the services of Mr. Gregory Cresswell. Some of you may remember him. His father is Head of the Goblin Liaison office."

Binns floated over to Harry. "He will be a suitable replacement. I wish for your help, I want to go on."

"If that is your wish, I will help you after this meeting is completed if you would be willing to wait in my personal office." Binns nodded before floating through the wall. "I am going through everyone's files and recommendations. No exceptions for anyone. I will also be having personal conferences with each of you, during your different free times or in the evenings. Again this is mandatory for everyone. If you have appointments when I wish to speak with you then let me know when you are next available to meet. But the meeting will occur. Tonight I will speak with Professor Snape. Tomorrow morning, Professor Hooch if you are available. And tomorrow evening, Professor Flitwick." Everyone nodded, while many are not happy with these new changes, they understood the reason behind it. "Professor Snape, if you will follow. The rest of you have a good night."

"Take a seat professor." Harry motioned to the seat in front of his desk. "Tea?"

"Lord Potter, if you would just get on with it." Snape replied slightly nervous and impatient while grabbing the cup of tea.

"Now now, patience Professor." Harry admonished wagging a finger at him. "I have already checked your references and masters scores. You may stay on if you wish, but will not force you to spy as Dumbledore has in the past. Now don't look so surprised, your erratic behavior can be easily explained by what the old man has ordered you to do. What did he have on you? Keeping you out of Azkaban? Another mark?"

Snape's jaw opened and closed mechanically before he cleared his voice. "How did you.....How? After everything?"

Harry smiled sadly. "When it comes to the old man, I expect the worst. If it's a mark, then I can remove that fairly easily. If its anything more ingrained then it will be more painful but, in some cases, can still be done. My mother trusted you, it was in her diary. She named you as one of my other godparents, and in case of their death my guardian."

"She chose me?"

"Yes, but Dumbledore most likely obliterated you about it. As you are trained in both occlumency and its twin, you can most likely remember on your own eventually." Harry pulled out a couple of sheets from the thick stack from the ministry, handing them to Snape. "Here, this will help confirm what McGonagall said before dinner."

As Snape read through the pages his eyes widened. "So its true. You have gained elite status. But how? After watching you this last year, I know you were just above average in potions making. But no where near this level."

"True, but that was before I got rid of the blocks he placed on me."

Snape paled. "Blocks? How old were you exactly?"

"A little under a year old. And before you say it, yes I know the consequences of him putting them on me or anyone else. He did the same thing to Neville only it was around the time his parents were tortured. I was planning on asking him if he wanted the blocks taken off. I think he would, no matter the amount of pain involved."

"True. Longbottom may be a terror in the potions lab but he can be very smart and yet stubborn at the same time."

"Oh, complementing Longbottom! Hell must have frozen over." Snape gave Harry his patient glare. "Joking, I think. Anyway even before the blocks were removed I had a near photographic memory, now after they're gone.....well you can imagine."

"Indeed."

## Chapter 9:

An hour and a half later Snape was practically skipping down the halls to the Slytherin common room. Entering he ordered several of the students that were lounging about to get every member of the house in the common room now. Many of the students were already doing things in the dorms, waiting for their head of house to come back to them. After all of them were gathered, Snape cleared his throat.

"There was a meeting of all of the staff only a couple of hours ago. Several of the staff were dismissed from their positions and new instructors are being brought in to replace them. The first is Professor Trelawney. Lord Potter has determined that in her entire life only one thing predicted right." Many snickers were heard at this before quieting. "Professor Binns, while dismissed from the history of magic position, was given permission to remain in the castle if he wished. He has asked to be sent on. So the new professor for the course is Mr. Gregory Cresswell, formerly of Ravenclaw house. Mrs. Trelawney's replacement is a centaur by the name of Firenze."

Shouts filled the room, all Snape had to do was glare and they quieted down. "This centaur saved not only Lord Potters life but also the lives of Ronald Weasley, Professor Hagrid, and Draco Malfoy."

"How, exactly do Potter save my life?"

"Quirrell was possessed by the Dark Lord, and was in the forest. He was the cloak figure that tried to attack you. Firenze, however, managed to scare him off from coming after you and Potter. The centaur saved your life. He saved the life of one of our own, and thus he and his kind are too treated with respect." All of the students collectively paled before nodding in agreement. "All staff are going through full background checks and being re-interviewed. I have already done so, and I will continue to teach potions with his approval. Lord Potter is also going to be offering sanctuary to any student who requests it and presents their case to his satisfaction. No matter what house they are from." Many perked back up.

"No matter the house? We won't have to go if he says we can stay?" Bulstrode questioned softly.

"Yes, there will be some rules that extend to during the summer. But nothing you're not already used to. And if you know someone, anyone, who already bears the dark mark they can present their case to Lord Potter to get it removed."

"HE KNOWS HOW TO REMOVE THE DARK MARK!" Flint roared over the sudden rise in noise level.

"SILENCE!" Snape bellowed and the room went silent. He pulled up his left sleeve to show unmarked pale skin. "He does want something in exchange, but it is a reasonable request. He wants a wizard or witch's oath, both oral and written with a blood mark, that they will never attempt in any way to take the place of the Dark Lord or to assist any Dark Lord or aspiring Dark Lord in any fashion. I have already given my oaths. This is not much to ask for freedom from the

Dark Lord. He only wants to protect as many people as he can."

The students were muttering back and forth. Many with thoughtful expressions.

"And he will guarantee the removal of the mark for these oaths?" Draco questioned as he rose from his seat.

"Yes. There is something you must understand. Voldemort wasn't the only one to use a dark mark." Shock went through everyone in the room. "I, unfortunately, know this from personal experience. It was Dumbledore. He forced me to take the mark when he kept me out of Azkaban. There could very well be others like me." Gasps and curses sounded around the room. "Potter has agreed to remove that mark as long as the oaths are given. Contact your parents and any friends, we can schedule a time for them to meet with Potter to discuss the removal and the oaths. Make sure that all of you and any you know choose wisely because they will only get this one chance. If they are facing trials already, Potter has agreed to check them and see if someone was controlling them at anytime. Or if they have additional marks. Potter will take care of the ministry if it can be proven through the tests. Come to me and I'll set something up."

Similar talks were occurring in all of the other house common room. Well, except for the other head of house showing there arms. Again like the meeting in Slytherin house, many students found it encouraging that a way to remove the mark had been found and they could possibly be allowed to stay at Hogwarts during the summer. Needless to say there were a lot of letters written and, if the person had an owl, they were sent out. Sometimes delivering for several of them.

Many of the house thought that Potters new found knowledge and authority was too good to be true. That it would come crashing down, but with these new revelations of Potters diligence, not only to help others but to give everyone an equal chance no matter there

background. Several decided to give him a chance to continue to prove himself. If he could truthfully remove the mark and only wanted the two oaths, then he could be legitimate. A small few still had reservations, but they'd see what the future would bring.

The early morning meeting with Madam Hooch went very quickly. She was more than welcome to continue teaching and being the referee for the quidditch matches. She was very relieved and let go of the breath she had been holding as she left Potters office. McGonagall canceled classes for the day and loud speakers connected to a radio set on the WWN were set up in the great hall so everyone could listen to the trial if they wished.

Harry smiled softly, he straighten his full formal robes before apparating out of Hogwarts and to the phone booth that allow access to the ministry. Quickly going in and through the security check point he walked past the few reporters that were in the lobby area to the elevators. Going to the Ministers office he was guided in directly. Fudge and several others, including Madam Bones, were gathered around the desk.

"Ah, Lord Potter. We've been expecting you." Fudge greeted shaking his hand. "I hear that you've been making some changes to the teaching staff at Hogwarts."

"Yes, minister I have." Harry bowed his head slightly in acknowledgement to the others. "I also have some very pertinent and dangerous information for you. Dumbledore has been using a dark mark of his own." Those gathered gasped in shock. "I've found one on Severus Snape. He was being controlled, every move, every word was Dumbledore's. He never had choice or a chance. And I fear that some others, maybe even those you are currently holding, have had the same thing done to them."

"But how? Why?" Bones questioned.

"I know how. He used very old and dark magic. I came across the type he used when I was looking for a way to remove Voldemort's," massive winces from the others, "dark mark. It took me a while, but I found a way to remove both. Professor Snape was kind enough to allow me to do the very first attempt on his marks. It worked. I can now successfully remove both."

Many eyes widened as one of them whispered, "You can remove the dark mark?"

"Yes, but as collateral to ensure that there is a lesser chance of another like Voldemort or Dumbledore from gaining any power or foothold among our people, I am demanding two oaths from those that want the mark removed. I want a wizard or witches oath, both oral and written with a blood mark, that they will never attempt in any way to take the place of the Dark Lord or to assist any Dark Lord or aspiring Dark Lord in any fashion, directly or indirectly. I already have Snape's oaths. This is not much to ask for freedom from the Dark Lord or Dumbledore. Also Dumbledore place magical blocks on not only my self but several others, including Neville Longbottom, heir to the house of Longbottom."

There was silence for several minutes before one of the prosecutors spoke up. "It does sound like a reasonable request for the removal of the marks. And we could add these to the list of charges against Dumbledore. You have already told at least some of those at Hogwarts?" Harry nodded. "We can add that to a press conference to help get the word out more. Is there a way you can check those that we have in custody before the trials take place? Well before anyone but Dumbledore goes on trial."

"Yes of course. I am an aura reader, it's fairly easy to check someone."

"Good good. Well, we had better go down to the courtroom. I assume you are prepared to present all of the evidence you have?" Harry

noded, Fudge grinned. "Well then let's be off."

With everyone settled into their respective seats, and everyone quieted down, a shackled Dumbledore was led into the courtroom by four aurors. Chaining him to his seat the aurors stand behind him hands on there wands, just in case. Fudge tapped the gavel.

"We are gathered here today for the trial of one Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. In order to allow as many people who are not able to be here, to hear of the trials progress it is being broadcasted over the Wizarding Wireless Network, internationally. He has been accused of the following charges, within the boarders of the British Wizarding and Muggle people:

1.) False giving his name in blood oaths to at least 20 people. Including the Lord and Lady of the house of Potter, the Lord and Lady of the house of Longbottom, the Lord of the house of Snape, the Lady of the house of Bones, and my self the Minister of magic.

2.) Knowingly allowing Sirius Black to be sent to Azkaban without trial and without coming forward with the knowledge he had as to Mr. Black innocence.

3.) Stealing not only money but also various possessions from Lord Harry James Potter. And from the house of Black as well.

4.) Purposely keep knowledge of inheritance from both Lady Lily Evans Potter and Lord Harry James Potter. And attempting to keep knowledge of Lady Katherine Evans, Lady of the house of Evans.

5.) Over 200 counts of murder. Including the murder of the parents of Lord James Potter, and the parents of Lady Lily Evans Potter. And an attempted murder of Lord Harry James Potter's two aunts. Mrs. Petunia Evans Dursley, squib. And Lady Katherine Evans, Lady of the house of Evans.



6.) Over 400 counts of illegal obliviation to both muggles and magical citizens.

7.) Lying or falsely giving information to the Ministry of Magic.

8.) Purposefully lying to the honorable institution Gringott's of the Goblin people.

9.) Purposefully breaking several parts of the Goblins charter.

10.) Near complete destruction of several protected magical species. And attacks on not only the Centaurs, Dragons, Vampire Houses, and possibly some of the high elves to which we owe great debts to.

11.) The use of dark magic on others with or without their agreement.

12.) Several counts of the creation and use of a Dark Mark on others. Including Lord Severus Snape of the house of Snape.

13.) Knowingly ordering child abuse to the extremes which includes beatings, torture, malnutrition, emotional-physical-mental deprivation of Lord Harry James Potter and a Mr. Tom Marvolo Riddle.

14.) Knowingly allowing Professor Rubeus Hagrid to be falsely charged with the opening of the Chamber of Secrets resulting in the murder of a fellow student, and expelling him from Hogwarts illegally.

15.) Knowingly allowing Lord James Potter and Lady Lily Evans Potter to be betrayed by Peter Pettigrew, and murdered by the Dark Lord.

16.) Knowingly allowing the torture of the Lord and Lady of the house of Longbottom.

17.) Several counts of placing potentially lethal magical bonds on

several people. Including Lord Harry James Potter and Mr. Neville Longbottom.

18.) Knowingly allowing Mr. Tom Marvolo Riddle to become the Dark Lord. Allowing him to rape, torture, and kill hundreds of both muggles and magical people."

Murmurs and shouts of shock and outrage filled the court room. Fudge banged the gavel and demand silence in the courtroom. Slowly people quieted, sat and waited for them trial to continue.

"Lord Harry James Potter has been allowed to bring forth proof of all of these charges validity. The documentation has already been presented to the Wizemagot, and found to be not only valid but absolutely truthful. Pensive memories and testimonies will be presented at this time. We will then take a short recess to allow everyone a small break, and let Dumbledore come up with his response to the allegations previously mentioned. To further insure that these allegations were not made falsely Lord Potter has already been questioned under veritasium. As were any and all of the witnesses that have stepped forward. Lord Potter you may begin the presentation of the pensive evidence."

Harry rose elegantly from his seat bowing to the Wizenmagot before speaking, "Ladies and gentleman, it is my honor to help bring justice to all of those who have been wronged by this despicable man. The testimony gathered is from all complaints that have come forward, no matter the race they are from. Rest assured there are copies available throughout the British wizarding communities for everyone who is not present to view at their discretion." He bowed again, and then tapped the large pensive that was in front of him.

Over the course of the next five and a half hours, those in the courtroom watched in horror as testimony and the corresponding memories played out for all to see. They watched as the one man they had trust almost completely did the most horrible of crimes

seemingly effortlessly. When the images stopped playing they just sat in their seats in shock for several moments before Fudge called for the recess. Many left the courtroom numbly, others just seemed sit there frozen. The trial resumed about a half an hour later.

Dumbledore rose, "Ladies and gentlemen. I may have made a few mistakes in my life. Anyone has in there lives. But I am not guilty of these fabricated charges. Of all people Mr. Potter has no right to question my actions as he is not of age. I admit that any potential wrong doing was made accidentally. I have always done my best to protect our world and way of life. I wish to call Mr. Potter's competency into question. As well as the supposed testimony presented here today." Shouts of outrage filled the court room as people tried to throw things at Dumbledore. But the thrown object hit a barrier and just disappeared. Harry rose slowly and the room quieted.

"Minister if I may?" Fudge waved a hand in a slightly dismissive gesture. "Upon receiving my full inheritance I went to the office of the Wizarding Examination Authority to request that I be allowed to not only sit for my OWL and NEWT tests but also for masters and elite level tests. I have received the results. Not only have I passed with double outstanding's in all subject on both my OWLs and NEWT's, but also masters and elite level. And they are a matter of public record. I am sure that Madam Griselda Marchbanks, head of the Wizarding Examination Authority can confirm this."

Dumbledore's mouth dropped in shock, others in the courtroom audience doing similar.

"Yes, Lord Potter. We have all seen the original results of your tests and they have been officially confirmed. Dumbledore your motion as to the competency of Lord Potter is denied. And your second motion as to the official testimony given is also denied as they have been questioned under veritasium by not only the ministry but also by an independent party." Dumbledore again looked shocked, Fudge

continued. "The Wizenmagot will now adjourn to vote on the charges presented against you." He hit the gavel and the members of the Wizenmagot rose and walked out the side door to private chambers.

".....We are waiting for the return of the Wizenmagot with the final ruling on Dumbledore's deplorable and illegal actions. Young Lord Potter seems to still be very calm and collected, staring straight ahead of him at the door the Wizenmagot will be coming back through. His expression is hard and intense. Dumbledore just seems to be glaring at the Boy-Who-Lived, as though he wishes to hurt him!" The radio announcer blared loudly. Amazingly enough all of the students and staff were in the great hall listening to the radio broadcast of the trial. Very rarely were the WWN was allowed to broadcast from a trial live, but this one was for obvious reasons. Many looked at Snape with poorly hidden curiosity or new found respect.

"Wait! The door is opening and the Wizemagot is filing back in. This is it folks!" Everyone became intensely focused on the radio.

"It is with great pleasure that I give you the final verdict of this ruling body." Fudge said, standing up with his shoulders back and chest pushed out. "We have found Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore guilty of all charges!"

Cheers filled the courtroom as people jumped up hugging each other in celebration.

"The Wizenmagot would also like to ask for Lord Potters opinion as to the punishment of this despicable man." Fudge continued after all quieted down. Sudden silence filled the courtroom as Harry rose from his seat.

"I would love to personally put all of the pain that Dumbledore has inflicted on some many of us back on him ten fold. But that would still leave him the ability to harm others. As such I would like to request

that he be drained of all magic and placed in the deepest darkest pit in Azkaban with the dementor to be his only companions til his dieing day. Let him relive the pain and anguish he has so willingly inflicted on others to the moments of his own death. Let him suffer for what he has done to me, to the other helpless victims.....what he did to my family." Harry's eyes teared up and voice cracked as he sat, face set in a type of pain few could truly understand.

".....what he did to my family." Harry's voice cracked. Many, both student and adult began to cry for the young lord. Even Snape seemed to gain a look of mourning. They could almost feel his pain through his voice. A pain that he had apparently managed to hide and control till now.

Silence that was all the sound that came through the radio until.....

"We shall vote here and now on your suggestion, Lord Potter. All those in favor?... and those opposed?..." a brief pause. "It is with my great pleasure through a unanimous vote that we grant your request Lord Potter. Thus is the ruling of the court!..." They heard the gavel slammed down loudly.

"Take the prison to the holding chamber! The sentence shall be carried out immediately!" Fudge decreed loudly. And those in the chamber cheered. Harry sniffled loudly before collecting himself. "Let it also be noted that young Lord Potter has found a way to remove the dark marks that Dumbledore and the dark lord have forced upon others!" Sudden silence filled the courtroom as people looked at Harry and Fudge in shock. "He has asked for only one condition to be met by those wishing to have the dark mark removed....."

The cheer of the students and staff in the great hall silenced with this newest revelation. Many looking shock that what their head of houses had told them was actually true.

".....but it is a reasonable request. He wants a wizard or witches oath, both oral and written with a blood mark, that they will never attempt in any way to take the place of the Dark Lord or to assist any Dark Lord or aspiring Dark Lord in any fashion. This is not much to ask for freedom from the Dark Lord and Dumbledore's manipulations. He only wants to protect as many people as he can. The names of those who come to him will be kept in confidentiality if they so wish it. The ministry will fully support Lord Potter in this." Fudges voice came through. "Because of how Dumbledore controlled others through dark magic, we of the ministry have asked Lord Potter to personally check and interrogate all of those that are currently in our custody both here and in Azkaban. We will support any ruling he gives on those he investigates. He has proven to be invaluable to everyone in our community both at Hogwarts and here with Dumbledore's trial. His gathering of evidence and adherence to the laws of our people have proven him to be beyond reproach." They could hear the 'pride' in Fudges voice. "We ask that you owl for an appointment to meet with him to Gringott's, instead of just showing up at Hogwarts. He has agreed to begin with those the ministry holding and any in Hogwarts who have already requested his help. Please be patient, there are many that need his help. It may take a while but he has promised his aide of all who ask it. He can announce when he will begin."

Silence was all that was heard before they heard Harry's voice. "I will begin with those in holding and Hogwarts immediately. I would like to begin tonight to take care of those the ministry currently has."

"As you wish Lord Potter. I'm sure Madam Bones and a few of our aurors would be willing to assist you." Fudge said hospitably.

"Of course, Minister, Lord Potter. It would be my honor to assist." A strong female voice spoke.

"Auntie Amelia!" Susan Bones cried out from the Hufflepuff table. "That's my aunt, the Head of the Department of Law Enforcement!"

"Thanks you, Madam Bones." They heard Harry answer respectfully.  
"your assistance would be welcome."

"The meeting is adjourned so that Lord Potter may begin post haste."  
Fudge said as the gavel sounded again.

## Chapter 10:

Harry, after watching Dumbledore being drained of his magic and taken away, worked well through the night and into the next day with the help of Madam Bones, several aurors and unspeakables. Amazingly enough, all of the former death eaters in custody wanted there marks removed. Guess they weren't quite as loyal to Voldemort as many thought. Several were found to be under Dumbledore's mark and spells. When questioned with really strong veritasium it was found out that Rodolphus and his brother Rabastan were actually the ones that tortured the Longbottoms. Bellatrix was always under some form of Imperious, and was forced to watch the torture. Once Harry broke the spells, she had a breakdown. And was moved to St. Mungo's.

She volunteered to take one of his experimental positions that he'd made to help the Longbottom's.

Amazingly enough Lucius Malfoy also had Dumbledore's dark mark and control spells. From the results of several scans they were able to determine that he had the mark since the beginning of his seventh year just like Snape. This came as a very big shock.....more so then the revelations about Bellatrix.

All total there were over fifty who had Dumbledore's dark mark. Some were death eaters, others were actually ministry employees. This lead to a wide spread search of all of the ministry employees. Some of them were:

Bellatrix (Black) Lestrangle

Lucius Malfoy

Arthur Weasley

Alastor Moody

Kingsley Shacklebolt

Amos Diggory

Madam Edgecombe

Arnold Peasegood

Ludovic Bagman

Mr. Ackerley

Crabbe Sr.

Goyle Sr.

The Bulstrode's

The Bell's

The Abbott's

The Zambini's

The Longbottom's (possibly – need to check on them at St. Mungo's)

These revelations led to each of their immediately family (well those not in Hogwarts) were brought in and checked. Unfortunately the



wives of Malfoy, Diggory, Goyle, and Crabbe were found to be under the mark as well. All of them seemed very shaken. Most of them had been under Dumbledore's control for at least a year before leaving Hogwarts. The Weasley's seemed to be the most shaken of the lot. And Harry got very angry when he found it (the mark) on them. By four in the afternoon he finished. And those that had had the mark (Dumbledore's) had been placed in a private ward in St. Mungo's with Bellatrix.

"I'm finished. I'm going to back home to eat and sleep for a while. Then I'll get started on everyone there." Harry said exhaustedly to Madam Bones.

"Of course, Lord Potter. Thank you for all of your help. Get some rest and if you need anything let me know. If you want a job you got one here!" She replied shaking his hand.

Harry smiled, "Thanks for the offer." And then he apparated out.

"That's is one the most powerful and smartest young man I've ever had the pleasure of meeting." Madam Bones said as she nodded to her colleagues.

Harry caused quite a stir when he suddenly appeared in his seat next to McGonagall at the head table. McGonagall looked like she about had a heart attack.

"Mr. Potter please do not do that in future. I like to think I have many years left in my life."

Harry grinned sheepishly, "Sorry ma'am. I'm just so tired and hungry. I ended up checking everyone in Azkaban and the Ministry. My godfather Sirius is still in St. Mungo's recovering and I found several more with Dumbledore's dark mark." Everyone quieted down at that. "I'll start with everyone here tomorrow."

"Well, just remember in future." McGonagall nodded to him.

"I take it that we will have to reschedule our meeting, Mr. Potter?" Flitwick questioned.

"No we can have our meeting as planned. But that's all I'll do tonight." Harry replied before digging into the large pile of food that he had put on his plate. Flitwick only nodded in reply. "A list of some of the suspected death eaters that were under the old man's control will be released to the Daily Prophet tomorrow morning. They all agreed to it, since it would let others know why they aren't in jail or something. Before we have our meeting Professor, I'll need to talk with there children that are currently attending here. They should know before they read the papers."

"Very well, who is it you need?"

"Draco Malfoy, Neville, the Weasley's, Cedric Diggory, Ackerley, Bell, Zambini, Bulstrode, Abbott, Crabbe and Goyle. And I'll need your approval to take them to St. Mungo's tomorrow if they want, they will most likely want to speak with there families. And I'd rather let it be done with as soon as possible."

McGonagall tapped her cup with her spoon gaining everyone's attention. "Mr. Potter is going to begin to speak with several of you tonight. Draco Malfoy, Neville Longbottom, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle, Cedric Diggory, Hannah Abbott, Blaise Zambini, Stuart Ackerley, all of the Weasley's and Katie Bell will report to him at his office immediately following the meal. Thank you."

All of those Harry named were waiting just outside the doors that led to his office. Fidgeting rather nervously too. But then again, with the trial earlier in the day they were beginning to fear the worst. Walking up to the door, Harry opened motioning for them to go through. Taking seats and the cups of tea offered, they waited for what they thought was the inevitable.

"I guess you heard the trial?" He questioned with them nodding in response. "As you most likely know I have been checking anyone and everyone in the ministry and Azkaban for Dumbledore's dark mark and signs of being controlled by him. I wanted to be the one to tell you that one or both of your parents or a family member have been found to be under Dumbledore's dark mark. It and anything else of the kind have already been removed. They are all in St. Mungo's under observation for the night."

"One or both of my parents?" Ginny squeaked.

"Yes, in the case of both the Malfoy's, Goyle's, Diggory's, Abbott's were marked and under Dumbledore's control. And Zambini's dad, Ackerley's dad, Arthur Weasley and Bell's mom. We suspect that both of your parents are too, Neville. But I haven't checked them yet." Harry replied calmly sipping his tea.

"WHAT!" They all shouted, Harry cringed as his ears ringed from their collective shout.

"You heard what I said. I still have to officially check the Longbottom's. Something else Neville, .....Bellatrix Lestrage was also being controlled. She was always under some form of Imperious. She never had the chance to fight it, not at all."

"But .....she.....she hurt my parents. Tortured them insane, literally." Neville stuttered.

"Actually she didn't torture them at all. But she was forced to watch. I've seen her memories in a testimonial pensive and she was under heavy vertasium. Madam Bones herself administered it." Neville's jaw opened and closed repeatedly. "All of them are in a special ward that is separated from everyone else. It's easier to protect them that way. Once the medi-wizards clear them then they can leave and go where they wish as long as they can contact the medi-wizards or

Madam Bones directly if something goes wrong. Another bit of advance warning, those that had Voldemort's..." the others wince, "dark mark will be under a type of probation. This is just a precautionary measure so that others can't try claiming that they are faking it. It's to protect them as much as everyone else. You could say it covers the legalities."

"But what are the terms of probation?" Bulstrode demanded.

"They already gave the oaths that I've required of everyone. The rest is just watching how they use they're funding, so they can't 'purchase anything questionable.' They may be placed under house arrest for roughly a month or so, fairly reasonable. And those who have the most crimes committed will forfeit there jobs for at least six months to a year minimum." Harry watched as several various emotions crossed over there faces. "The one's that may forfeit they're jobs are Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Goyle, and Mr. Crabbe. Each of they're list of crimes were far too long to be ignored or pardoned completely to keep they're jobs. The Bulstrode's, Ackerley's dad will have to be suspended at least a year and a half. The Diggory's, the Abbott's, the Zambini's, the Bell's and Mr. Weasley will have six to nine months of suspensions respectively. Be thankful they aren't under house arrest for the rest of they're natural lives."

"But how were the suspensions determined?" Hannah questioned.

"The type and amount of crimes committed. It took a lot to keep all of them from getting fired. And even with those that do forfeit they're jobs, its going do as just that the record will show forfeit and not being fired." Harry shrugged leaning forward slightly. "Professor McGonagall agreed to let me take any and all of you to see your families tomorrow if you wish. If you want to go be here promptly at 8 am, a detail of auror's will escort you back since I have work to do. Go to your house, you can tell others if you wish but know that it will be in the papers tomorrow. All of your families agreed to that as part of the deal. Neville, I'll need to speak with you privately." Everyone

but Neville stood and Harry led them to the door. Opening it softly he nodded to each as they left, receiving nods in return. "Follow me."

He led Neville through the halls leading to the various rooms and out into the large greenhouse.

"Woah, Harry. Some of these plants are considered to be extinct. Where'd you find them?"

"As an heir of the founders, I have inherited a lot of things." Harry smiled at him. "What I'm actually here to talk to you about is a combination of both your parents and Bellatrix. I've sent out a letter to your grandmother about a potion that I have been experimenting with. It could repair the damage done by the Lestrangle brothers. Bellatrix has already agreed to let me use her as the first to try the potion on and she has already taken it. With the current results we have received it is working. But I wanted to ask for your permission as well as your grandmothers. They're her children and your parents. You deserve that right to help decide as well. I've told Mrs. Longbottom this already."

Neville's eyes widened and began to gather tears. "There's a chance to help them? And Bellatrix volunteered to help?"

"Potentially, and yes."

"Then do it. I want my parents back."

All of them showed up early to leave. As promised there was an article in the Daily Prophet with the same details Harry had mentioned. Harry took out a red hoop, and they automatically grabbed on, when it turned 8 they felt a tug in their navels before appearing in one of the private lobby's at St. Mungo's.

"The private ward they're in is on this floor. Follow me." He led them down a couple of corridors, and then through a set of double doors.

Beds lined both sides of the walls. And all of there parents were each in a bed. The other students rushed over to their parents hugging them tightly. Even the Malfoy's. Bellatrix was in the bed next to Neville's mom, with his father on the other side. Quickly hugging his parents, Neville sat in a chair that was in between his parent's bed. Bellatrix looked very nervous as Neville looked at her, eyes narrowed.

"Harry says you toke a potion to see if it could help my parents."

"Yes." She whispered.

"If grandmother approves then we will see if the potion works. You may not have put the spell on mum and dad, but I can't forgive you. Not yet at least."

"I understand." She replied with head bowed.

Harry sighed with relief before nodding to the auror's and leaving. 'So far so good.' He thought as he appeared back in his office, a goblin was waiting for him with a slender leather bound book.

"Lord Potter, this is the schedule book we've prepared. Lord Ragnook has an identical book that can send updates of your schedule to your own volume. This way we won't have to keep taking the book back, updating it by hand and then returning it to you. Also the first page can send any message directly to Lord Ragnook's volume."

"Ah, yes. Thank you. And please extend my thanks to the council and king. They were very kind to handle all of this." Harry took the book from the goblin bowing slightly, which seemed to startle it.

"Of course Lord Potter, I will extend your thanks." The goblin bowed slightly before disappearing.

"Now lets see.....WHAT! How in MERLIN's name am I going get any sleep with this current schedule?" Harry's shouted, jaw dropped. "Maybe I can see them in larger groups based on validity of the requests and circumstances. Everyone could make there oaths at Gringott's and then be sent on here to me. I can write down what they each need to know on slips of parchment, well if they have a mark or not." Harry grabbed a quill quickly and wrote down the idea. With the vague and slightly disturbing reminder of how it was writing in Tom's Diary. He watched the ink disappear and soon other words were formed.

'Oaths have already been given by the first five hundred scheduled to see you. We will have at least five hundred or more of them to a group so you can get them done and over with. And a special quill can write the slips of parchment when you focus on the information you need to share, and will appear before each individual with privacy spells on them. Then you can remove the spells in-mass.

We will notify them of the changes in schedule. They will arrive have at least five groups arrive two hours before each meal to leave you plenty of time to get the job done and get them one their way. This could take care of all of the wizards and witches of Britain within a day with your level of power. We have also been approached by other ministry's to have you check them for any potential victims or threats. The choice is yours.'

-Ragnook

"This should work."

"Alright if you will all calm down." Harry raised his hand as he spoke, asking for silence. Quieting down first group sat in there seats. "Now, with the help of the Goblins we set up a system that I first do the spell that will detect if there are any dark marks or similar spells on you. Only I will see the results because I'm the one casting it." Murmers started circulating. "After that a small piece of folded parchment will

appear in front of each of you, it will list if there is anything or not. This is spelled for your own eyes and no one else's. Once the results are in, I will then perform the removal spell in-mass and after it is confirmed they are indeed gone then you can all leave. A few of the teachers and aurors have agreed to escort you in and out of the castle. But if anyone tries anything, such as mistakenly wandering off, you will be immediately escorted off the premises. Should you return without an appointment then you can visit the ministry auror's office personally."

"How do we know no one else can read our parchments?" One man called from the mass of people.

"Because I have personally warded all of the parchment they are going to be used. Once you read them, they will then incinerate themselves insuring that they cannot be read by anyone else." Harry replied calmly. "The reason for the large groups is because of the fact that it would take years to see everyone individually. This will make sure that everyone has a fair chance without playing favorites." Many nodded in agreement. "Alright let's get started shall we?" Harry took out his wand. "Comparo ab secereno."

As promised the parchments appeared, and when read they caught fire turning to ash. "Now to remove anything. "Detrimentum ab secereno." Everyone glowed briefly. "Now we double check. Comparo ab secereno." The tip of Harry's wand glowed briefly and new slips of parchment appeared. "Everyone satisfied."

Everyone gave their own responses of 'yes', 'thank you', 'well done lad.' Apparently everyone was happy as they all rose and left within the span of ten minutes. Then the next group was led in. And then the next. And so on and so forth. Ragnook was right, Harry was able to take care of all the wizards and witches in Britain. There actually others from other countries among them as well.

Everybody, though initially skeptical, went home happy.



Notes:

Chapter 6: This chapter is only going to lightly cover Harry's direct interest in Luna. There will be plenty of tidbits I promise you. But he won't be formerly courting Luna yet, right now he has to gain her interest and trust, so for now the gift giving will continue. She will 'meet' her secret admirer soon I promise. Other wise there is the usual shock and surprises to take place. Plus the search for the other founders rooms is about to begin.

I got my Latin-English translation from the University of Notre Dame's website, though I don't know if the sentence structure is right.

Oh, and Dobby has already been freed from Lucius, in exchange for not receiving an automatic dementor's kiss for what he had attempted to do to Ginny. Though he could still get it later, we'll just have to see won't we.

Enjoy!

Chapter 7: On the list in chapter 3 it says he's going to visit Aragog in the forest before looking for the other founders rooms. Well I decided to switch the two, or to at least let Harry find one more founders room before going into the forest.

Chapter 8: betherny wrote: WOW! I'm not sure I liked the part about Dumbledore being the "bad guy", (Dumbledore is one of my fave people...) but you made me think--He WOULD have known Sirius was not the Potter's secret keeper, why would he have not cleared him?

This is what I wanted D fans to realize. There are a lot of instances where Dumbledore seems to be a great puppet master, in the way of controlling Harry's life and influencing others to do what he wanted. This is a large part of why my story has D Bashing in it. I'm trying to

specifically trying to point out where he seems to have almost complete control of others. Too many questions about his actions and decisions. If you're a D fan, then I'm sorry. All I ask is that you keep an open mind.

Oh, and thank you jabarber69 for your support. It means a lot to be that someone has realized that even if I do use parts of other stories I: a) acknowledge the original author, b) that the parts I do bring in are from completely different story lines than mine, and c) that I make note of such things at the beginning of every chapter there in. I don't steal anything, I always ask for permission well before even loading the chapter to with this chapter I'm introducing something new. As with training and testing you can receive master level certifications and status. But I've added one level higher and much harder to accomplish than that, the elite level. I'm completely making this up on my own for my own storyline. So don't start claiming I'm poaching!

Ok done ranting, on with the story.

Chapter 9: Thanks, everyone for getting me to continue this fic. I thought no one would like it at all, so getting the encouraging emails as I move along is definitely helping. I may be starting another story of my own (as in I wrote the total thing my self from beginning to end) soon. Seriously though, if you have questions then send me a message and I'll do my best to answer as long as it doesn't give away my plotline.

Lately I just seem to have lots of energy to write more chapters so I'm going to keep going until I hit a writers block. Okay? If and when I do hit a block, please be patient with me.

Athenakitty had a few questions and I want to get them answered before I start this chapter. She wrote specifically: Harry's finally enjoying himself? Just how many inhabitants is happy with Harry? Will Harry need to redose on a certain potion? Ok, thanks for the info about contacting the original author.

I didn't realize that I may not have been specifically pointing out that Harry is enjoying himself greatly. I'll try to do better in future chapters.

I've actually already planned to have a little bit in the chapter to answer this one. So you'll have your answer if you read.

No, Harry does not need a redo of the potion that he took in chapter 3. Once the potion is taken, it remains in your system because it uses your own blood as part of the brewing process. And is therefore unique to the individual that made it. The reason he has leftovers is because he planned on having some as a back-up just in case it didn't continue to work on its own. Good question though.

Now on with the story.

Chapter 10: I'm gonna keep going til I hit a writer's block.

Enjoy!

## Chapters 11 - 15

### Chapter 11:

'Finally can focus on Luna and finding the rest of the founders rooms. No classes or teachers to worry about. The Longbottoms are progressing nicely with Bellatrix's help. Neville's got loads of more confidence. The house rivalry is going back to being more a game then life and death as it was before. Moral for everyone is up, they're having more fun now. Just like I had hoped.' Harry thought to himself as he walked through Gentry's Alley, only the world's elite shopped there, to the renowned McCaphry's Jewels. The wizarding equivalent of Tiffany's. Entering quickly, he began to look around. 'This has to be personal something unique, one-of-a-kind if possible. No ordinary ring or pendant will do. Not for my love Luna.'

Suddenly, someone came onto his line of sight. Looking quickly he grasped his wand tightly. The saleswoman raised her hands, as though saying 'Not a threat, honest!' He relaxed and she slowly lowered her hands.

"Hello Lord Potter, my name is Katrina Longgoose. How may I help you today?"

"I need something unique piece made of the finest quality materials, it's a gift for someone very important to me." She nodded, then Harry added, "And your businesses complete secrecy."

"I understand my lord. And trust me when I say we pride ourselves on discretion, especially for a client as important as yourself. May I ask what type of person the gift is intended for?"

"She's the most wonderful, beautiful and unique girl. Most ignore her but I can't, not with how much she's come to mean to me. It has to be absolutely perfect." Harry stated dreamily, thinking of the one girl that means so much to him.

"Ah, young love. I understand." She grinned as he blushed deeply. "Tell me as much as you can about her personality, likes or dislikes. As much as you can."

"Well, she has blond hair, down to her waist. Pretty blue eyes that seem to sparkle, with faint eyebrows. She's very smart and intelligent, though she doesn't show it to others that often. And, rather unfortunately, people have been known to steal things, she's been forced to put up notices at the end of the year asking for her things back."

"How horrible! You or the teachers put a stop to it, right?"

"Yes, we made sure everything was returned. I am also getting her the most secure trunk I can buy to hold all of her things. It'll have multiple room-like compartments, with lots of drawers and shelves, and space for everything she could possibly get."

"Ah, went to Jerkin's trunk down the alley?"

Harry nodded, "what do you think? I'm not used to getting anyone such an important gift."

"I have a couple of piece's that are literally one of a kind. But I must warn you they are very expensive."

"Cost is of no consequence to me. I want a unique piece for my lady."

She lead him back to another, more hidden, part of the shop. Laying surrounded in a large glass case, sitting on dark blue velvet background were some of the most beautiful jewelry then he could have ever imagined. A beautiful gleaming silver pendent, like a bright star to guide you in the night sky. There was a matching pair of earrings and a ring laying next to it. They were perfect for Luna.

"The star set. All of them - the pendant, earrings, and ring. I don't care about the cost. Box and wrap them."

"Yes, my lord. For your reference they were made by a visiting high elf almost a thousand years ago. The elf said that they can only truly be taken from the case by one who wishes to give them to another they love. I can't touch them, you'll have to get them yourself. It was agreed that the one who buys them need only cover the cost of the materials, and a small fee of 5,000 galleons." She motioned for him to go ahead and try. Opening the case easily he took out the star set handing them to her. "I'll wrap these before you pay."

"Thank you."

Making sure to wrap the gifts in identical boxes and perfectly sealed wrapping paper, again identical. She brought them to the counter along with a formal receipt for them. Harry took out a gold card he had received he tapped it on the receipt twice, glowing softly for a moment. She put the top copy of the receipt and placed in the bag with his purchases, and handed it to him.

"Enjoy."

Harry spent the next several hours shopping for the perfect gifts that he wished to surprise Luna with. He got an absolutely beautiful set of midnight blue dress robes that were trimmed with a soft silver almost the same tone that matched with the jewelry. Because of a rather large bribe Jerkin's finished the trunk within four hours.

After taking everything back to his personal rooms at Hogwarts, he went to Little Hangleton.

"It's only four, I've got plenty of time."

Walked over to the grave yard, he paused at the spot where he remembered Cedric had been killed in his original past. Moving on to

the Riddle family tomb, he extracted Tom Riddle's bones from the ground with a special summoning charm. Summoning thick iron cauldron, he placed the bones inside.

"Corrumpo diruo!"

A red fireball went out of his wand and incinerated the bones. Not even dust or ash remained, and there was a sizable hole in the bottom of the cauldron.

"Whops!" He muttered before banishing the remains of the cauldron. "Well at least that's taken care of. Better go check the house to see if anything was hidden there before Tommy boy got himself blown-up attacking me."

Moving through the grave yard to the house that was near by. Gaining entrance with a simple Alohomora, he went through the rooms on the ground floor using a scanning charm called *acclaro ab occulutus* or 'reveal the hidden.' A blue spark shot through what appeared to be a wood paneled wall. Looking along the trim mold and around the panels themselves, Harry found a small notch around a flower, pressing it he stepped back as a hidden door swung open.

Quickly checking for booby traps, he slowly moved into the door. "Lumos." His wand lit, looking around he that he was in a small room that apparently had five doors. Scanning each door, he moved to open the first door to his left. Inside were dozens of priceless paintings, works from van Gogh, Picasso, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Monet and Lowry. Several statues and sculptures from Waino Aaltonen, Aleijadinho, Alessandro Algardi, and others. It was like it's own mini art museum. Summoning a crate he quickly shrunk everything down miniatures and placed then inside it with cushioning charms. Closing the crate he shrunk it down to the size of a match box.

Going back into the small room he entered the next door. This time

there were bundles of silks and trunks all over the place. He cleared all the silks into one pile, before checking each of the trunks. They all held tons of jewelry, baubles, and various clothes. He even found a full set of Japanese kimono's and Chinese court robes. Quickly he stuffed the silks into the various trunks, except for one simple black bag, before he shrunken them down as well. Placing all of the shrunken boxes into the bag, he moved back out and to the third door.

This third room was filled with books, old and new. But they were all muggle. Some of them went back to the time of the founders or older. There looked to be scrolls from the Library at Alexandria & Thebes. More scrolls in assortment of other languages including Greek, Roman, Druidic, Russia and more. An original copy of the Magna Carta Libertatum. Copies of Shakespears work in his own hand, and the playbills from when they were first performed.

"This house is a freaken gold mine! I guess the Riddle's were quite the collectors." Harry muttered as he boxed, shrink and added them to his bag. The fourth chamber wasn't quite up to the standards of the three previous ones. Though it did have some interesting trinkets, there was nothing special. The fifth chamber held, what appeared to be, family records. Birth certificates and family trees, etc.

"Okay, next floor. I'll check for a basement last." Harry closed the fifth door after taking everything, walking back into the house he closed the hidden passage ways door. Heading up the stairs he scanned anything and everything. While there were hidden chambers then were more like safes now, emptying everything out of them he moved up to the third floor. It was the same as the second. Little hidden spaces and crannies, with nothing special in them. "Well now I've got to see if there is a basement."

Said basement was little more then furniture storage that seemed to be falling apart in the places they were originally put. Needless to say Harry didn't touch anything down there. All total he had about fifty



boxes and trunks shrunken and put in his bag.

"Good haul. But I've got to contact the Goblins, they may have an idea of where to put them or maybe sell them." Harry muttered to himself as he moved back outside of the house and apparated to his rooms in Hogwarts. "Wonder if Tommy boy even knew about this stuff?"

After sending Hedwig out with a letter to ministry. Harry took out his appointment book and wrote out a message to Ragnook.

Ragnook,

I've found a lot of art work, silks and written works during the search of an abandoned structure. I either need to bring everything to you or have someone here that can properly asses there condition and value. After finding that out I may want to sell some of it to either muggle or wizarding world businesses or private collector's. Whatever will get top dollar.

Lord Harry James Potter.

Harry waited for the message to disappear into the paper, and a response to appear.

Lord Potter,

We here at Gringott's do have proper assessors to check your finds. You may come directly to my office or the council chambers at any time. We also have some new business to discuss.

Ragnook.

Nodding to himself he closed the book and placed it in the bag with the shrunken boxes. Disappearing quickly, he arrived in the

Gringott's main lobby startling some of the people already there. Several goblins made there way over to him bowing.

"Lord Potter, Ragnook is waiting for you in the councils chamber with the other department head's. Yani has volunteered to check your finds himself."

"Very well." Harry said as he bowed in return. Following them to the council chambers he quickly greeted the others gathered. He took all of the boxes, placed them in a large empty space, and returned then to there regular size (the boxes only). "Everything in the boxes are actually shrunken down and will have to be returned to there real size before a proper assessment can be made."

Yani nodded a waving a hand at the boxes making them float up. "I will go into the next chambers to do the proper assessment. The others wish to speak with you anyway."

"Agreed." Harry turned back to the council and took the offered seat. "What is this new business that has come up?"

"Many foreign ministry's have approached us, and in some cases trying bribe us, to get you go to their ministry and do the full checks and any removals needed. Also we have been approached by several individual's wishing to make marriage proposals." Ragnook said.

"Marriage proposals are out. I already have current interest in someone that may lead to marriage if I have my way." The goblins looked at each other in shock, here was a very young man (at least in physical age) that had already chosen his mate, turning back to Harry.

"May we ask the name of this individual?"

"If it remains absolutely confidential."

"Of course, Lord Potter." Toadmet agreed.

"Her name is Luna. Luna Lovegood, she is about a year younger than me." Harry shrugged. "To me marriage is about love not about family's gaining power or status. I love Luna, and no other could possibly take her place as my bride. Though ultimately it is her choice."

Again the goblins looked to one another in shock. Wizarding family's, especially those with the status of Lord Potter, almost always had arranged marriages between them. Very rarely was it a love match of any sort.

"Very well, Lady Lovegood shall be treated with the utmost respect. And we will respectfully decline the offers of marriage from any others." Ragnook agreed. "Now, as to the offers from the other ministry's, how do you wish us to proceed?"

"I took care of the British ministry because they helped see justice was done. And because they are my country's people. With my current plans it would be difficult to do the same for the whole world, if that is the case." Harry said and the goblins nodded in understanding. "Maybe we could create a small fee or something. And space them out to once or twice a month. That may still allow me to continue with my original plans."

"I will enter into negotiations immediately." Quanooth replied. "I also assume, that you do not want the fees to be too large?"

"No, it is easier to make and keep friends that way."

"Very well. Do you wish for us to make sure there are no marriage contract for Lady Lovegood?"

"Yes, just to play it safe. Also have a marriage contract drawn up and

waiting, just in case her father would want one."

Ragnook made a note in his book before setting the quill aside. Yani entered the room quickly.

"Lord Potter your finds are quite valuable. For the initial summary of potential value it is well into billions of galleans, if not more." All in the room including Harry went widened eyed with shock. "I'll need more time to do a proper and detail oriented assessment. It will take at least another day."

Harry nodded and cleared his throat. "That's fine. " He squeaked slightly. "I'll need to wait for the full assessment before I decide what I want to keep anyway." Yani nodded, before going back out of the room. "I think I'll call it a night if you gentlemen don't mind." They all shook there heads, and Harry disappeared.

"Billions?" Gerinoz muttered before taking a large gulp of goblin wine.

Snape sat in front of the fireplace in his personal rooms with a cup of red wine. Much had changed in the last few days. And it was all due to the actions of one boy, no young man. And the one young man was none other then Harry James Potter, the son of his former nemesis. He had always assumed that Harry would be a spoiled little brat. But now.....now he realized just how wrong he was. Potter had a sort of 'hero' complex, he always cared more about helping other people then himself.

Potter's finding a way to detect and remove dark marks proved that theory. But he went one step further. He found conclusive and undeniable evidence that put Dumbledore away forever. He freed so many people, including himself, from that despicable manipulative old man. The entire British wizarding world now owed him a great debt, one they will most likely never be able to repay. Not ever.

And now, Potter united the houses, let the children truly be themselves as long as it didn't hurt anyone. He didn't care what house they were from, he didn't care who they were related to. All he cared about was if they were both happy and learning something new everyday. Many of his Slytherins, though they had reservations about trusting people from the other houses, were starting to open up. He never seen them so unrestrained and happy.

Potter was a prodigy, a miracle. My godson. So help me I'll be a real godfather, that I had never been for him before.

Even if that meant being civil with Black and Lupin.

## Chapter 12:

Even with getting a good night's sleep, Harry was very nervous. Waking up around five in the morning, he had been pacing back and forth ever since. The dilemma he had been contemplating was how to give Luna her new gifts.

'I could send everything separately. Or maybe I put the wrapped packages in one compartment, and leave a note on the trunk itself.' Harry thought to himself as he paused in front of the fireplace. 'Plan B sounds better. But how will I start hinting that I'm the one sending her gifts and letters? Maybe I give hints about a certain lightening bolt. Yeah that'll work.'

Moving over to the enlarged trunk he put all the wrapped packages into the first compartment before locking it with a small delicate golden key. Walking over his desk, he grabbed a piece of parchment and a quill, but stopped. Tapping the feather against his chin he thought of what to actually write. Then an idea suddenly came to him.

My Lady Love,

I know of treatment you had faced in the past year. I'm sorry I was not

there to protect you as any self-respecting man should do. I beg your forgiveness for this.

The gifts that you have been sent are from me. A lady as beautiful as yourself should have only the best. They are tokens of my love for you. Yes, I said love. And I mean it. I love everything about you, and I don't care what others may say, for you are truly the lady of my heart. I hope you would allow me to properly court you some day soon.

This trunk can protect your things so others may not steal them. In the first compartment there is a very special gift for you. I hope to see you wear them one day. All you need do to return the trunk to its real size is to tap the key on the top of it when it is on the ground.

With all my heart and love,

Your Lightning Bolt

'There that's good I think. I hope she likes them.' Harry thought as he folded the parchment and placed it in an envelope with the key. Sealing it with red wax, he shrunk the trunk and attached it with the letter.

Quickly scribbling out a letter to the Dursleys, attaching the emancipation forms for them to sign. 'Just in case there are problems later.' He thought to himself.

"Dobby!"

Dobby appeared with a slight pop, clapping his hand he said, "The great Harry Potter has called for Dobby! What can Dobby do for you great sir?"

"I need you to take this to the owlry, it is to be sent with one of the school owls immediately. To Lady Luna Lovegood, be sure that it will arrive during breakfast. After that take these to the Dursleys at

Number 4 Privet Drive in Surrey. Make sure no one but them see you." Harry instructed carefully. Dobby took the envelope and package, nodding quickly, his big ear flopped up and down.

"Of course Harry Potter sir." Dobby disappeared with a pop.

After gathering his appointment book he made his way to the great hall. It was full up with students and staff. Harry entrance, while noticed, didn't seem to distract the students from there conversations. Taking his seat at the head table, he sent his appointment book aside and began to pile food onto his plate.

"Mr. Potter, it is good to see you this morning. I wished to discuss my replacement." McGonagall said as she leaned toward him slightly.

"Oh, and who did you want to bring in?"

"One of my former students, a Margaret Grant. She was one of my Gryffindor's, a very gifted young lady. I would have taken her as my apprentice if she hadn't already accepted a job with the ministry right after her schooling was completed."

"I take it she has excellent references, besides you that is." Harry questioned, McGonagall nodded handing him a stack of parchment.

"These are her papers. Her resume, references, and copies of her masters papers. As well as the actual application form. I've already spoken with her, and she can meet with you immediately if you wish."

Harry set the papers aside, opening his appointment book and checking his schedule. "I see her at eleven this morning."

"I'll contact her to let her know. Thank you Mr. Potter." McGonagall nodded before standing and leaving the great hall. Harry noticed that Luna had received his gift before being distracted.

"Mr. Potter?" A shy ravenclaw approached.

"Yes?"

"Professor Lockhart is gone. I was supposed to meet with him to discuss an assignment but his classroom and offices are empty."

"What?" Harry eyes narrowed. "Oh well I was planning on getting rid of the idiot anyways. Don't worry about it. A teacher will over see the classes until I can hire someone. Thank you for bringing this to my attention. Five points to ravenclaw." The ravenclaw grinned before happily going back to his table. Harry turned to Snape. "Can you take over the classes? I can look after the potions curriculum until a new DADA or potions professor can be found."

Snape looked at him in shock, "Yes I could do that. But will you be able to teach potions properly. I mean, I know that you have elite status but teaching is not exactly easy."

Harry grinned at him, "I think I can handle it for a few days professor."

"Very well then. The syllabus is always to the left side of my desk. There are also some papers to be graded yet."

"I'll handle it. I better go tell McGonagall of the change in plans."

The second year students (his former classmates) entered the room to find Harry sitting at Snape's desk grading papers. While muttering back and forth they just settled down into there seats and waited for the lesson to begin after the last student entered. Harry set aside the quill and stood, turning toward the class.

"Good morning, due to the fact that Mr. Lockhart seems to have up and left, Professor Snape has agreed to teach DADA. And I am covering for his potions classes since I'm fully certified to do so. Now today Snape wanted you to take a small quiz, and then work on the



Swelling Solution." Harry grinned as he heard a few groans, passing out the quiz parchment. "There are actually only ten questions on the quiz, your not allowed to use your books or notes, the more detailed the answers and I'll give points to your houses.."

Many of the students, especially Hermione, perked up greatly at the chance to earn house points. The slytherins didn't seem to care that it was Harry who was teaching, they just toke their test and started getting to work. Apparently he had earned enough respect with in their house, it was a welcome surprise. Moving over to the chalk board, he started writing out the directions. After about fifteen minutes, he called for the student to stop and had in there quiz's.

"Now then, please go ahead and start on your potions while I begin to grade these. You will work in pairs, but know that you will receive the same grade for your potion that you complete and turn in. We may also have a guest who has a meeting scheduled with me. I ask you to just ignore her presence and continue on with your work. When class is up I'll announce how many have earned house points, and you'll need to turn in a phial of your potion so I may check and grade it. Begin."

The students all began to gather their ingredients, cauldrons and supplies. And started to work on there potions. Sure enough within ten minutes the classroom door opened and a woman entered.

"Lord Potter, I am Margaret Grant. Professor McGonagall said you would be teaching here."

"Yes, yes. Come in and take the seat here next to the desk. I've asked the student to ignore us and focus on there work. I've already reviewed your paperwork, and I would to have you teach an a trial bases to see what your teaching style is and if the transition will be alright. I'm doing that with all of the other new teachers."

"Yes, I kind of expected something like that." Grant nodded. " I also

heard that you need a DADA teacher. Would it be alright if I contact a few friends and see if they're interested?"

"Actually I've already thought of someone for the position but they can still apply just in case it doesn't work out with the one I originally picked." Harry said agreeably. "If you're ready you can observe McGonagall's lessons, and then take them over when you feel comfortable. Though I ask you to take over within the week, with McGonagall now being headmistress she needs as much time as she can get."

Grant nodded. "Of course. If you'll excuse me I'll go there now."

Harry waved in a polite but dismissive manner as Grant left the classroom. Turning back to the quiz's he continued to grade them. About five minutes before the class was supposed to end, most of the students were bottling and labeling their potions and taking them up to Harry.

"Alright, for those of you who are still work, please continue but try to pay attention. I must say there are several who could benefit from some more studying, but overall the work was well done. In total I am awarding fourteen points to Gryffindor and twelve to Slytherin." There were a few indignant comments from the Slytherins. "The reason being that while there were a few detailed answers, there were also some major blunders. The ones who committed said blunders shall remain nameless. Overall there were at least seven Gryffindors with very detailed answers, while there were only six Slytherins to match. I've given two points per person, and not per question. Remember I am no longer a member of any house and I hate showing favoritism to any one or any house even if I used to be a member of said house." They quieted down at that. "My job is to teach potions for however long it is needed. I will always do my best to be as fair as possible. Now if you've turned in your potion you may clean up your station and leave."

Harry went back to the desk and wrote a letter to Remus Lupin, asking him to take the DADA position as he was ready and able. He also made a note saying that on top of the usual pay, the wolfsbane potion would be supplied free of charge. He would send this out when he had time during lunch.

The rest of the day was very much like that. When the students of the various houses learned that he wouldn't play favorites, they just focused on their work without having to worry over losing points over stupid and arbitrary things. He even stopped to answer any questions that were asked. If someone was having a problem he helped and then advised the class what should be done when that mistake was made or the difficulty was found. He didn't insult them and seemed to always be patient with them as well. It earned him more respect, especially with the older students.

Snape was actually doing the same, though he still leaned toward his Slytherins in awarding points, he didn't take away points for stupid and unreasonable things. Many found it to be a refreshing change. They also wondered how long it would last. Well at least with Snape.

Late that night Harry went looking for Ravenclaw's room. He had a general idea of where it was but not of how to access it. Or, for obvious reasons, what was in it. Heading for the library he checked to see if he could detect anything that was hidden. Like in the Riddle house, a blue spark shot through the library and through a bookcase on the back wall. Quickly going to said bookcase he just closed his eyes and concentrated, willing his magic to come forth. Opening his glowing eyes he spoke:

"Open to the Heir of the Founders!"

There was complete silence at first, but then the bookcase slowly began to sink back into the wall and then to the side revealing an archway that had ruins written all over it. Entering slowly he saw that he was in a sitting room of some sort. And, as in the past two cases,

there was a portrait over the fireplace, though this time it was obviously a witch.

She studied Harry briefly, "Welcome young one. I see that you are an heir, this is good I was beginning to fear that no one would figure out the riddle and come to get me. Are you one of my ravens?"

Harry moved closer, "No ma'am. I used to be in Gryffindor."

"Pity." She sighed. "Though I must ask, why do you say you 'used to be in Gryffindor'?"

"I've already completed all of my tests and have certificates in both master and elite levels." Harry replied calmly as her eyes widened.

"Both master and elite? Oh, which subjects?"

"All of them, my lady."

Ravenclaw seemed to be in complete shock for a moment before collecting herself. "Right then, have you found any of the others?"

"Yes ma'am. Slytherin and Gryffindor."

"Very well then. You know what to do by now. Place one of my portrait's in the great hall and the other in the Ravenclaw common room." Harry nodded, taking out his wand.

"Admoveo dehinc quicum vaco meus-a-um ablego addo ab coegi!" Everything glowed and disappeared. Shrinking the two portrait's down he ran to the great hall, quickly enlarging one of Ravenclaw's portrait's and secure it to the wall. Running back up to his rooms he looked around quickly noting the changes.

His library was now slightly longer and wider then the great hall though there it was still only five stories tall. Asking for any duplicates

to be moved to the second library he quickly went to check out any new rooms. There was another bedroom added that had the traditional ravenclaw colors in several shades. His personal study/office only widened slightly, and another desk was added to the second study. Going back to the main library he spent the next three hours going through all of his new additions.

After that he went moving through the archway that lead to the ravenclaw common room he secure the second portrait in its place above the fireplace. After completing that task, he set out into the school once more to find Hufflepuff's rooms. There were still couple hours before he needed to go to sleep. After all it was only midnight. He went to the first and oldest greenhouse he looked and scanned around looking for anything there may be.

Another blue spark went out, and into the stone wall on the other side of the greenhouse across from the glass paned wall. Once again reaching inside himself he spoke;

"Open to the Heir of the Founders!"

The wall seemed to melt down into the ground, as he walked in he noticed the different types of herbs and plants that were spread through out the large room. There was a sunlight in the ceiling, you could see the stars shining brightly.

"Oh the heirs here at last!" Harry whipped around, his wand out in front of him. Then he realized it was just Hufflepuff's portrait. "Good reflexes young man, a dueler I see. What house are in?"

"I was in Gryffindor ma'am. But I took all the tests and received my masters and elite certificates." Harry replied, she just nodded seemingly taking it in stride. "I found the other founders, you're the last one."

"Good, then you know what to do. I expect you to take good care of

my plants young man." She warned him with a smile.

"Yes ma'am." Harry raised his wand up. "Admoveo dehinc quicum vaco meus-a-um ablego addo ab coegi!" As the three times before it everything glowed and disappeared. Shrinking the two portrait's down he ran to the great hall, quickly enlarging one of the portrait's and secure it to the wall. This time he went directly to the Hufflepuff common room and secured the second portrait before moving back to his own rooms.

This time it was the green house that was largely expanded to fit everything. There was a whole new level added. The second study had the fourth and final desk. The last bedroom was added, and as those before it, it was in different shades of the house colors.

Shrugging Harry went to his own bedroom. 'I'll have to make a new to-do list. I'm pretty much completed this one. Only two things left.' Harry thought as he changed into his night clothes and went to sleep with a smile.

## Chapter 13:

Harry had already penned a new list to complete, though it was more of random ideas or thoughts he wished to look into. So obviously he would complete them randomly.

Visit centaurs – about Dumledore's trial and punishment

Get estimate's of the finds from Riddle's house

Decide which of the 'Riddle' finds are to be donated or sold

Assess current asset's (property's & artifacts)

Have Goblins assess the current asset's held in all of the vaults

Check on the status of negotiations with foreign ministry's

Check DoM for any other prophecy orbs (just incase)

Check on the status of those who have been freed from Dumbledore's mark

Get Fudge to schedule the trial of Pettigrew

Have 'chat' with Rita about Riddle (about his life and experiences – how he became who he is today.)

Update the Marauders Map

Find instructors for languages and the arts (actual art classes, music, combat and dance)

Research Family histories

Write and present bills to the Wizenmagot (to grant more authority to magical races – or to at least give them some more rights of protection)

Take care of Umbridge

Speak with the other Headmaster/mistress paintings

Contact muggle government to set up 'clearance' for our 'troops' in case action is needed

Check ancient sites for any other possibly 'hidden' finds, but make sure that the governments are aware of it (less likely to get into trouble this way – check stone henge)

Gather & study muggle subjects and test for them (like already did for OWL's & NEWT's – may need it in future, just in case)

Hold a dueling competition for the students and staff (better arrange for prizes too)

Hold talent competition for students and staff (allowing both muggle and magic – prizes should be arranged for this also)

Arrange for an 'exchange student' program between Hogwarts and several other schools – time periods can range from a week or so to a couple of months(ex: Beauxbatons, Durmstrang, Salem, Taki, etc.)

Approach other species about potential alliances

Visit Seleth & discuss possibly moving her to another property (at least for a little while)

Arrange for several Balls (Yule ball, Halloween Ball - costume, Valentine's Ball)

Check with teachers if there are any students they wish to apprentice

Check with Fudge about lowering the under-age restrictions

Check with head of house's and see which student's wish to stay (and why – plus check and see if another property could be turned into a summer school for muggle-borns to help them get used to magic and the customs of the magical communities)

Contact Mr. Lovegood about a potential marriage contract with Luna (another just incase scenario)

Research potential 'cures' for cancers, diseases, and such (from the wizarding world to the muggle)

Check any references to the Tri-wizard Tournament (and its rules, etc.)



Research the combining of muggle technology and magic (spells, potions, charms, etc. – maybe even 'space ships')

Study the creation of magically enhanced weapons (sword, daggers, etc.)

Study any other languages that may catch any interest

Check on the status and up keep of any wizarding or muggle orphanages (i.e. like the one that Riddle was in – maybe 'donate' proper facilities and personnel, also ensure that any wrong doing is harshly punished)

Search for any reference to Atlantis (location?)

Search for what remains of Volde

Possibly assemble a force of squibs that are armed with both muggle and magical means with which to fight

Check on combining bullets and different hexes or spells

Visit all of those who had been under Dumbledore's control – discuss the possibility of them teaching students or working for himself directly

Find a hobby! Really could use one!

More gifts for Luna

Set up a date with Luna ?

Buy some muggle vehicles and 'official' muggle residence (can staff it with squibs – for secrecy's sake)

Possibly invest or privately purchase muggle franchises (like Grunnings or Hilton Hotels or something similar)

Find what I'm supposed to do as an Ambassador of the Goblin people (maybe hint to Fudge or Rita – or both)

Maybe write my own book(s)

Have a 'chat' with the Unspeakables or their representatives

Talk with Madam Bones and Fudge about granting specific groups (like the idea of the squib unit) with some legal authority – like the aurors have

Find the Horcruxes and destroy them (considering already know the location of at least two – and another, the diary, already destroyed)

'Visit' The Dursleys

Go to some Professional Quidditch Matches (possibly the next world cup)

Hold some quidditch matches to raise funds for various charity's (like the orphanages – invite professionals to join with students, so that the student players can gain valuable experience and training. The many games/matches could be held at Hogwarts for both security of adults and students. The other schools could also be invited to send people, both as spectators and competitors.)

'Teaching isn't so bad.' Harry thought to himself as his last class of the day, the seventh year advanced class, left. 'Snape has actually complimented me three times. Even invited me to play chess. He also admitted that while he enjoyed teaching defense, he prefer the subtle art that is potion making. Thank Merlin that Remus is on his

way.'

The interviews of both new and current staff went well. Firenze, Grant and Cresswell seem to have settled in well. The students quickly got used to the idea that they are being taught divination by a centaur. The younger years seemed to have fun with the idea.

While in class the students made their assigned potions, he worked on improving the Wolfsbane potion. Using Salazar's books for reference, he tried combining several ingredients or other full potions with the Wolfsbane. There were some interesting results, like having it explode in his face, turn his hair red for a couple of minutes, making rainbows appear in the classroom. The students seemed to be having a great deal of fun trying to figure out what would happen next.

He chuckled as he walked into the forbidden forest, making his way to the centaur village quickly. Once he was there Margorian came forward.

"You have brought news?"

"Yes, gather everyone." Harry replied and Margorian nodded quickly getting all of the villagers, including all of the elders. "I have brought news of the trial of Dumbledore. All of the evidence, including yours, were fully recognized and accepted. None were dismissed. He was charged with the following:

- 1.) False giving his name in blood oaths to at least 20 people. Including the Lord and Lady of the house of Potter, the Lord and Lady of the house of Longbottom, the Lord of the house of Snape, the Lady of the house of Bones, and my self the Minister of magic.

- 2.) Knowingly allowing Sirius Black to be sent to Azkaban without trial and without coming forward with the knowledge he had as to Mr. Black innocence.

3.) Stealing not only money but also various possessions from Lord Harry James Potter. And from the house of Black as well.

4.) Purposely keep knowledge of inheritance from both Lady Lily Evans Potter and Lord Harry James Potter. And attempting to keep knowledge of Lady Katherine Evans, Lady of the house of Evans.

5.) Over 200 counts of murder. Including the murder of the parents of Lord James Potter, and the parents of Lady Lily Evans Potter. And an attempted murder of Lord Harry James Potter's two aunts. Mrs. Petunia Evans Dursley, squib. And Lady Katherine Evans, Lady of the house of Evans.

6.) Over 400 counts of illegal obliviation to both muggles and magical citizens.

7.) Lying or falsely giving information to the Ministry of Magic.

8.) Purposefully lying to the honorable institution Gringott's of the Goblin people.

9.) Purposefully breaking several parts of the Goblins charter.

10.) Near complete destruction of several protected magical species. And attacks on not only the Centaurs, Dragons, Vampire Houses, and possibly some of the high elves to which we owe great debts to.

11.) The use of dark magic on others with or without their agreement.

12.) Several counts of the creation and use of a Dark Mark on others. Including Lord Severus Snape of the house of Snape.

13.) Knowingly ordering child abuse to the extremes which includes beatings, torture, malnutrition, emotional-physical-mental deprivation of Lord Harry James Potter and a Mr. Tom Marvolo Riddle.

14.) Knowingly allowing Professor Rubeus Hagrid to be falsely charged with the opening of the Chamber of Secrets resulting in the murder of a fellow student, and expelling him from Hogwarts illegally.

15.) Knowingly allowing Lord James Potter and Lady Lily Evans Potter to be betrayed by Peter Pettigrew, and murdered by the Dark Lord.

16.) Knowingly allowing the torture of the Lord and Lady of the house of Longbottom.

17.) Several counts of placing potentially lethal magical bonds on several people. Including Lord Harry James Potter and Mr. Neville Longbottom.

18.) Knowingly allowing Mr. Tom Marvolo Riddle to become the Dark Lord. Allowing him to rape, torture, and kill hundreds of both muggles and magical people."

The centaurs muttered back and forth. Margorian stepped forward, "What was the ruling and his punishment?"

"It is my honor to inform you that he was found guilty of all charges." Cheers rose up, and Harry waited for silence again, "And he has been stripped of all magic, was placed in the darkest pit of Azkaban where his only company will be several dementor's. He will relive the pain that he has caused to others over and over again until his dieing day."

"A fitting punishment for what he has done." An elder said nodding slightly. "Thank you Harry Potter for everything that you have done. We owe you a great debt for your insuring that justice be done. If you are willing, would you give this wonderous news to the other villages?" Harry nodded. "Margorian, take him to the other villages to give them the news."

After informing the other villages, Margorian took him back to Hogwarts directly. No words needed to be said, for they seemed to understand each other perfectly. Harry headed for his rooms. He had some more letters to write.

Going into his study, he first took out the schedule book and wrote:

Ragnook,

How are the negotiations, estimates of my finds and which ones Yani thinks I should sell or donate? Also I want there to be a full assessment of all property's I own, and the contents of all of the vaults. Make sure that the ones working on it are the most trustworthy goblins. I also wish to have a full account of my family's histories (all of them). Also have Quanooth set up a meeting with a representative from the Unspeakables.

I had a thought earlier. What is Secrocks opinion on investing or buying in company's of the muggle world. I would like to purchase a company called Grunnings. It would give me some leverage over my uncle-in-law, Vernon. I also wish to purchase several muggle vehicles for personal use, where they are kept can be decided when I choose which home I wish to 'officially reside in' in the eyes of the muggle government. If any staff is needed, interview squibs for the primary staff.

Approach Lord Lovegood with a basic marriage proposal for his daughter, Luna's hand in marriage. I also need you to acquire as many textbooks, law books, and study guides for every muggle subject of study. Anything that could help me with studying muggle subjects. Charge everything to my Potter account and send the books here.

It would also be nice to know what is expected of me as an Ambassador.

An idea for you to consider, is that the muggles use something called credit cards that are directly linked to there bank accounts. This makes things easier in the sense you would have to carry all of that money around. This could also be used for wizards as well. Any way it's just an idea.

Lord Harry James Potter

Like all of the other times before it, the ink soaked into the paper and disappeared. Harry waited for a few minutes, and when a reply did appear he merely moved the open book to the side and began to write his other letters. After writing letters to professional quidditch leagues, owners and broom companies, plus the other headmasters or mistresses of the other schools. He wrote letters to the leaders of several races and clans, he wrote a letter to Minister Fudge.

Minister Fudge,

I realized there were a couple of people from the ministry that were not there when I did the initial sweep. Nor were they among those who came here to Hogwarts. One name in particular stood out from the records, a Madam Deloris Umbridge. I would like to come to the ministry to scan her.

I must also ask for the 'official' trial date of Peter Pettigrew. I wish to be there for it.

I would also like to inform you that my solicitors have been approached by other countries Ministry's representatives about checking there people. Negotiations have begun and I will most likely have to take care of at least two a week or month as the case may be.

I have personally been approaching various races about potential alliances that could be made. Such alliances could benefit the

ministry greatly over time. Please allow me to handle the matter, having too many people working it at the same time could deter the entire process, possibly forever. I promise to keep you informed of the situation.

I would also like to discuss the current under-age restrictions that are in place. I know that I am no longer bound by that, but my students are. I want to be sure that their safety and the safety of their families are ensured.

Lord Harry James Potter

After owling the letters Harry headed for McGonagall's new office, the headmistress's offices. As he approached the entrance the gargoyle leaped aside and he took the winding staircase up to the office door. Knocking he waited, after hearing a reply he opened the door and came in, closing it behind him.

"Yes, Mr. Potter? How can I help you?" McGonagall asked looking up from what she was working on.

"I had a few ideas I wanted to run by you, if you have a moment?" Harry replied as he sat in one of the seats that are in front of the desk.

"Of course." She set aside the quill.

"I want to hold a series of balls, and competitions. The balls would be for Halloween, Yule and Valentine's."

"It is a good idea, it would certainly be enjoyable for the students. But what are these competitions you're talking about?" McGonagall studied him.

"I have heard of the Tri-wizard tournament, though that is not what I wish to do." Harry added when he saw her shocked look. "What I want to do is hold a series of contests. Dueling, talent shows, trivia



contests, and a series of quidditch matches. I've already sent invitation to several other schools, inviting them to participate. I wanted the quidditch matches to combine students and professionals. It would give the students higher leveled training and experience. Plus it could also act as a fund raiser, when people pay a small fee for a seat the money would go to help orphanages or the like. I've already sent letters to different teams and leagues on top of that."

McGonagall gained a thoughtful expression. "Yes, that could work. We would have to cancel the quidditch cup or change it for this year. But yes that could be done. Also it would be most enjoyable for both the students and staff."

"Well I wanted your approval, even though technically I don't need it." Harry winced at his wording.

"Thank you for including me then. Is there anything you need help with?"

"For now, nothing. But I'll let you know if I need any help. I would like to announce all this at dinner though. If the students write back to the family's about all of this then that could add support and increase the attendance rate. And I'm putting together prizes for the winners. It also includes brooms."

"Very well, then."

"If I may have your attention please!" McGonagall called out as she stood, the occupants of the great hall quieted down. "Lord Potter and I would like to announce that several balls and competitions are going to be held this year. There will be a Halloween costume ball, a yule ball, and a valentines ball." Chattering was heard as students talked (or giggled) back and forth.

"The competitions will be for dueling, a talent show – which may show case both muggle and magical, and a series of quidditch

matches. Other schools from around the world have been invited to participate. Also there may be several professional quidditch players assigned to the various teams." Gasps, shouts and cheering sounded at this.

"These competitions will also be acting as fund raisers. The money will go to charity's such as wizarding orphanages, secondary schools who desperately need help, and so on. Everyone is encouraged to write to your friends and family outside the school, even though announcements and invitations have already been sent out. There will be a charge for all seats – though as students you will receive a discount. Please remember every single bit of money will go to these charities's, and Lord Potter has offered to finance prizes for the winners of the competitions. Which may include brand new brooms not yet out on the market." Many students seemed to be bouncing with excitement. "The first of the competitions shall be held in the next month with the finals on Halloween day before the ball. It will be the dueling competition. If you wish to compete you must sign up, the sign up sheets have been posted in every common room. Thank you." She sat back down then leaned toward Harry whispering, "You did secure some brooms right?"

"Yes, Firebolts in the very least." He whispered back. "Rita Skeeter is arriving in a little bit, she'll write the announcements."

"Good. Skeeter has been improving with her articles. Will the announcement be the only thing she writes?"

"No, but the announcements will take top priority."

"Very well."

Sure enough Rita arrived within the hour. Taking her to his office, he offered some tea.

"Are you giving me another scoop? Or two?"

"Yes, in a way. I need you to write an announcement for me." He said handing her a cup of tea. "Here's what its about." He handed her some papers that had the information on the competitions. "I promised McGonagall that it would be precise and to the point. All the information you need is there."

Rita flipped through the pages, her eyes widening. "I give you my word, it will be so."

"Thank you. Now the other thing I wished to discuss, but put on hold until after the announcement is about the Dark Lord, or more specifically the information I have gathered about his life to date."

Chapter 14:

Daily Prophet Article:

"Fund Raiser Competitions to be Held at Hogwarts!"

By: Rita Skeeter

It was announced yesterday to all of the inhabitants of Hogwarts during dinner that several ball and competitions are going to beheld at the castle. A quote from Headmistress McGonagall:

"Lord Potter and I would like to announce that several balls and competitions are going to be held this year. There will be a Halloween costume ball, a yule ball, and a valentines ball. The competitions will be for dueling, a talent show – which may show case both muggle and magical, and a series of quidditch matches. Other schools from around the world have been invited to participate. Also there may be several professional quidditch players assigned to the various teams. These competitions will also be acting as fund raisers."

"The money will go to charity's such as wizarding orphanages, secondary schools who desperately need help, and so on. Everyone here at Hogwarts has been encouraged to write to your friends and family outside the school, even though announcements and invitations have already been sent out. There will be a charge for all seats – though as students you will receive a discount."

"Please remember every single bit of money will go to these charity's, and Lord Potter has offered to finance prizes for the winners of the competitions. Which may include brand new brooms not yet out on the market. The first of the competitions shall be held in the next month with the finals on Halloween day before the ball. It will be the dueling competition. Tickets for the various charities will be sold for each individual type of competition and will be sold at the many Gringott's locations."

"Our facility's here at Hogwarts are being updated and properly enlarged to fit as many people as possible. Lord Potter is the one that shall be doing this. And he is also the one that can up with and has planned all of these event personally. We ask that should you attend any of these events you have your ticket with you at all times during these events as you will be asked for them repeatedly to ensure that no one is trying to sneak in. You will have to go through several check-points where there are volunteers to check your tickets, auror's will also be positioned through out the events as well. This is to help ensure that as much funds are raised and that everyone's security is protected. I hope to see many at the competitions. And remember that even if you cannot attend, any donations can be sent to Gringott's. Be sure to make a note that it is to be sent to the Hogwarts Fund-Raising Vault."

We of the Daily Prophet applaud Lord Potter for creating and planning these events. The funds will give much needed assistance to orphaned or disadvantaged young ones. When I, Prophet reporter Rita Skeeter, spoke with Lord Potter, he said this:

"I want to do this to help the children. I know what being an orphan is like. It's bad enough that they've lost their family's, they don't need to become so disadvantaged on top of that. These funds raised will go to buying them books, clothes, school supplies, and to either repair or build better facilities. I am personally having my solicitor search for any property I own that they could possibly use. Please, if you can give any help for these children, it would be greatly appreciated."

It is our hope and prayer that Lord Potter's wishes for the children be realized. We also ask, like Headmistress McGonagall, hope that even if you cannot attend for some reason, that you send any donations you can to Gringott's. After all this is to help the children of the wizarding people around the world.

The article was printed in every major wizarding newspaper around the world. And the public support came in massive waves. Tickets were being snatched up, and large donations were made by many. Any branch of Gringott's around the world was swamped for days. It was a good thing he had cleared all of this with the council before the article hit the papers.

Even without the competition yet being held, millions had already been raised. And the companies that Harry had contacted, sent letters of support and packages of things that could be used for prizes arrived. The other headmasters and mistresses had sent letters of acceptance to attend and compete. Dozens of quidditch teams around the world volunteered in any way they could, even if it was hand out food or checking tickets.

Harry ended up inviting the teams to Hogwarts so that a lottery could be held to determine which players would be on teams. Plus each house/school had at least one team, ensuring that several students would all get this chance.

The great hall was packed with people. Students & teachers from all of the participating schools, ministry officials, quidditch teams-owners,

company owners or representatives were all present. When Harry rose from his seat, all sound in the hall silenced.

"Thank you, everyone for coming. The reason we have gathered here tonight is because we have so many students and professionals apply to compete in the quidditch competitions that we could never fit all of them onto teams. To be fair to everyone we will have a lottery where names will be taken out of these spinning wheels to determine who will compete. The schools that have randomly been selected are Beauxbatons Academy, Durmstrang Institute, Hogwarts, Salem Institute, Taki Academy, Russian Institute, and The Arabian School of Magic." Cheers from members of each schools students and staff.

"The professional teams, also chosen at random, are: The Quiberon Quafflepunchers of France, Vratsa Vultures of Bulgaria, Gimbi Giant Slayers of Ethiopia, Toyohashi Tengu of Japan, Wollongong Warriors of Australia, Jade Dragons of China, and Puddlemere United of Britain." More cheers of various team members and owners.

"There will be one team per house or school minimum. This means at least fifty players. Because of how many this would mean, several of the schools have agreed to limit and combine entrants and teams. The schools partnered are: Beauxbatons and Salem, Durmstrang and Taki, Russian Institute and Arabian School, and finally Hogwarts and the Australian academy."

"The teams will be half student, and half professional. After the names are selected, those chosen will then be divided up onto teams equally though another lottery where competitors themselves take out colored chips. Each team will have a color denomination matching the chip they have pulled. All total there will be seven teams."

Mutters of agreement and approval could be heard all over the hall. There were two spinning wheels, one marked for students and the other for professionals. Walking over to the student wheel, Harry

began picking out slips of parchment randomly and handed them over to McGonagall. Who then placed them into a blue velvet sack. After that was complete they both moved over to the professionals wheel. McGonagall took out a green velvet sack, and Harry started picking out slips of parchment. Once completed, the names were talied by school/team onto two separate sheets of parchment.

"When I call out yours names please come up to the front." Harry motioned to where the first years normally would stand before being sorted into there houses.

"From Hogwarts: Oliver Wood, Cho Chang, Cedric Diggory, Katie Bell, and Draco Malfoy." Cheers broke out at each of the house tables as the five moved to the front.

From Beauxbatons: Fleur Delacour, Gabrielle Senaria, Samantha Cathoria, Gilinda Le Sancranti.

From Durmstrang: Viktor Krum and Poliakoff." A roar could be heard from the other Durmstrang students. Harry had to pause for his hearing to return before continuing on.

From Salem Academy: Kathrine Turner, Greg Young, and Jeffery Bethiam.

From Taki Academy: Kenshin Himura, Seki Toshinabe, and Sumire Kanzaki.

From Russian Institute: Dramitri Markinstov, Susan Invonova, and Talia Stratrova.

From the Arabian School: Aaliyah Barakat, Fadi Dua, and Farah Ghayth.

And finally from Australian Academy: Cordelia Chase and Alexander Harris." Waiting for the last of the students to come forward, and the

cheering to lower.

"Now for the pro-players.

From Puddlemere United: Dorian Starr, Sarah Wadcock, and Michael Sullivan.

From Jade Dragons: Cho Cheng, Changli Xiang and Zhang Xi Ming.

From Quiberon Quafflepunchers: Adeline De Beau, Beatrice Le Corr, Diane Delphine, and Edmond Pearre.

From Vratsa Vultures: Andon Apostol, Bisera Marko, Mikhail Lazar, and Nikolai Raina.

From Toyohashi Tengu: Yoshi Anakawa, Tenchi Misaki, Katsumoto Saguri, and Sakura Shinguchi.

From Gimbi Giant Slayers: Brihan Zema, Almaz Desta, Lielit Alem, and Abebe Meseret.

And lastly from Brago Broomfleet: Adao Augustine."

Once again he had to wait for all of the cheering to end and everyone to calm down. McGonagall stepped forward with the blue sack, while Snape had the other, green sack. "Now, each of you will draw colored chip from your respective bags. Students from the blue bag and pro's from the green. How you use the people on your teams is entirely up to the teams themselves. When you get your chips you'll get into your team groups. The teams will then be announced for the record. Practice times and locations have already been preselected."

"The students from the other schools have been invited to join and exchange program that was created for the purpose to allow them students and pros to intermingle. No relationships will be allowed between any underage wizard/witch to be with a pro or pro's



professional team mates in anything other than a platonic fashion. Also if any cheating from any players you will be immediately pulled from the team and another will be selected to take your place. The winners of the tournament will receive a vast selection of prizes that have been so generously donated by there respective inventors. Second and third place teams will also receive a selection of prizes, while all others will receive a small token for there participation." The groups quickly formed lines to get their chips. Pulling there chips and getting into there teams.

"The red phoenix team is Katie Bell, Kenshin Himora, Fadi Dua, Michael Sullivan, Tenchi Misaki, Changli Xiang, and Armando Benigno.

The blue raven team is Cho Chung, Fleur Delacour, Susan Invonova, Cordelia Chase, Dorian Starr, Andon Apostol, and Brihan Zema.

The green serpent team: Draco Malfoy, Gabrille Senaria, Greg Young, Zhang Xi Ming, Beatrice le Corr, Bisera Marko, Katsumoto Saguri.

The purple crown team: Cedric Diggory, Samantha Cathoria, Viktor Krum, Sarah Wadcock, Edmond Pearre, Lielit Alem, and Adao Augustine.

The orange Snidget team: Jefferey Bethlam, Sumire Kanzaki, Talia Stratrova, Alexander Harris, Diane Delphine, Yoshi Anakawa, and Abebe Meseret.

The brown cannon ball team: Katherine Turner, Seki Toshinabe, Dramitri Markinstov, Aaliyah Barakat, Mikhail Lazar, Sakura Shinguchi, Almaz Desta.

And the yellow badger team: Oliver Wood, Poliakoff, Farah Ghayth, Cho Chang, Adeline De Beau, Nikolai Raina, and Gilinda le Bancranti."

"All of the uniforms and equipment have been donated by the Quality Quidditch Supplies company. And will be sent to the various team members within the next week. The first match will be on November 11th. All teams have until then to get prepared. The two teams that will compete will be selected through yet another random drawing. All of the teams must be present for the games, they must all present themselves at the pitch for the game – even if they are not playing. For all of the students entered into the dueling competition, it will be held every night beginning next Monday. So be prepared." Harry grinned suddenly. "Oh, and no killing or permanent maiming of your opponents. Which includes a guys personal parts! I happen to like mine and I'm sure the male competitor's would appreciate keeping theirs!" Harry wiggled his eyebrows suggestively when he heard a couple of the lady's saying they'd go for a particular part of their male opponent's extremities. Everyone fell around laughing and joking back and forth. Several of the males in the room winced, while the ladies blushed and giggled.

## Chapter 15:

The days just seemed to fly by for Harry. Remus had avoided and took over the DADA classes. Snape went back to potions, happily too. Here everyone thought he was gunning for the DA job but in truth he didn't. Without Dumbledore here to dictate his every move and word, he was actually an okay guy. Still stern and a bit batish but okay. Well, he was still favors his own house more than the others, but not everything could or would change.

What no one but McGonagall knew was that he had found several students under the control of Dumbledore's mark. Willing or not, he didn't know who he could trust on such a personal level. Draco Malfoy, Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Cho, Colin, and many more. The one thing that he did know was that Malfoy, at least, didn't take it willingly. After all Malfoy's bow to no one.

And beyond that, he'd been so busy that he'd barely been able to eat and sleep with any regularity. Even if he didn't need as much sleep as everyone else, he could still get exhausted. Physically and magically.

McGonagall was tending to the routine things that popped up, but Harry was still the only one that could actually expand the pitch and the great hall to the sizes they needed for the competitions. There were a lot of people coming. He'd realize that one article would bring out so many people. Either wishing to compete or to attend the competitions themselves. Several thousand people were trying to buy tickets, it was quickly becoming like the world cup. They had had to set portkeys around the world too. They had actually had to set up camp grounds where people could stay. All total the stadium could seat just about as many as a normal world cup stadium would. They'd had to restrict how many went to the dueling competition until the actual finals.

This was going to be interesting to say the least.

Students, parents and assorted guests were chattering in their seats as they waited for Harry and McGonagall to lead the first group of contestants in to the dueling platform. There was even a score board set up that listed the names of the duelers. Over thirty people would duel tonight alone. Imagine how the next week would be.

The doors of the great hall opened, with the contestants in two lines, resplendent in dueling uniform made by Madam Malkin and her best apprentices themselves. Each robe or vest had the crest of their houses or schools on the left breast and backs. The intricate detail of the crests was beautiful. Both McGonagall and Harry were dressed to the nines. McGonagall was wearing her green plaid patterned formal dress robes and pointed matching hat. Harry, however, was in high elven formal robes in a beautiful silver blue, a mithril circlet on his head signifying his noble birth.

The rows of contestants matched up either side of the platform, as McGonagall and Harry went their seats in high backed chairs on the main platform.

Turning to face everyone, Harry spoke: "Welcome, everyone to Hogwarts for the first evening in the dueling competition. First I would like to thank Madam Malkin and her apprentices for supplying all of the wonderful dueling uniforms they have given to all of our competitor's." Loud applause sounded through out the hall as they women bowed slightly. Raising his hands for silence he continued. "I am pleased to announce that we have raised of ten million galleons for the children around the world." Cheers roared around the hall loudly. Pausing again, he waited. "The money is already being used to purchase new and improved housing, supplies, toys and clothes. And many of the older children will be able to seek higher university educations as well. Thank you for all of the donations you have made and your hard work. Now the score board is spelled to randomly select students to duel each other. The winner of each duel will be forwarded to the next round. By the end of each night there will be one champion. By the day before Halloween the finalists will face off to determine the winner. Those in first, second and third places will receive prizes. Now let the duels begin!"

As Harry sat the board was already flashing with pairings. The first duelers, a young Asian woman from Taki and a dark blond hair young man from the Russian Institute, took to either end of the platform. Taking out their wands, they first saluted Harry and then bowed to each other slightly. Then in a burst of motion they flung spells at each other. Dodging shield, and shooting back and forth over and over again, until the blond was hit with a powerful stunning spell. Two medi-wizard rushed forward to check on the young man as the Asian bowed to Harry before leaving the platform receiving congratulations from her fellow classmates. One of the medi-wizards nodding to Harry, as if to say the blond would be fine, as they levitated the young man off the platform and out of the great hall.

And so the next pair took to the platform. And then the next, and the next, and so on and so forth. The evening ended up being a raving success for all. The evening champions ended up being the first, asian female from Taki. She showed such an aptitude that Harry wouldn't be surprised if she didn't get some job offers once she completed her schooling.

Each day ordinary school and family matters ruled Harry's life. The nights were filled with watching students compete. If the dueling competition alone was so very popular for practically anyone involved on any level that Harry or McGonagall had heard from. Many of the officials were actually asking if he would make it an annual event. And with how the students seemed to be enjoying it, he actually might.

As the days progressed many anticipated the end of the dueling competition and the yet-to-be-held Halloween costume ball. Guys were groaning at having to get dates, while the ladies were going back and forth about who was cutest hair and the costumes they had selected. Both the owner of the robe shop in Hogsmeade and Madam Malkin were hard pressed to meet the level of demand in both quality and quantity. But they obviously didn't complain much, what with the drastic increase in sales.

Harry seemed to be considered one of the most eligible bachelors on the planet. Many people and newspapers wondered if he would have a date and who it was. But one girl, a certain Luna, knew who her date would be. After the latest love letter that had arrived, she just knew who it was sending her all the gifts she had received. It was just too good to be true.....until Harry actually approached her just after dinner one evening.

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Standing outside, looking at the stars Luna wondered about all that had happened. Her admirer was still sending letters and gifts. She

almost constantly wore the star pendant and ring under her school robes everyday. And the hints and clues about who her admirer actually was, along with the fact that the Goblins had approached her father with a marriage contract..... to Harry Potter. The scary thing was.....loved him too.

Hearing footsteps, she turned toward the sound.....it was Harry.

"Why?" She whispered.

"Because I love you." He whispered back, cupping her cheek with the palm of his hand. "There could never be anyone else. Not for me."

Turning away and out of his grasp, she said, "How could you? How could you possibly love me?"

"Because your funny, smart, unique. Your smiles light up a room. You hide your true Ravenclaw intelligence with the cunning of a Slytherin. You brave facing your classmates each day like a Gryffindor. You have the loyalty of a Hufflepuff. But most of all, you are the most beautiful girl to me. I don't care about physical appearance, I've found that at times they can be misleading. I love because of who you are." He replied turning to face him gently, and held her when she started to cry. "You know of the contract I've sent to your father?" She nodded. "I made the marriage proposal to your father for legalities sake. To help protect you in as many ways as possible, if you truly cannot return my feelings I will release you from it. I won't force you into it, I swear with every fiber of my being. It's part of the contract as well, just in case." He looked her in the eye, and she knew he spoke the truth. She took out the pendant from hiding between her clothes, showing it to him. His face lit up with joy.

"You're the one that sent me everything?" She questioned taking the pendant from her neck taking the ring from the chain. He nodded. "I thought it was you.....when you sent the trunk. When I saw the set that this pendant and ring it goes with. It's high Elvin, isn't it."

"Yes. The one who had it said that it could only be given when you truly love another."

She smiled softly, "I know.....because I love you too." The look on his face, the complete joy it held. She knew that just as he said their could be no other for him, there would also be no other for herself. She loved him completely. Handing him the ring silently, he kneeled down on one knee.

"My lady love, will you do me the honor of being my bride and wife?"

She smiled serenely hold out her left hand, he slipped the ring on her finger. As she leaned over holding his face in her hands, she whispered one word before kissing him softly.

"Yes."

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By law, they had to inform the head of houses, a member of the ministry, the goblin council members and her father that same night. Harry had gathered all of them up, including as many of the other Hogwarts staff as possible, in the headmistress's office. Luna spoke with her father, Laetius, softly first. He nodded taking a quill and signed the scroll in his hand. Another appeared in front of Harry, who bowed to him.

Harry moved to Luna side and faced the others in the room.

"Lady Luna Lovegood has done me the great honor of agreeing to marry me." He said to the stunned room, as Luna showed them the ring she now wore. "Her father has agreed to the bonding. As my intended she has agreed to leave Ravenclaw house and take the necessary tests at the ministry to graduate. I've also agreed to wait until we are both a more suitable age for the actual wedding to take

place. I'll wait for as long as she wants." He smiled at her kissing her hand briefly.

The ladies in the room sniffled, joining everyone offering their congratulations to the new couple. While they were shocked, they could see that the two were practically glowing with happiness. Their eyes showing the great love for each other they shared.

"I am saddened to lose one of my most promising students, thus far in my many years as a teacher. Will you still be remaining at Hogwarts young Luna?" Flitwick grinned at the two gently as they blushed slightly at the implications.

"I have several other bedrooms connected to my apartments. She may use one of those until we are ready." Harry muttered as he blushed brighter, the others in the room laughing at his embarrassment.

Luna just smile at Flitwick serenely before responding, her eyes twinkling with mirth. "But of course. I must be at Harry's side to fulfill all of my duties, don't I?" Everyone roared with laughter as Harry's face went Gryffindor red.

Guiding both Luna and Laetius to his apartments after Luna had gathered her things. Harry began to grow nervous that Laetius would find some fault with him or his things. Even though he made the clause about either of them being able to pull out of the contract, he was still worried that Laetius would choose to pull out already. That earlier he had been merely trying to save face, or something. Saying the password, he allowed them to enter first before following.

"Would you like a tour?" Harry offered.

"Yes please. Luna mentioned that you have gathered quite large collection of various things." Laetius responded looking around with a



curious face before focusing on an artifact that had been made by Ravenclaw herself. "Is that.....?"

"Yes. As a matter a fact it is. Ravenclaw's personal flute, that she used in performances regularly through her years. I believe she made it herself." Harry responded proudly.

"But how did you get it? It was said to be sealed away so that only her....." Laetius trailed before he looked at Harry wide eyed.

"Her what, sir?"

"Her heir." He whispered. "You're her descendent!"

"Through my mothers line, yes sir." Harry smiled softly moving over to the display case. "She was actually a pureblood, the couple of generations before her were actually squibs of pure lines. I didn't find out until I went to Gringott's to complete the inheritance ritual because Dumbledore tried hiding it from me. I honestly don't know if he knew about that one. Or if my mother knew for that matter."

Laetius studied him for a few moments, "Is that the only founder you're the heir too?"

Harry turned to look at him. "Since you are Luna's father. No, I'm the heir of all of them. And quite a few others for that matter. If you'll follow me I can show you the list." Guiding them into his personal study, he handed the paperwork to Laetius carefully watching his shifting expressions as he read the forms. "See why I keep my hand close to me with this information? If anyone found out I'm the heir and lord of all of those clans, you can imagine the reactions to a few of those names. I told Luna the instant she agreed to marry me. Now I am trusting you as her father."

## Chapters 16 - 20

### Chapter 16:

The early next morning after a quite dinner with Laetius, the three met with Rita Skeeter. To break the news that one of the most eligible bachelors was now unavailable. Guiding Rita to a seat across from where the three would be sitting.

"May I ask what's going on?" Rita questioned looking back and forth between the three.

"I would like to inform you of my engagement to my lady love, here." Harry kissed Luna hand softly.

"YOUR WHAT!" She screamed jumping slightly in her seat. Clearing her throat, "I mean... that is to say. Your engagement? When? How?"

"Lord Potter has been courting my daughter for some time. And, with my permission, has entered into a marriage agreement. They are to be married when it is mutually decided the time is right." Laetius answered handing her a picture of Harry on his knee proposing and Luna kissing him. "In truth, the official proposal was last night. A house-elf named Dobby took this picture for them. I'll be running the article you write in The Quibbler at the same time as the Daily Prophet. You have an hour to get both copies to the papers. So chose your questions wisely."

Rita swallowed the tea she drunk quickly before whipping out her pad and pen. "Can you tell me your whole story of the courtship and proposal? Then I'll ask a couple a questions."

When Harry had entered the great hall with Luna on his arm wearing a gorgeous dress robes and Elvin jewelry, everyone knew that something had happened. Sure enough when the papers were delivered there were shouts of shock and surprise. Along with

disappointed cries from many of the female population, even a couple of guys too.

But with the article was the most romantic picture of Harry kneeling before Luna sliding the ring on her hand, and her kissing him. It was like the knight in shining armor proposing to the princess under the moon and star lit sky. It made many of the girls sigh with envy.

## "BOY-WHO-LIVED ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED"

BY: Rita Skeeter

It is an honor that I, Rita Skeeter, report that Lord Harry Potter is engaged to be married to Lady Luna Lovegood, daughter of Lord Laetius Lovegood. It is a tale of true romance, one that I am proud to write about.

Lord Potter has been courting Lady Luna for some time now. At first it was only love letters and small tokens, but that soon changed. Over the course of the time of courtship, Lord Potter actually was able to purchase and give a set of high Elvin mithril love tokens. As many know those can only be given in the truest love for others. A love that is bound by not only the hearts of both but also their souls. For a love of the soul, such gifts are truly wonderful for they show proof for all to see.

Lord Potter and Lady Luna were kind enough to supply the picture accompanying this article and told me word for word the proposal he had made to Lady Luna, or as he calls her 'my lady love.'

"I was standing out side, looking at the stars, wondering about all that had happened. My admirer was still sending letters and gift. I almost constantly wore the star pendant and ring under my school robes everyday. And the hints and clues about who her my admirer actually was, along with the fact that the Goblins had approached my father with a marriage contract... to Harry Potter. The scary thing was... I

loved him too. When I heard footsteps, I turned toward the sound... it was Harry. I asked, Why?" Luna began.

"And I answered, Because I love you." He whispered back, cupping her cheek with the palm of his hand before turning back to this reporter. "For me there could never be anyone else. Not for me."

"I turned away and out of his grasp. And I asked how could you? How could you possibly love me?"

"I said because you're funny, smart, unique. Your smiles light up a room. You hide your true Ravenclaw intelligence with the cunning of a Slytherin. You brave facing your classmates each day like a Gryffindor. You have the loyalty of a Hufflepuff. But most of all, you are the most beautiful girl to me. I don't care about physical appearance; I've found that at times they can be misleading. I love you because of who you are." Lord Potter said as he seemed to recall the night's events. "I made the marriage proposal to her father for legalities sake. To help protect her in as many ways as possible, if she truly cannot return my feelings I will release her from it if it was her wish. I won't force her into it anything, I swore with every fiber of my being. It's part of the contract as well, just in case." He looked his lady love in the eye.

"And I knew he spoke the truth. I took out the pendant from hiding between my clothes, showing it to him. His face lit up with such joy. I asked him if he was the one who sent me everything, even though I already knew the answer. I asked him if it was high Elvin..."

"Yes, it is. The one who had it said that it could only be given when you truly love another," Harry completed

She smiled softly, "I knew... because I love him too. The look on his face, the complete joy it held. I knew that just as he said there could be no other for him, there would also be no other for myself. I love him completely. I handed him the ring and he knelt down on one

knee."

"I said, My lady love, will you do me the honor of being my bride and wife?" Lord Potter smiled kissing the top of Lady Luna's head. "She just smiled serenely holding out her left hand, I slipped the ring on her finger. As she leaned over me, holding my face in her hands, she whispered one word I've wanted to hear from her. Then we kissed."

"I said yes." Luna leaned against Lord Potter.

When this reporter asked when the impending marriage would be, Lord Potter responded, "It's up to my lady love, as I said to both her and her father. I won't push her; we'll take things at her pace. I want her to be as comfortable as possible. Nothing is too good for my lady love."

When this reporter spoke with Lord Lovegood, he stated, "My daughter truly loves this young man and I can tell that he loves her unconditionally. He has been a true gentleman to her and to me. Before he started courting my daughter, he asked for my permission and he received it. Before proposing marriage to her, he again asked for my permission, and again he received it. Their happiness is all that matters to me now. They have my blessings for all time."

This reporter, on behalf of both the Quibbler and the Daily Prophet, would like to congratulate this young lovely couple on their engagement and say that the love they share is very rare indeed. May they have many happy and lovely years together, for this love is the stuff of legends.

There were many sniffles throughout the hall from the ladies and a couple of boys. Even the teachers seemed teary-eyed. Some of the guys were grumbling about how they were going to handle their dates for the evening. More, if they had regular girlfriends, what they were going to do for them. Harry just blushed at all of the looks he received. Looking at Luna, he grasped her hand on the table raising

it up before kissing it looking into her eyes. More sighs were heard before McGonagall rose clearing her throat.

"Even with Lord Potter no longer teaching, there have been some who have expressed concern for his becoming engaged to a student." She looked pointedly at a ministry official. There were yells of anger and rage at him. He tried to hide behind another official. McGonagall called for silence. "But we have come up with a solution for this. Lady Luna has agreed to take the O.W.L., N.E.W.T. and mastery exams to graduate earlier than she normally would. If she passes all the tests to satisfaction, she will be a graduate of Hogwarts. She has agreed to remain here with Lord Potter, and possibly even assist the staff when it is needed," McGonagall said before raising her glass to the new couple. "To your health and happiness, Lord Potter and Lady Luna." The students and guests raised their own glasses to the glowing couple, both of whom bowed their heads slightly.

"Harry! Mate wait up!" Ron yelled as he ran up to him. "What's up mate? I mean I understand you getting really busy with the school and all, but why haven't you visited Hermione and I? And now getting married to Looney Luna?" Ron suddenly yelped as Harry grabbed him and threw him up against the wall. Other students in the hall stopped and watched.

"Don't ever call her that!" Harry said so coldly it could have been the Arctic. Ron nodded very quickly and Harry released him. "As for you and Hermione, having been found with the dark mark does not exactly work in your favor. Matter a fact the only ones in your family who didn't have the dark mark were Charlie, Bill, Percy and the twins. It will take time for me to trust you again because I can tell the marks weren't entirely forced on either of you. What did you and Hermione report to the old man? Did he tell you it was for the good of all?"

The others in hall whispered back and forth as Ron's mouth opened and closed several times. "Mate, I..."

"You're not my friend Weasley, so don't call me that." Harry snapped before stalking off down the hall.

Word of the fight between Ron and Harry circulated quickly, especially with the comment about the dark marks from Dumbledore. Ron, Hermione and Ginny quickly found themselves being shunned by the majority of the school. Hermione and Ginny were confused until they confronted Ron about it, and he told them about the fight.

"He knows?" Hermione whispered.

"Yes, he knows we reported to Dumbledore. But he said we were marked by Dumbledore too. The fact that we willingly reported to him means we didn't fight the mark on any known level when it was placed. Bill told me about that sort of thing a while ago." Ron ran his hand through his hair. "Harry said we're not his friends any more, and the only reason he didn't write off the entire Weasley clan was because Charlie, Bill, Percy and the twins weren't marked. At all."

"What are we going to do?" Ginny questioned. "I thought Harry was interested in me, he's supposed to be with me and not engaged to that... that thing!"

"Yeah, how are we going to get anything now?" Ron muttered in agreement.

Hermione whipped around to look at Ginny and Ron sharply, saying loudly enough for others to hear. "What are you talking about, Ginny? Harry only looked at you like a sister, ever! The only reason I mentioned anything to Dumbledore was because I thought it was to protect Harry. I never wanted any mark! From anyone! I'm beginning to see why Harry doesn't trust the two of you now. **YOU WERE JUST USING HIM!**"

"Oh like you're one to talk, Hermione!" Ron snapped back.

"I WAS TRYING TO PROTECT HARRY! I NEVER USED HIM FOR PERSONAL GAIN! NOR WOULD I EVER DO SUCH A THING! UNLIKE THE TWO OF YOU, I MEANT TO BE HARRY'S FRIEND FIRST AND FOREMOST! YOU TWO PROBABLY ONLY BECAME FRIENDS TO USE HIM FOR SOMETHING YOU WANTED! I'M GOING TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO APOLOGIZE TO HARRY! EVEN IF IT MEANS MY LIFE!" Hermione bellowed before stomping off away from the two redheads. Other people in the area whispered back and forth, moving on to their next classes. Hermione, however, went straight to the Headmistresses' office. Knocking, she waited until she was called in.

"Ms. Granger, may I ask why you are not in your classes?" McGonagall studied her sharply.

"I need to speak with you and Harry," Hermione pleaded desperately.

"Why?"

"Because I need to apologize and to explain my actions to the both of you. And I have some information about Ron and Ginny." Hermione seemed to be on the verge of breaking down.

"Take a seat, Ms. Granger. I'll hear you first and if I deem it necessary then I'll ask Lord Potter to come." McGonagall motioned to one of the seats in front of her desk.

Hermione sat quickly and began, "Dumbledore approached me middle of last year. He said that Harry was in great danger and that in order to better protect him Dumbledore needed information. I didn't really want to at first, Harry was my best friend and I told Dumbledore that. Then I remember taking one of those lemon treats and everything just seemed to dim slightly. Next thing I know I agreed to pass of the information. Dumbledore told me Ron, and soon his sister Ginny, would be doing the same. I honestly thought we were just



trying to protect him. But today I got into a fight with Ginny and Ron, they said something odd though. Ginny said that 'Harry's supposed to be with me and not engaged to that thing.' And Ron said 'how are we supposed to get anything now?' I think Ron and Ginny were just going to use Harry for his money or fame or something." Hermione rambled out quickly, crying her eyes out. "Please Professor, I have to tell Harry."

"No need Ms. Hermione Granger. I heard it all." Harry's cold voice cut through the room.

Hermione whipped around, "Harry! Please, even if I can't be your friend any more, please don't hate me so much. I promise I thought it was to protect you!"

"So I heard. You say Dumbledore gave you a lemon candy before you agreed?" Harry watched her sharply.

"Yes, he gave me one. Next thing I knew I was agreeing to help him."

Harry studied her, "I want a blood sample to be tested. And you will remain in isolation studying or something until the results comes back."

"Anything! I promise!" Hermione agreed quickly. McGonagall rose from her seat guiding Hermione out the door as Harry followed, going into the hospital wing and into one of the private rooms. Madam Pomfrey came forward.

"What's going on Minerva?"

"We need a blood sample from Ms. Granger for testing. And she is to remain in isolation until Mr. Potter and I get the results. I fear that Dumbledore has had her drugged since the middle of last year."

Pomfrey gasped, "Of course. I'll ward her doors my self. Can I allow

her to read her books or something?"

"Yes, she should already have plenty with her, knowing her reading habits," Harry muttered. Pomfrey nodded quickly before getting her supplies and heading into Granger's room. It didn't take long for her to return with two vials of blood, handing them to Harry. Harry nodded in thanks before heading down to the dungeons and into Snape's third year class.

"Professor Snape, if I may have a moment of your time?" Harry asked. Snape nodded and led Harry into his office. "I need you to test this blood for anything and everything."

"May I ask what this is about?"

"Hermione may have been drugged and controlled by Dumbledore. And while I could do the tests myself, I can't be fully objective. You, on the other hand, could." Harry said and Snape nodded in agreement.

"Very well."

Harry sighed as he read the report before handing the results to McGonagall. Who read and then handed it to Pomfrey.

"Positive. The bastard had her drugged to compliance," Harry muttered looking out the window. "We should test Ron and Ginny but I don't think they'll be the same. The two of them always seemed off to me in some way."

"We should tell Granger. And also the rest of the school. I've heard some of the rumors going around; she'd be in great danger if it wasn't explained." McGonagall placed her hand on Harry's shoulder. "You need to speak to Hermione yourself, for the both of you to get some closure on this matter. I'll have Ron and Ginny escorted to isolation rooms after that. Then I'll inform the rest of the school when they're

test results come back."

Harry nodded, walked over to the door that led into the room Granger was being held in. Opening it he walked in then closed the door behind him. Hermione set aside the book she was reading and was looking at Harry nervously, wringing her hands.

"You came back positive for control potions and enchantments. They were fed to you regularly too."

Hermione gasped, "But why? Why would he do that to me?"

"To control me, he needed to control everyone and everything in my life. I... I can forgive that, even understand that. But I... I don't know if I can ever trust you on that level again. You'll be able to join everybody else again soon. We are going to test Ron and Ginny before announcing this at supper," Harry said slightly shaky.

Hermione began to cry, "I know, I knew that might be how you would feel even with going to McGonagall. I'm so sorry Harry. I truly am."

"I know." He paused after opening the door. "And that's a start."

## Chapter 17:

Hogwarts was once again in shock from the actions of the former headmaster Dumbledore. Hermione Granger had been drugged and forcibly marked. Ron and Ginny were on suspension pending a formal hearing for their action in purposefully helping the headmaster in illegal acts and for attempting to use Harry to steal his money and use his reputation for their own gain.

Arthur Weasley was mortified about the whole thing. That much was noticeable to everyone in the hall when he heard the announcement. But he also moved away from his wife. Molly Weasley, however, seemed... disappointed about the whole thing. Many guessed that

she may have been a part of that too, the one who originally planned out Ginny being with Harry, and using him too.

After the dinner, both Arthur and Molly were led to the hospital wing where Minister Fudge, Headmistress McGonagall, Snape, Sprout, Flitwick, Luna, Harry, Madam Bones, the other Weasley children and several aurors were waiting. Fudge brought out a roll of parchment.

"This is a court order for blood samples to be tested in conjunction with that of your two youngest children. All four of you will be questioned under veritaserum about the whole thing. If you are found to be in a similar situation as Ms. Granger, then you will be treated and released. However if either of you or your two youngest are found guilty of any crimes, you will be charged and secured in Azkaban until a trial can be scheduled."

"WHAT! You can't do that it's illegal!" Molly yelled. Arthur stood silently.

"Actually it is perfectly legal," Madam Bones replied solemnly, her tone left no room for argument. The two aurors moved forward and secured Molly, but gave no move to do the same to Arthur as he had not tried resisting. Other aurors brought in the bound Ron and Ginny.

"What did you do to my mother, Potter?" Ron shouted and tried to get to him but was hit by one of the aurors. The aurors gagged Molly, Ron and Ginny, as Arthur was dosed with veritaserum and questioned. He knew nothing of any plans but had concerns about some of Molly's behavior lately. Given the antidote, he moved to the side and sat in a chair.

Molly was the next to be dosed.

"What is your name?"

"Molly Prewitt Weasley."

"Did you make any plans toward Harry Potter?"

"Yes, Ginny was to marry him. After a suitable time she was to either leave him or poison him. We were going to get the money and respect we deserved at last." There were gasps and mutters around the room. Arthur sat there with his head in his hands, shaking slightly.

"Was your husband in any way involved?" Madam Bones looked at him apologetically.

"No, if it weren't for Arthur's father losing the family fortune, I would have taken care of him long ago. Just like my mother took care of her husband long ago." Arthur looked at Molly in shock at her cold words. Charlie and Bill both put a hand on their father's shoulders.

"Who else was involved in your plans?"

"Ron and Ginny. The others were too weak and pathetic. We were going to take care of them too," she spat. They gave her the antidote, and she immediately tried to make excuses to Arthur but once she saw his hardened face.

"Be thankful that I made a vow to not kill again after the war, Prewitt. Because I would be more than willing to use every ounce of my training on you. And, as you broke your end of our little bargain, I can do as I please." Arthur spat at her coldly, she paled like a ghost.

"What do you mean, Arthur?" Fudge asked.

One of the higher ranking ministry officials stepped forward. "Minister Fudge may I introduce former unspeakable agent, Ghost." Everyone else in the room (except Harry) gasped.

"You! You were the ghost!" Fudge cried out. "The Dark Lord had a standing fifteen thousand galleon bounty on your head!"

Arthur winced. "It's not something I generally talk about, though Molly has known I did some work for the Department of Mysteries for some time. She was the reason I stopped. I guess it doesn't matter now."

"You want your old job back yet?" Harry asked seriously, with several other nodding in agreement.

"Yes, after this. I'll take it."

Madam Bones cleared her throat gathering everyone's attention. "Let us finish questioning Ronald and Ginny."

Once the two were dosed, the others in the hospital wing gained back their horror over the trio of Weasley's words and planned actions, as Ronald and Ginny explained everything in painstaking detail of everything they had planned. Once the two were given the antidote, Arthur moved forward.

"For your plans against the members of the Weasley clan and the ministry, you are forthwith banished from the family. Anything and everything that was once yours is now forfeit to the rest of the clan for your grievous actions. This includes your magic. All records of the three of you are stricken except to list you as traitors to the clan and the wizarding world. Lord Harry Potter has been considered as one of my sons and your actions against him are inexcusable. You will stand trial or if it is deemed necessary, be immediately punished in any way with my blessings. So it is said, so shall it be." Arthur's voice rang out power laced into every word.

"I, Charlie Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, Bill Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, Percy Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, Fred Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, George Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

The three prisoners shouted and screamed as they felt all of their magic was drained from them.

"Then, have I both your and Lord Potter's permission to place them directly into Azkaban?" Madam Bones questioned.

"Yes," Arthur and Harry said unanimously. Auror's dragged the screaming prisoners from the hospital wing. Arthur turned to Harry.

"I am deeply sorry for this, Harry. I should have realized what was going on. I guess I just wanted the image of large happy family to continue without realizing the consequences."

Harry stepped up to him placing both hands on either shoulder before grabbing him into a hug. "Even without Ginny, Molly and Ronald ever there, you've been like the father I never had. I can not fault you for any of this. Never doubt that." Tears leaked out of Arthur's eyes as he hugged his adoptive son back, everyone else silent in respect for this shared moment. After a few moments, Harry stepped back and held his hand out to Luna. "Father this is my lady love, Lady Luna Lovegood."

"Hello, Mr. Weasley." she said demurely, curtsying.

"Now, none of that." Arthur grinned at her, giving her a hug. "You can call me Arthur, dear. You are, after all, are going to be my daughter-in-law." Luna smiled largely at him, and the Weasley boys each greeted her similarly with hugs, each patting Harry on the back in turn. "Now then, when's the wedding?"

Everyone in the room laughed heartily at his words.

After seeing the ministry officials off, Harry brought the rest of the Weasley's and Luna to his apartments. They all looked around in awe, especially Bill. Being a curse breaker he knew a lot about some of the things Harry had sprinkled about.

"Where did you get some of these Harry? A few of them are thousands of years old," Bill asked awed.

"Now that I know which Weasleys, or actually former Weasleys were involved, there's something I want to show all of you. But I must have your oaths of silence." All of them nodded doing so immediately. Harry walked over to his desk and once more took out the inheritance forms from Gringott's. Each of them read the forms with different degrees of shock.

"Being an heir of one or more founders I expected. But who are the last few families? Gondor? Rohan? Moria? Imaladris, Mirkwood, Lothlorien, and Ithilien?" Bill asked. Harry motioned to the seats around the table, everyone quickly sat.

"Those lines are from a time before even the Greeks and Romans. You know of how the world changed? How everything once alive died, turned to ash and was remade?" They nodded. "There were kingdoms made then, too. Each of those names are from the noble bloodlines that once ruled the lands of the earth in their day. But, like all things, the people, society, world grew and changed. The line of kings and nobles of those lines disappeared but obviously did not end. Old countries changed to new ones. Just like Arthur and his knights. They lived their times before they're ended."

"Understandable, but the last four names... they're Elvin," Percy muttered.

Harry smiled slightly. "You don't miss much, do you Percy? That's a very good thing." Percy blushed at the praise. "Yes, they're Elvin, as they were once Elvin kingdoms. I don't know if the kingdoms



themselves remain. Most of the elves from those days have left the earth; going to a place they call the undying lands. Though there's been said to be small groups of elves hidden around the world. I obviously have descended from their lines, if I've inherited the family vaults and titles. I was planning on searching for them."

After there discussion ended, he showed them around, saving the main library for last. Opening the doors, he stepped in and to the side, allowing the other to enter. Seeing the looks on their faces he grinned.

"How many books are there?" Percy asked in a whisper.

"Over fifty-five thousand. And that's not including some of the duplicate copy's I have in the second library." Harry grinned at the look of absolute rapture on Percy's face. "I haven't showed Hermione yet because of what happened. Yes, you can read or maybe even borrow a few of them. But be sure to ask me about them first. Some of these books are not meant to be read by anyone other than the heir of their lines." The Weasley's all nodded. "In that case, defense, muggle studies, arithmacy, charms and transfiguration are on the first and second floors. Potions, herbology, ancient runes, foreign language studies, law practices, and alchemy are on the third and fourth. The rest of any other subjects are one the fifth floor. The book on the stand over there has a listing of every book, and a basic description."

Percy shot off to look at the book, Bill and Charlie following as a close second and third. Harry, Luna, Arthur, and the twins just laughed.

"Arthur, you're more then welcome to stay with us, as are the others. We have plenty of bedrooms," Luna offered, and Harry nodded in confirmation.

"As long as it doesn't interfere with the two of you, I'll stay the night.

I'm sure Bill and Charlie will agree as well."

"Excellent. I'll make sure that the rooms are prepared." Luna nodded before leaving.

"You're a very lucky man, Harry." Arthur said clapping his hand to Harry shoulder, before moving to join his three eldest at the book catalog.

"Harry..."

"...can we..."

"...talk to you?" The twins asked completing each other's sentences. Harry nodded, motioning to a sitting area just inside the library door.

"What's up?" Harry asked.

"We wanted to be sure..." Fred began.

"...that Hermione is not involved..." George continued.

"...with their plans?" And Fred finished.

"No, she not involved with them. If anything, she's a victim, but it will take me a while to trust her on those levels again. I take it your interest is more than platonic?" The twins blushed brightly. "Honestly, she's going to be a little touchy for a while, in a way that you'll have to be very patient with her. And it may take her a little while to tell if she's interested in one or both of you. Just be gentle." Harry emphasized.

"Yes." The two nodded.

Chapter 18:

The next morning, many were surprised to see Arthur, Bill and Charlie were sitting at the head table talking with Harry and Luna, while Molly, Ginny and Ron were missing. McGonagall had officiated, by herself, the last nights of dueling, before tonight's finale and tomorrow's ball.

When the mail arrived, they were once again shocked by the article headlines.

"Molly, Virginia and Ronald Weasley: Banished From the Weasley line & Sentenced to Azkaban"

By: Rita Skeeter

Last night this reporter, several officials and Hogwarts staff were witness to horrifying confessions made by Molly Prewitt Weasley and her two youngest children Ronald and Virginia. They confessed, under veritaserum, to planning the extortion of Lord Harry Potter and Lord Arthur Weasley, before or after their deaths – it didn't seem to matter to the three criminals. Along with the planned murders of Lord Potter, Lord Weasley, and the other sons of Lord Weasley; Charlie, Bill, Percy, Fred and George.

"Their confessions would have sealed their fates anyway, but the sheer detail to which they had planned each death had them immediately sentenced to having their magic being drained and life sentences – till death in Azkaban." One ministry official told this reporter.

And this claim of the sheer and vindictive planning is true, much to this reporter's horror. Apparently the plan included Virginia tricking Lord Potter into marriage, and then killing him for his money and titles. Ronald was to use his false friendship to the hilt by furthering Virginia's status to that of Lord Potter's wife. And Molly Prewitt, formerly Weasley, was actually supposed to kill Lord Arthur Weasley many years ago, before his father lost the family fortune.

Prewitt also admitted that her mother had killed her father for similar reasons. It seemed to this reporter that Molly Prewitt's family has planned and completed those plans to kill their husbands or mates for fortune and titles and further admitted to planning to kill her other children as well. This reporter was also horrified to note that the confessions of Ronald and Virginia merely further corroborated.

Once Lord Weasley and his other children heard the confessions, Molly, Ronald and Virginia were cast out the Weasley clan. This is the oath that was said:

"For your plans against the members of the Weasley clan and the ministry, you are forthwith banished from the family. Anything and everything that was once yours is now forfeit to the rest of the clan for your grievous actions. This includes your magic. All records of the three of you are stricken except to list you as traitors to the clan and the wizarding world. Lord Harry Potter has been considered as one of my sons and your actions against him are inexcusable. You will stand trial or if it is deemed necessary, be immediately punished in any way with my blessings. So it is said, so shall it be." Arthur's voice rang out, power laced into every word.

"I, Charlie Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, Bill Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, Percy Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, Fred Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

"I, George Weasley, do here by affirm my lord father's vow."

The three prisoners shouted and screamed as they felt all of their magic was drained from them. Madam Bones asked for a confirmation to send them to Azkaban. Both Lord Potter and Lord

Weasley were unanimous in their agreement. And the three reprehensible criminals were taken away.

This reporter, along with all of my colleagues, would like to give our condolences to Weasley clan for the misfortune to have to have lived with these three criminals. And we would like to wish them a much better and happier future.

The various Weasley's merely shook their heads sadly before continuing their meals.

Laetius had come and picked up Luna and Arthur Weasley left for the Ministry. Bill and Charlie left by floo in the headmistress's office. Harry, on the other hand, went to Gringotts and was immediately guided to the council room once more.

"Ah, Lord Potter. Yani just presented us with the final reports of your entire material assets, including what is in each of your vaults." Ragnook waved to the three thick, leather-bound volumes and they floated in front of Harry's seat.

"Wonderful," Harry said, quickly flipping through each of them. The goblins watching him in shock, and when Harry noticed the looks passing between them, replied. "I have a photographic memory, both written and images. When the blocks Dumbledore placed were removed, it activated in full force."

"Oh, and may we give our congratulations on your engagement." Gerinoz smiled at him.

"Thank you. Now if you would not mind, may we move on to other business? I wish to be back at Hogwarts before Luna arrives from the ministry."

"Very well. We are still looking into muggle businesses worthy of your investment. We have acquired adequate number of squibs to both

create individual staffs for each of the main wizarding and muggle manors. We have also designated one specific address as your muggle listed residence; we have sent copies of their applications and credentials on to Hogwarts. They already know what you, your lady Luna and her father all look like. And the minister has arranged for you to speak with Prime Minister directly at Buckingham Palace. We have also found out that Pettigrew hung himself in his cell last night. But good news is that you may go to the ministry at any time to investigate the people you mentioned to the minister specifically. Madam Umbridge attempted to resist and was placed under arrest. The negotiations have been a complete success, and have Minister Fudge's approval, even though it is not needed. The minister has also agreed to allow you to negotiate on their behalf for any alliances you deem beneficial to them, though he does wish to speak with you about the under-age restriction," Ragnook summarized.

"Excellent. I thank you for all of your hard work. It is greatly appreciated." Harry bowed to them.

"And we are honored for your continuing assistance. If you wish to tend to any other business you may have, we will not keep you here needlessly." Ragnook smirked. And Harry nodded disappearing a second later.

Appearing in one of his many townhouses, he sent for the butler to prepare the car to go directly to the Prime Minister's office. He also changed into an exquisite black Armani suit. Appearing in front of the man's desk was just asking to get shot. The butler entered the room bowing.

"The driver has the Rolls ready out front, sir."

"Very good." Harry nodded as he left the townhouse and entered the Rolls Royce. The driver shut the door behind him and quickly ran around and jumped in the driver's seat.

"We should be there within twenty minutes at best speed, sir," he said to Harry as he pulled into traffic. Harry merely nodded in response looking out the windows.

Sure enough, the driver was a man of his word as they pulled up the entrance of Number 10 Downing Street. The driver pulled out paperwork and showed them to the guard who let them pass through with a salute. Pulling up to the main entrance, a guard opened his door allowing him to exit. The driver pulled to Rolls away to the area designated to him. And Harry was led by an officer inside through the winding corridors to a set of double doors that was guarded by two uniformed Marines. Opening the doors he was lead into a slightly crowded room.

"If you will wait here, my lord, I will let the Prime Minister know you are here." The Officer bowed before going into another set of doors. Harry glanced around noting the various foreign and military officials who were studying him, several Arabians, Americans and navel officers. One approached and Harry recognized him as one of Fudge's guest at the competition.

"Lord Potter, it is an honor to see you again," the man greeted, bowing slightly.

"And you as well. I expect you are attending the finals?" Harry asked bowing, back slightly as well.

"Yes, yes. One of my country's students is one of the finalists. I will be there to help cheer him on to victory." The man nodded.

"We shall see who the victor is. Some of the others are quite promising, even those not of my school." Harry and the man chuckled before any further conversation being interrupted by the young officer.

"My lord, the Prime Minister will see you immediately." He motioned

to the door he had come from. "If you would follow me."

"Of course. Good day sir." Harry bowed his head slightly to the man before following the officers. The others while slightly insulted and affronted for being ignored, watched his movements as he left the room. The young man seemed to be the embodiment of pure elegance and poise. A feat worthy of respect, especially for one so young.

"Ah, Lord Potter. It is a pleasure to finally meet you." The minister rose from his coming around the desk, shook his hand and lead him to a seat. "I heard of you those many years ago, when I was informed of the Dark Lord defeat in the 80's."

Harry nodded, accepting the cup of tea offered by a servant before responding. "Yes, I expected they would tell you as much. Have you been brought up to speed on current events of the last couple weeks?"

"To be truthful, yes but not very well," the Prime Minister admitted.

"Then let me fill you in. Several things have happened. You'll forgive me if I summarize events. The dark lord was not the only one who had loyal or forced followers. Another man by the name of Dumbledore has literally manipulated pretty much everyone he has ever met and manipulated things going on through them. I, unfortunately, have had him manipulating my life almost since the moment I was born."

"Wait, I thought Dumbledore was a 'leader of light'. And what do you mean by manipulated?" The Prime Minister interrupted.

"I'll explain everything I promise..."

It took the next four and a half hours to explain everything in detail for the Prime Minister. Finally, after it all sunk in, he was very willing to



help Harry with his ideas. It certainly helped that he gave Harry immediate authority to do as he pleased, and also gave him direct contact information in case anything happened. This new found authority also came with a top level security clearance and the ability to order generals around. The prime minister even contacted the queen directly and got him into a private meeting where he again explained everything again.

She gave her full approval as well. And having the queen's approval, especially over these matters, was like having the blessing of the Pope himself. (No offense or insult was meant to either of them.)

Finally finished with all of those meetings, he was able to go home and to go to his lady love. While he did have to preside over the last of the finals of the competition, the ministry could wait till tomorrow.

Appearing in his rooms, he quickly changed into formal robes and went out into the apartments in search of his lady. Finding her waiting in front of the fireplace, he froze at the sight she made. Her form was radiant in a light lavender, almost blue, formal Elvin gown with the mithril bonding/love jewelry on. A small, crown-like circlet ran across her forehead with a marvelous diamond center. Her hair was loose about her shoulders in ringlets. She was truly the most beautiful sight to behold.

She turned and smiled at him before running into his open arms. "Harry!"

"I'm sorry I took so long, lady love." Harry kissed the top of her head lightly.

"It's alright. I knew where you were, or at least I could tell you were alright. We will be late if we don't leave soon. You know that you're one of the guests of honor." Luna chastised him lightly.

"Then we had best be off." He offered his arm and she grasped it

gently. "You will be the most beautiful of all there."

She blushed prettily. "Thank you."

"No thanks are needed from you, my lady love."

Entering the packed hall they were truly a magnificent sight to see. A glow seemed to surround them, and many could see the love in their eyes when they looked to each other. Several flashes of bulbs as people took pictures, either for themselves or for whomever they worked for. Guiding Luna to the seat next to his, he then turned to the crowd.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the finals of the Hogwarts International Dueling competition. It is our honor here at Hogwarts to host this event. I see that many of you were also present for the previous week's competition. And I welcome you back. Will the finalist please join us?" Harry waved his hands to the doors, which opened silently. The two columns of finalists were focused and concentrated on the task at hand, many wishing to do right by their schools and people, to show their people's strength and hard work. "Finalists, you have faced many opponents and have won many matches. Are you prepared to do so again?"

"YES!" All of them shouted, and the crowd cheered.

Harry raised his hand for silence. "Many have asked what the champion shall receive this night when someone wins." Murmurs went around the hall. And suddenly a pedestal and golden trophy appeared. "This is the trophy that will be awarded to the winning duelist's school. There is a winner's purse of 5,000 galleons, from my own vaults, along with a full wardrobe from Madam Malkin's worth over 3,000 galleons, a specialized trunk from Jerkin's Trunk Shop of Gentry's Alley, a brand new Firebolt XP from the Firebolt corporation worth 1,500 galleons, and will not arrive on the public market for the next six to eight months, a 1,500 galleon shopping spree in Flourish

and Blots and, lastly, a 1,500 galleon shopping spree in McCaphry's Jewels of Gentry Alley. All for the winner of this competition!"

Cheers and exclamations of surprise went around the hall. Even the duelers had their jaws dropped. Once again Harry raised his hands for silence. It immediately came. "For second place there will be a 3,000 galleon purse, Again from my own vaults, three sets of everyday and dress robes from Madam Malkin's, a five compartment trunk from Jerkin's Trunk shop of Gentry's Alley, a regular Firebolt from the Firebolt corporation and a 1,000 galleon shopping spree at McCaphry's Jewels of Gentry Alley."

"For third place there will be a 1,500 galleon purse, I need not repeat where it's coming from." Laughter came from both duelers and guests. "Two sets of everyday robes and one evening robe from Madam Malkin's, a three compartment trunk from Jerkin's Trunk Shop, a Nimbus 2001 from the Nimbus corporation and a 500 galleon shopping spree at McCaphry's Jewels." Harry took a deep breath. "Now realize that glory is what awaits the victor. All of the duelist's must show us their strength, bravery, cunning and knowledge. To be a truly great duelist you must use all of these traits. For sheer magical strength alone may very well not decide who wins or loses. Let us begin!"

Cheers roared through out the night as the duelists fought with everything they had. Some of the duels took up to an hour. And one by one their opponents fell, until only two remained. Harry rose from his seat.

"I am glad that the duelists took my words to heart, for I have never seen such duels ever fought. Out of well over two hundred duelists, only two now remain. Kathrine Turner of Salem Academy has secured third place. Now the final duel shall be between Cedric Diggory of Hufflepuff House of Hogwarts and Sumire Kanzaki of Taki Academy!" Cheers, shouts and roars of approval came from everyone. "Begin!"

Bows were hastily done as the two threw spell after spell at each other. Dodging or creating shields where and when needed. They just kept going and going until Sumire seemed to gain the upper hand. But it was momentary at best as she let down her guard enough that Cedric was able to blast her off the platform. Cheers rose from the stands as people clapped their hands and raised their voices. Both of Cedric's parents were crying happily. A loud bang came from Harry's wand, and silence came over them.

"Cedric Diggory of Hufflepuff step forward." Harry motioned to the spot before the dais. Cedric walked down the platform to the steps where the teacher's dais was and stood before it. Harry grasped the cup. "Your name shall be forever engraved upon this trophy. And with this trophy comes the honor and respect that the winner of this championship deserves. You have done Hogwarts and your house proudly this day. You and your family will be our honored guest for the Halloween ball tomorrow evening." Harry spoke loudly, for all to hear, handing the trophy to him after he had engraved Cedric's name and house upon it himself. Cedric bowed to Harry as he accepted it, before turning to the rest of the hall lifting the trophy into the air.

## Chapter 19:

Harry was getting really nervous about the ball. What if no one like the decorations? Or what if he made a fool of himself when he dances with Luna?

'I mean yeah Luna's been teaching me but I still don't think I'll be any good,' Harry thought to himself as he paced in his office. He had woken up early in the morning and just couldn't stop thinking. Finally Harry just made a frustrated sound, writing a quick note for Luna, changing into muggle clothing and disappeared.

Re-appearing next to a very large three story Barnes & Noble he walked in. Going straight to the textbooks and study aides, he started

plowing through them, using his newly enhanced photographic memory. He ended up taking several hours going through school books, language books, literature, biographies, medical books & journals, science books & journals, history books & journals, math, physics, psychology, sociology, philosophy, CSI books, technology books, several types of combat or fighting techniques, creation of weapons both old and new from around the world, and the use of current weapons. He also ended up taking several breaks in the Starbucks coffee shop, for his mind to assimilate everything. Even with his enhanced memory it was a lot to take in.

After that was done, he decided to head for Grimmauld Place. It needs to be cleaned and fixed up before Sirius was released from St. Mungo's. Entering quickly he could hear Mrs. Black begin to scream about intruders. But suddenly he was under attack; Harry blocked it but quickly realized it was Kreacher.

"In the name of Lord Black, cease your attack immediately." Harry roared knocking the house-elf away. Kreacher froze at the power hidden within those words, and then bowed slightly. "I am the acting Lord Black until Lord Sirius Black is released from St. Mungo's. I am also his heir. And I am here to give instruction of the upkeep of this house."

"Of course Master." Kreacher bowed.

"Do you swear complete loyalty and silence to the Lord Sirius Black and myself Lord Harry James Potter? Do you swear to follow only our orders and no one or nothing else's?" Harry gripped his sword's hilt.

Kreacher's eyes widened substantially. "Master, Kreacher sworn to server Lady Black. Kreacher sworn to her sir."

"You do realize what I must do if you don't give me your word?"

"Kreacher sworn to Lady Black." The little house elf said sternly.

Harry sighed. "Very well. Dobby!"

The house elf appeared. "Yes Harry Potter Sir."

"Kreacher will not give his oath to his lord's heir. Bring justice upon him." Harry said and Dobby turned to look at Kreacher murderously. Suddenly six more house elves appeared and Kreacher was bound quickly before the other including Dobby disappeared once more. Walking over to Mrs. Black's portrait she starts screaming at him.

"LEAVE AT ONCE YOU DIFILER OF THE ANCIENT HOUSE OF BLACK. YOUR KIND ARE NOT WELCOME IN THESE HALLOWED HALLS!"

Harry has officially lost his patience's. "SHUT UP, YOU SELF RICHIOUS IDIOT! I AM HERE ON BEHALF OF THE LORD BLACK, AND I AM HIS HEIR. NOW BE SILENT."

Mrs. Black froze; no one had ever talked to her in such a fashion before, not even Sirius. And if this young man was Sirius's heir, then she would have to listen to him.

"Now, that's better. Kreacher is facing house elf justice for his previous actions to the lord and myself. I am here to repair and see to the upkeep of this household for when Lord Black returns. Now either you behave in your painting for the remainder of your existence or I will forcibly remove you. Sirius Black has been cleared of all charges against him, and the real traitor Pettigrew is dead. Did you know about Dumbledore?"

"What do you mean sir?" Mrs. Black questioned politely.

"Did you know about Dumbledore and his manipulations? His dark mark?"

"He used a dark mark?" Mrs. Black whispered. "I know he liked to control things and people. That he gained and used his power to do so, but never that he had a dark mark."

Harry looked at her, eyes narrowed. He believed that she was telling the truth. "I know that you supported the Dark Lord Voldemort. I may not know why, but know this I have removed all of the dark marks that he had placed on people. And I know that Bellatrix, along with several others, were actually being controlled under some form of Imperious. Dumbledore's already been tried and found guilty. He has been drained of his magic and placed in the darkest pits of Azkaban. Now will you behave as befitting your station or are we going to have problems?"

Mrs. Black seemed to think deeply before responding, "I will behave as befitting my station from this day forward. There is an incantation set to the house to automatically repair and redecorate the house within twenty four hours. Though you can not be present after the incantation is done and the waiting period is complete. The incantation is *reconcilio ab rodus* or repair the broken."

"Thank you Lady Black." Harry bowed. Holding his wand up into the air, "*reconcilio ab rodus*." Then he apparated out to the ministry's lobby, startling many. "Sorry about that." Harry apologized before moving over to the elevators. "Minister's office please," he said to the conductor.

He walked out of the elevator and down the hall to the minister's office. The secretary took one look at him before hurrying into Fudge's office. Both the secretary and Fudge came out a moment later.

"Lord Potter, it's a pleasure to see you again." Fudge shook his hand. "I take it you are here to check Madam Umbridge?"

"Among other things, yes. I do have a few other appointments

planned." Harry nodded.

"Ah, good then let's get you on your way then. An auror is just down the hall to escort you to and from where Umbridge is being held. And he'll report everything to me, so you won't have to worry about a formal report," Fudge said as he guided Harry to where the auror was waiting. "Good luck, and have a nice day, Lord Potter. I may attend the ball this evening, so I may see you there."

"Of course, Minister. Good day." Harry followed the auror into the elevator and then down a corridor to one of the cell chambers, where several more aurors stood. Behind the bars was the obese and disgusting Umbridge. "Madam Umbridge I am here to scan you for dark marks or signs of control."

"YOU!" Umbridge lunged for Harry but one of the auror's stunned her.

"Well, nice to see her manners have not changed." Harry muttered earning smiles and chuckles from the auror's present. Pointing his wand at her, he said "comparo ab secerno!" Her body began to glow as different readings appeared in front of Harry. "She is marked, but by Voldemort. Willingly I might add." The aurors muttered back and forth, before one stepped forward.

"We should get Madam Bones for this, sir."

Harry nodded, "Go ahead, and ask her to bring someone to administer veritaserum."

"Yes sir!" The young auror ran down the halls, and returned within ten minutes with Madam Bones and a witch auror who carried a vial of veritaserum.

"Lord Potter, auror Longbakens tells me that Umbridge has tested positive for the dark mark." Madam Bones looked into the cell with



disgust.

"Yes and perfectly willingly, too. I thought it best to have her questioned under veritaserum to learn all that we can." Harry nodded to the witch who held the vial. With a flick of Madam Bones' wrist, the bars disappeared, and the aurors surrounded her quickly, binding her and waking her so the serum may be applied. Once it was, rather forcefully, the questioning began.

"What is your full name?"

"Dolores Jane Umbridge."

"Did you willingly serve the dark lord?"

"Yes. My master promised a great reward if I gained control of the ministry and placed loyal followers in places of power."

Madam Bones' face seemed to harden. "How long have you served the dark lord?"

"Almost twenty years now."

And so the questions continued. Questions were answered, the mark was removed and Umbridge was sent directly to Azkaban. Harry parted ways from Madam Bones and the others with a bow. Going to the Department of Mysteries, he entered the prophecy room and began searching for any that may hold his name. He quickly found three within the first few minutes, before several people came barging into the room.

"Hands in the air!" One shouted. But another interrupted before they could go any further.

"Lord Potter, may I ask what you are doing here in a restricted area?"

"Getting the prophecies that I am in." Harry shrugged at their looks of shock.

"There was not only one prophecy but several about you?" a third person asked.

"Yes, I already knew of two, but I'm looking to see if there are more than that. And as you are most likely well aware, only those actually involved in the prophecy are allowed to hear it." Harry motioned to the door, before turning back to look at another set of shelves. The gentlemen looked to each other before leaving. They knew that they couldn't interfere in this, because what Harry had said was true. Only those mentioned in the prophecy were allowed to even touch the sphere it was housed in, much less listen to what it held. Going shelf by shelf, case by case Harry found five prophecies total.

Opening the first one he heard,

The one with the power to defeat the dark lord approaches,

Born to those who have thrice defied him,

Born as the seventh month dies,

And the dark lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have the power the dark lord knows not,

And either must die at the hand of the other, for neither can live while the others survive

Opening the second he copied down what he heard,

"Born of the blood of the Founders,

Hogwarts will claim her child heir...

Through the child heir, shall she be unlocked,

the secrets and the powers shall belong to the child heir.

With the powers and the secrets, the child heir shall bring peace to all.

Overthrowing the Leader of the Phoenix, the one who hides his manipulations.

Through the scar, shall the child know the truth that was hidden from it.

The child will reveal all to the world and the world will make those who have hurt them face their wrath,

So that the truth may finally be known to all.

Beware those who try to harm the child,  
as Hogwarts protects her own."

Opening the third he copied down what he heard,

A lord of balance shall be born in the seventh month,

He shall be of the past,

He shall be of the future,

And the world shall know him

The Dark Lords of his time shall fall before him,

Let his might be known throughout the world and stars

Opening fourth, he copied,

Unite the schools of the world,

Bring forth a time of knowledge shared

Let them unite time and place

Let them guide both the generations of the past,

And the generations of the future,  
With the Lord of Balance and the Lady of Light to guide them  
Opening the fifth, he copied,  
The Lord of Balance and Lady of Light shall unite,  
With them shall a golden age be brought,  
The love shall flourish hope and happiness within many,  
The generations to come shall know their paths of life,  
Hatred of house of the great school shall be at peace.

#### Chapter 20:

The decorations for the Halloween Ball were a smashing success from the moment the doors were opened. Jack-o lanterns floated with black candles in the air above every ones heads. The walls and floor were a solid black almost obsidian color. Whirling silver mural designs of ghost, crypts, headless horsemen and ghouls danced around the walls. Tables with black cloth's, black candles in gleaming silver holders sat upon them were spread through out the hall. While the center of the hall was cleared for a dance floor. A full orchestra as well as the Weird Sister Band was set up on the stage.

All students, staff and guests were dressed up in costumes: mummies, genies, Elizabethan noble men and women.

Harry and Luna were the last to enter. Luna's hair was piled atop her head with curls hanging around her face, kohl around her eyes emphasizing their color and a brilliant blue strapless Egyptian style gown seemed to float around her form down to her sandaled feet. Harry wore roman armor with a commander's red cape, his hair

lengthened to mid-back and tied back with a leather thong.

Leading Luna to her seat at the head table, he then motioned for everyone else to take their own seats. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for joining us for this evening's Halloween Ball. Please note that students third year and below have an eleven o'clock curfew. And the ball will end at midnight for everyone else. I am also pleased to announce and recognize our top three dueling finalists. In third place is Katherine Turner of Salem Academy." There was some light applause. "In second place was Sumire Kanzaki of Taki Academy." Slightly louder applause. "And in first place, dueling champion and tonight's guest of honor is Cedric Diggory of Hufflepuff house of Hogwarts!" Loud cheers and whistles filled the halls.

"Remember, the first quidditch match of the quidditch competition will be held in eleven days. And I would like to announce that the talent competition will be held two days after that. I would also like to take this time to announce that two art auctions will be held. The first will actually be a competition for students to enter pieces they have created. The second will be pieces that myself and others have donated to help raise funds to create a college fund for the orphan and disadvantaged children. Now let the feast begin!" Harry clapped his hand and the food appeared on the plates.

Conversations started up all around the room as everyone began to eat the fabulous meal before them. Discussions of the first quidditch match, the talent show and art auctions/competition. At the head table Harry and Luna sat with Madam Bones, Fudge, the headmasters/mistress of the various schools, the teachers, Madam Marchbanks and few other ministry officials.

"Lord Potter, when did you decide to do these auctions?" Madam Maxime questioned.

"I had actually already discussed the possibility of holding them with Professor McGonagall when we decided to announce the other

competitions." Harry responded.

"Indeed, Lord Potter mentioned it in our discussions. He wanted to wait until he could get a few of the pieces he had appraised," McGonagall added.

Fudge leaned over toward Harry slightly, "How many pieces are there so far?"

"Nearly two hundred, with the pieces that others have donated as well. The few muggle made pieces are also being bid on by various muggle museums through Gringott's. Whoever makes the highest bid, gets the piece." Harry chuckled slightly at the looks on their faces.

"You're allowing muggles to bid!" Karkaroff scoffed.

"Only on muggle pieces." Harry corrected.

Madam Bones hummed slightly before saying, "It would help with our muggle relations on a whole for everyone to allow this. It also ensures that the muggles could only bid on the muggle pieces thereby safeguarding our secrecy as much as possible by using human Gringott's employees. Well done Lord Potter."

"Yes, yes. Well done Lord Potter." Madam Fujieda, headmistress of Taki, congratulated raising her glass to him. The others followed suit, Karkaroff swallowing a mild defeat. Snape gave him a long and pointed to look.

"Oh, I remember I wanted to tell Lady Luna that your test results should be arriving by owl within the next few days." Madam Marchbanks interrupted any further confrontation from Karkaroff.

"Thank you, Madam Marchbanks." Luna smiled brightly.

The next morning the residents and guests of the school read more headlines and articles in the daily prophet. Also once again written by Rita Skeeter.

### Lord Potter Announces Art Competition and Auctions To Be Held

Last night Lord Potter announce yet another competition and fund raising event would be held at Hogwarts. Two art auctions. The first would be combined with a competition for students to enter pieces into. And the second would be pieces that have been donated by various families. The donations would go toward creating a college fund for magical children around the world.

And as a secondary benefit for peaceful relations. Muggle universities or museums will be allowed to bid through human employees of Gringott's. A restriction was placed that they would only be allowed to bid on muggle pieces.

Madam Bones was quoted to have said that, "It would help with our muggle relations on a whole for everyone to allow this. It also ensures that the muggles could only bid on the muggle pieces thereby safeguarding our secrecy as much as possible by using human Gringott's employees."

When asked about the way submission of pieces would be accepted, Lord Potter responded. "The students must turn in all pieces by the day before the auction is to take place. Only Madam Maxime, Headmistress McGonagall, Madam Fujieda and myself may accept the submissions. They must be submitted by the student themselves to one of us, personally. The piece with the highest quality, complexity and bid will win. There will of course be prizes for the top three placed students, just as there is for all of the other competitions being held."

We of the Daily Prophet must once again applaud Lord Potter for his insight and generosity. With him at the helm of these events, the

children of our society will be able to flourish, receive proper educations and be awarded for the ability's they will bring to us all.

Another article's blaring headline also grabbed the attention of many:

### You-Know-Who's Real Past

In his quest to understand the dark lord's reason for killing so many, Lord Potter came across some startling information on the Dark Lord's life. Here is the tale of the dark lord that was created through, in large part, the actions of Albus Dumbledore.

"Lord Voldemort, in reality, is actually born Tom Marvolo Riddle son of Merope Gaunt, a witch and Tom Riddle, a muggle. This makes him a half-blood. Yes, I do have proof of what I say. Now, Merope was intensely in love with Tom Riddle, but Riddle abhorred her as she was rather disgusting looking. With both her father and brother in Azkaban for various crimes she was free to chase after him as she wanted. She used a love potion to make him return her feelings, however shortly after she became pregnant she, for some reason, decided to let the love potion were off. When it did, Tom Riddle abandoned both her and her baby. She eventually gave birth to their son at an orphanage; shortly before dieing, she named him Tom Marvolo Riddle."

"Voldemort, much like myself was greatly abused in his early years, but he quickly became a bit of a bully years before even finding out about Hogwarts. And when he did find out, it was Dumbledore who told him and introduced him to the wizarding world. When he came to Hogwarts, he was sorted into Slytherin. At Hogwarts he became obsessed with learning about his heritage. Although he had figured out in his first year he was an heir of Slytherin, albeit a few times removed from direct ascension, he didn't learn the complete story of what had happened until he tracked down his uncle Morfin Gaunt in the summer of 1943, who, by this time, was out of Azkaban. Morfin told him who his father was and Tom stunned him. Tom went to the



Riddle house that was not too far from where he was and killed everyone there including his own father. Before leaving, Tom went back to the Gaunt shack and bespelled Morfin, taking his family ring as well at the time. When he was bespelled, Morfin confessed to the crimes and was again sent to Azkaban. After leaving Hogwarts in 1945, Riddle began working at Borgin and Burkes in Knockturn Alley. His job was to ferret out items of value and obtain them at the lowest prices possible. He suddenly left his job after he killed Hephzibah Smith for a gold locket that had once belonged to Slytherin himself and a golden cup that had belonged to Hufflepuff herself."

"In the ten years after he left Hogwarts, he gave himself the name Voldemort and began to gather his death eaters or formerly the Knight of Walpurgis. Roughly ten years after leaving Hogwarts Riddle returned. He was no longer the handsome young man he had once been. He was deathly pale, he looked waxy and distorted, and the whites of his eyes now had a permanent bloody look to them. He asked to fill the DADA position but was denied. In his fifth year at Hogwarts Tom had created a magical diary that had a piece of himself within it, his memory if you will. It was Tom who had opened the famous 'Chamber of Secrets' all those years ago, and set the monster of the chamber upon his fellow students."

"Tom managed to 'place' the blame on another student of his own house, who was then expelled from Hogwarts and his wand snapped. Tom, a supposed lowly half-blood, became the supposedly feared Dark Lord Voldemort. Now when I was presenting this in class at Hogwarts I asked a question for the students to answer. The question was this, why would you follow him in the first place, if you liked his point of view?"

"A Hufflepuff was the one to answer to answer this correctly. She answered that it was because of his whole 'blood-purity nonsense and the supposed inferiority of anyone else.' She was correct in this answer. If a pure blood were to use a stunning spell it would have the same effect as if half bloods were to use it and muggles have their

own kind of magic. They call it science and technology. With it they have the power to destroy thousands. To underestimate their value would be foolish. They have created weapons that could shoot thousands of killing curses per second. If a war was ever started it would be difficult to predict an outcome, and they also outnumber us by a great amount."

"If he were to return and defeat the light, the problem is what he will do after he wins. If Voldemort were some how able to defeat every single muggle and half blood on the planet do you think his thirst for destruction and superiority would just end? He would then come to the conclusion that the blood of some wizards would not be pure enough and destroy them, starting yet another war. It wouldn't matter how old your blood line really is. In some case you could most likely out live a large number of the other wizards, but eventually Voldemort would turn on you. Even if he stopped killing, families would die out eventually anyway. After a time the blood lines would become weak due to inbreeding, and then there will be nothing living on this planet. Consider your chosen path very carefully, because you might not get the chance to regret it."

While the students and staff of Hogwarts had already heard this before, the other students and guests had not. Now many of them too were now questioning some of their own long held beliefs. One man, however, was not pleased. He had not yet given his oath to have his mark removed, and sought to replace his former master Lord Voldemort. Karkaroff frowned greatly.

With the plans for the quidditch and talent competitions already in place, that only left the newly announced art competition/auctions to be planned. And over the course of the next ten days till the first quidditch match was to be held, it was all that he worked on.

Harry had selected many pieces, most of which were from the Riddles, to auctioned off in the second auction. He'd also had several students who had already completed pieces come to enter the

competition and drop off their creations. There were paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, metal or and glass pieces too. There was a wide variety to choose from. From the numbers the others (McGonagall, Fujieda, and Maxime) told him about, there had to be at least a couple hundred entrants from the various students of the different schools.

From what McGonagall had said of the team practices, the students and staff have had their bumps, bruises and confrontations, but it was never anything too serious. The uniforms and gear had arrived on schedule without any problems from the Quality Quidditch Supply Company. Harry had even gotten Fudge to allow the family's of those who once bore Dumbledore's mark to attend.

The morning of the competition was bright and warm. Guests, students and staff were directed to their seats. There were thousands from all around the world. All the teams were suited up in their changing rooms and waiting to be led onto the field to determine who would play. Many, both audience and athletes were excited and ready for the match to start.

All the stands were filled by seven a.m., the game would start at ten after the teams were chosen. In the officials' box (much like the minister's box at the World cup), the headmasters/mistress, ministry officials from several countries, the owners of the teams that had players in the competition, and finally Luna and Harry were all there. The other boxes on either side of theirs were filled with the families of the various players, including the Diggorys and the Malfoys. Once the teams were led out in lines onto the field by the referees. Stepping up to the rail of the box, Harry cast a sonorous spell to project his voice across the pitch and over the shouts and cheers. Luna beside him, holding the bag that had the team chips.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the first match of the Hogwarts International Quidditch Competition. As you can see the teams are ready to battle for the games. I shall now draw two chips that have

the color and emblems of their teams on them. These two teams will be the ones who play today. The players of the other teams will join us here in the teams' box to watch the match." Reaching into the bag Harry pulled out the blue Ravens' chip and the brown Cannonballs' chip. "The two teams that shall face off are the Blue Ravens and the Brown Cannonballs! Players take to your brooms. The other teams join us in the stands now." Harry ended the spell. And all of them kicked off, the ones not playing flew directly to the boxes where the families were seated. The two teams swung around the pitch to the cheers of the crowd. Going to their position before the bludgers and snitch were released and the quaffle was thrown up into the air.

The chaser zoomed forward; Fleur snagged the quaffle racing for the opponent's hoops, her teammates doing their best to clear the way. She pretended to go for the right hoop but then zigged to the left throwing it through the left one, scoring.

Back and forth the quaffle went, sometimes the Ravens would have it and sometimes the Cannonballs' chaser would. It was 175 to 140, Ravens leading when suddenly Cho Chang, the Ravens' seeker shot off. Kathrine Turner, the Cannonball's seeker, not far behind. Then Andon Apostol, Raven, knocked Turner away with the bludger. Cho, seizing the opportunity, pushed her broom forward, as she began to lose her balance, she grabbed the snitch. Quickly righting herself she raised her clenched fist that held the snitch into the air. Everyone in the stands jumped to their feet cheering.

"With Cho Chang catching the snitch for 150 points & ending the game, bringing the score to 320 for her team. The Blue Ravens Win!" Harry's voice roared over the crowd.

The Ravens were given pats on the back and hugs of congratulations from friends and family at dinner that night. Cho especially seemed to beam with pleasure at her capture of the snitch. Both Madam Maxime and Flitwick were beaming at their students happily. Most of the Cannonball players were moping around at their loss.

Harry rose from his seat as everyone calmed down. "May I offer my congratulations to the Blue Raven team for their victory in today's match." More cheers rose up, Harry just grinned as he waited for relative quite. "The next match will be held on twentieth of this month. And the talent show competitions will begin in two days on the thirteenth. All of those who wish compete and have entered must be prepared to compete each day. At least four hours each night will be dedicated to the performances. Your performances will be scored on ability, actual execution of the performance, and over-all style. Like the dueling competition, the winner of each night will then compete in the finals on the nineteenth. Headmistress McGonagall, Madam Maxime of Beauxbatons, Madam Fujieda of Taki, Headmaster Roman Tsuclasky of the Russian School of magic and myself will be the judges. Also like with the dueling competition, be sure to bring your best."

After sitting Harry turned toward Luna to talk, and everyone began their meals. They will see what the students' talents are in the coming days.

## Chapters 21 – 24

### Chapter 21:

Harry leaned back in his seat with a mug of butter beer next to his office's fireplace. Luna had gone off with her father to tell her mother of their engagement. It was, apparently, a tradition to go to her grave at least once a year and inform her of what was going on so far. It sounded like a wonderful tradition. But he didn't go because it was something that Luna and her father shared privately since her mother's death.

Harry brooded briefly before rising from his chair and going to his desk. It would be several hours until Luna's return, and he still had a to-do list to complete. But most of all, he agreed to speak with Hermione. It was Luna who pushed for him to do so, but she was right in her side of the argument. Hermione had been manipulated and controlled by Dumbledore. By even Ron and Ginny to an extent.

A knock came from the door, Dobby opened the door and led Hermione inside closing the door behind her. Bowing slightly Dobby disappeared after serving tea. Hermione stood there biting her lip nervously.

"The only reason I even considered doing this is because of Luna." Harry said to her motioning her to take a seat near the fireplace where the hot tea was waiting. "I realize that Dumbledore, and even Ron and Ginny, had control over you to a certain extent. But it still hurt, and it hurt a lot."

"I understand, Harry. Thank you." Hermione whispered.

"I want to know why. And I know it wasn't just to protect me, at least not at first. What did he offer you as well for the information?"

Hermione winced. "I wasn't lying earlier. What I said about the lemon

drop. After I agreed to help him, he actually handed me a pass to the restricted section. I never asked for it, not once. He just gave it to me. It had to have been written before I got there because I don't remember him even touching a quill the entire time. I'm really, really, sorry Harry. I thought it was to protect you, and that the pass was just some sort of bonus. I honestly never told him much of anything; most of his information probably came from Ron and then Ginny when she started here."

Harry watched her with slitted eyes for a moment. "What did you tell him?"

"Only about your suspicion of Snape involving the stone. And that we had met Fluffy. But not much more than that. I'd swear on my magic." Hermione offered.

Harry sighed and rose from his seat. Looking into the flames, he said slowly. "We could never be the same friends. Not ever I don't think. And even if we do, it will take a long while."

Hermione began to cry in relief. "Thank you Harry. I can still give the oath, if you want me to."

"No. At least not for now. But if their even a hint of something like this again, I won't stop you from being thrown into Azkaban." Hermione nodded quickly at Harry's words. "There is something else I promised Luna I'd mention to you. A couple of gentlemen have shown an interest in courting you... at the same time."

Hermione eyes widened as her jaw dropped. "What?"

"They are actually brothers. That share just about everything to the best of my knowledge." Harry smiled as she somehow looked even more shocked. "You also actually know them too."

"I do?" Hermione squeaked.

"Yes, they like to play quidditch, on their house team actually. They like to have fun, but take the important things in life seriously. More seriously than they'd show to anyone but their own family if at all."

"But the only brothers that I know that have those qualities or interests are... Fred and George." Hermione finished in a whisper. "But why me?"

"You'd have to ask them. When they mentioned this to me, I told them to take things especially slow given the events of late. It's up to them, and more importantly to you. I won't force or interfere with this between you three. I may try to stop things before one or more of you are actually hurt. But it's entirely up to you otherwise."

The two spoke together for another hour talking.

Hermione seemed to walk in a daze on her way to her next class. She just couldn't get around that one much less two people were interested. Her love life was practically a constant joke in her own house. Only Harry never really made even the slightest comment. Well, that's not entirely accurate, there were a few others but not very many. Now both of the Weasley Twins wanted her, to court her. At the same time. She just couldn't get her head around it. She only really snapped out of it when she heard the professor clearing his throat. Looking around she realized that class had started and everyone was whispering back and forth staring at her.

"Are you alright Ms. Granger?" Professor Cresswell asked.

"Yes, professor I'm fine. I apologize, my mind wandered off." Hermione apologized.

"Very well, as I was saying..." Cresswell continued his lecture, but again Hermione turned in to her own thoughts, only being sure to pay to the basics of the lesson.



'What the hell! I'll give it a try when one or both approach. It's not like my love life, or lack thereof, can get much worse. Besides I'm going to knock everyone's pants off in the talent show.' She thought to herself, before finally paying real attention to the professor's lecture.

And while Hermione's name was on the list of the contestants' names, but it was the last one. Harry thought he had been seeing things when he saw it. But then McGonagall had pointed it out at breakfast the day of the competition. He just shrugged and wondered what she would do. Luna and McGonagall both seemed very pleased that Harry and Hermione had actually talked. Well, more like Harry actually talked to Hermione.

By ten in the morning most of the contestants were ready. And the guests had arrived. Instead of the dueling platform there was a large stage-like area, where practically any talent could be demonstrated. And it ended up being just about any talent. There were dancers of multiple types and numbers, illusionists, gymnasts, musicians of just about every variety, and assorted others. There were a few surprises though.

Fleur did the ballet *The Blue Bird*, Cedric showed some very advanced charms and transfiguration abilities, Cho did Chinese fan dances with a couple of other Ravenclaws, Sumire showed Japanese staff techniques, Kathrine Turner was an illusionist with incredibly detailed and varied designs, Alexander Harris did twin dagger katas, Aaliyah Barakat did belly dancing.

But the most surprising of all was Hermione's ballet dance of the classical dance *The Dying Swan*. She was alluring, elegant but simplistic, such emotion in every movement you could almost feel it. She seemed to honor the traditional dance but make it something unique, something entirely her own. She was the epitome of the swan. You could see the tale unravel before your eyes. She put Anna Pavlova, Margot Fonteyn and Uliana Lopatkina to shame.

Many of the audience, no matter who or how old, had tears in their eyes. This young girl who many considered to be bushy-haired, a teacher's pet and bookish had surprised them all. She had to be a prodigy of ballet, there was no other possible explanation for the sheer skill and heart she had in each movement. Even with her Veela heritage Fleur could not capture the same beauty as Hermione did when she danced. When she was done, she received a standing ovation from everyone. And it did not take long to decide who won.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. It is my honor to announce the winners of this talent competition." Harry bowed slightly to the room on a whole. Another pedestal and a crystal trophy appeared. "To third place with a 500 galleon purse, a pair of evening robes from Madam Malkin's Robe Shop, and a bronze medal of honor, are the Ravenclaw's Fan Dancers." The three girls moved forward to accept their medals before moving off to the right side of the dais. "In second place," Harry continued, "with a 750 galleon purse, six formal or everyday robes from Madam Malkin's, and a silver metal of honor, is Fleur Delacour of Beauxbaton's." She moved forward and accepted her medal from her headmistress before moving to the other side of the dais. "And in first place, with a perfect score, the receiver of this trophy, a 1000 galleon purse, a full wardrobe from Madam Malkin's, and a golden medal of honor, is Hermione Granger of Gryffindor House of Hogwarts."

There was once more cheers and a standing ovation as she moved forward. Luna hugged and kissed her cheeks as she placed the medal around Hermione's neck. Harry etched her name into the trophy, like he had with Cedric's. Hermione moved to stand in front of Harry and the room silenced.

"Hermione Granger, you have surprised us all greatly. And have shown a level of talent that few could ever master. We did not give a perfect score lightly. As with Cedric Diggory's Dueling Championship, your name shall be forever engraved upon this trophy. And with this

trophy comes the honor and respect that the winner of this contest's championship deserves. You have done Hogwarts and your house a great honor. Both in your actual performance and for revealing something that so obviously is precious gift. Few would have expected such a thing. You shall be the guest of honor at the next quidditch match. We are proud of you, I am proud of you for this gift you have shown us today." Harry spoke loudly and deservedly emotional. Hermione began to cry as Harry handed her the trophy. Gathering herself she turned and raised the trophy into the air, as Cedric had done. Cheers and cry's of happiness filled the hall. The Ravenclaw girls and Fleur all congratulated Hermione with hugs and kisses on the cheeks as Luna had done.

"You have don' wel' Hermione." Fleur congratulated. "You hav' done far better then I could hav' done."

"Thank you Fleur. It is an honor to hear that from a fellow dancer." Hermione smiled at her, before leaning over to all of the girls, "May I ask for your help?"

"Of course, Hermione." Cho said with the other girls nodding.

"Even with Harry I don't understand much of quidditch. Or what would be proper behavior with being an honor guest. Could you teach me?" Hermione asked timidly.

"Yes, maybe we can have a sleep over in Ravenclaw or something." One of the other girls mentioned and again the other girls nodded. "We could ask Harry or McGonagall after dinner tonight. We get to eat at the head table after all."

Any further conversation was stopped by the large group of photographers. All of them quickly smiled and posed. Bulb after bulb flashed over and over again. They were finally stopped by McGonagall who shooed them away, and led the girls to their seats at the head table.

They actually asked McGonagall, mentioned they wanted to help Hermione with feminine etiquette lessons to prepare her for being the guest of honor at the match. And just have some girl-time fun with the sleepover. McGonagall agreed with a smile as long they had a smaller gathering tonight and the second one when it was closer to the match and Cho or one of the other Ravenclaw girls let Flitwick or herself know in advance.

The girls practically squealed happily and excitedly, quickly deciding that they could have small meeting after classes a couple of times before the actual sleepover on the 18th. Leaving the 19th to catch up on any sleep they may need or had missed, and since the match was on the 20th it would work perfectly. Now she needed an escort(s) for the event. And she knew just who she wanted to help her. But how to get them, she wanted to play a little prank on them at the same time.

## Chapter 22:

Hermione was having a blast. Ever since the competition, people were treating her with more respect, and she was gaining actual friends. Not people like Ron and Ginny. Sure some were kind of like that, but now she had an idea of what to avoid. Cho, Fleur, the Patil twins and a couple of other girls, even Luna, were actually like real girl friends. They helped her learn how to tame her hair, made her front teeth the proper size, she learned cosmetic charms, etiquette both regular and wizarding. In short, she was learning new things, she had new friends that didn't seem to have hidden agendas and she was on her way to redeeming herself with Harry.

The sleepover in Ravenclaw house was a smashing success. Girls from the other schools had often approached them to join in. It ended up being one of the most fun events Hermione's life. Everyone, even in the muggle world, thought she had been too much of a bookworm or a teacher's pet to be much fun. But now, she was having a blast.

The day of the auction, the great hall was like a maze. Walls had been raised to place as many of the pieces as possible out on display. Sculptures were placed in open spaces, on stands if they were too large. Each piece had a tag with the name of the artist, the name of the school, the name or title of the piece and the entrant number that they could use for when they bid.

When someone wanted to place a silent bid they wrote their information (name, address, Gringott's account number) and then the number of the piece, and dropped into one of the large black boxes that were stationed around the room.

After the judges walked through, conferred to the score sheets and then to the scrolls that had listings of the private bids, they took their seats behind the table on the dais. An older gentleman in a finely tailored black suit stepped up to the podium.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you would all take your seats, the bidding is about to begin." His voice carried around the hall magically. People settled in for the wait that they would have until they could bid on their chosen pieces.

Over the next four hours, people bid left and right. Sometimes it went to thousands of galleons for a single piece. The students who were there seemed to bounce with excitement as their own piece was brought forward. Once the final piece was bid on, the judges once again consulted with the score sheets and bidding scrolls. Harry rose from his seat with the scroll in his hand.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my honor to announce the winners of the student art auction. In third place with a bid of 2,400 galleons, to receive the bronze medal of honor and a 50 piece collection of assorted art supplies is Samantha Cathoria of Beauxbatons." The girl came forward accepting her medal before standing off to right of the dais.

"In second place with a bid of 3,000 galleons, to receive the silver medal of honor, a 100 piece collection of art supplies is Seki Toshinabe of Taki." A young Asian boy moved forward accepting his medal and bowed to the judges before moving to stand next to Samantha.

"And in first place with a 3,750 galleon bid, to receive the gold medal of honor, a 150 piece collection of art supplies is Cordelia Chase of the Australian Academy."

After a round of pictures of the three medalists, people chatted as the painting and artwork were placed into protective coverings and boxes, giving them to those who were the winners of the bids.

Hermione was chatting some of the girls as they were leaving the library when the twins approached.

"Hermione..."

"... could we..."

"... talk to you?"

"Sure." Hermione nodded and waved to the other girls that were giggling but leaving them some space. She turned back to the twins.  
"What is it?"

"Would you..."

"... like to go..."

"... out with us..."

"... sometime?"

"Both of you?" Hermione raised an eyebrow as they seemed to

squirm.

"Yes." They said in unison softly.

She pretend to consider it making the twins squirm a little while longer, before she shrugged. "Ok."

Much like the first match, the day of the second match dawned bright and clear. Everyone was in their seats and waiting for the game to begin. Hermione and the twins were having a blast. Once the teams were led out in lines onto the field by the referees. Stepping up to the rail of the box, Harry cast sonorous spell to project his voice across the pitch again. Luna, beside him once more, was holding the bag that had the team chips.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the second match of the Hogwarts International Quidditch Competition. As you can see, the teams are ready to battle for the games. I shall now draw two chips that have the color and emblems of their teams on them. These two teams will be the ones who play today. The players of the other teams will join us here in the teams' box to watch the match." Reaching into the bag Harry pulled out the red phoenix chip and the green serpents chip. "The two teams that shall face off are the Red Phoenixes and the Green Serpents! Players take to your brooms. The other teams join us in the stands now."

And all of them kicked off, the ones not playing flew directly to the boxes where the families were seated. The two teams swung around the pitch to the cheers of the crowd. Going to their position before the bludgers, snitch were released and the quaffle was thrown up into the air

Kenshin Himura (Phoenix) knocked into Gabrielle Senaria (Serpent) to grab the quaffle, but Zhang Xi Ming (another Serpent) grabbed it instead. The two teams fought tooth and nail over the quaffle and getting it through the hoops. It ended up very much like the previous

game, but little more vicious. The score was 290 to 260, in favor of the Phoenixes. Tenchi Misaki (Phoenix) took off toward one of the stands, Draco Malfoy (Serpent) not far behind. Both went into a Wronski Feint, but Tenchi's broom banged into the side of one of the stands knocking him off and slamming into the ground. Draco held his course, and just before pulling out he grabbed the snitch with his right hand.

"Draco Malfoy of the Green Serpents has caught the snitch. With 440 points to 260, the Green Serpents Win!" Harry's voice roared over the crowds cheers. The Serpents with Draco holding the snitch in the lead, made a lap around the pitch.

Draco and the other students from his team were strutting around, but they weren't like Slytherin's in the past. Very little taunting and the like. It was just strutting. They were a little smug but polite. Which, to many, was a welcome change from the past.

In Harry and Luna's apartments, the Weasley clan were vastly become fixtures in the library. Even the twins. With some prodding from Luna and the twins, he allowed Hermione to go to the library. Her face was a mixture of awe, shock, and surprise. She actually fainted. It was rather funny really. Once she was back to normal, or as normal as she could get, she shot off to the bookcases. Leaving the twins to watch over her, Harry went to the transport door and set it for the Chamber of Secret's. Going through he appeared in the main chamber.

"Seleth!" Harry called out.

The mouth of Salazar's statue opened and the great basilisk came out. "Master! You have returned."

"I said I would didn't I? I am sorry it took so long but it was necessary. There is much to tell you." Harry hissed back, patting her head. "I have found my mate!"



"Master has a mate now?" Seleth seemed shocked.

"Yes, she is my lady love. Her name is Luna. Her father's name is Laetius." Harry smiled dreamily. Seleth seemed to laugh. "What?"

"She must be good mate for you to have such a look."

Harry blushed bright red. "The old man is gone. He was triad by our laws and found guilty. He is serving his fate now. I have spoken with the creatures of the forest. And an agreement has been reached. You cannot leaving this place without me, nor can you hunt the creatures unless they are truly a threat to the school. I also am considering moving you to one of my other homes where you might be able to roam freely."

"I admit I have done wrongs. I understand this decision. I wish to be moved, but only for a month or so at a time. I swore to help protect the school to Master Salazar." Seleth bowed her head.

"I will make the arrangements then. Be patient for me." Harry patted her head when she nodded. Moving back through the door and into his office, he looked to his schedule. 'I think I'll stop by the Dursleys. I haven't gotten those papers back yet.'

Harry teleported to his bedroom at the townhouse, surprising one of the maids. "Sorry about that." Harry apologized smiling softly.

"No, I should be the one apologizing, my lord." The young woman curtsied. "How may I be of assistance?"

"Tell the driver to have the Rolls ready outside. We are going to Number 4 Privet Drive in Surrey." The girl curtsied once more before rushing out of the room. Harry went into his huge walk-in closet. Quickly changing into yet another black, tailored Armani suit and shoes, he went back through his rooms and through the house. The

butler was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs near the front door.

"Good day, my lord. Lee Ann told us you had arrived and wanted the Rolls. It is out front, all prepared. The driver already has the address and knows the way." He bowed guiding Harry to the Rolls.

"Thank you for the promptness." Harry nodded him before entering. Sitting calmly he watched scenery passed. When the Rolls turned onto Privet Drive it gained a great deal of attention from the neighbors. Many gathered when it stopped in front of Number 4, the Dursleys. The driver hopped out and around the car, opening the door for his passenger.

"Number 4 Privet Drive, my lord!" The driver bowed as his passenger stepped out. Shock went through the onlookers as they recognized the 'criminal delinquent' nephew of the Dursley's standing in an Armani suit, obviously hand tailored to him. And what surprised them more was how the driver addressed him, Harry Potter a lord! Disbelief went through the crowd. Mrs. Figg separated from the crowd, went to Potter and bowed.

"It is good to see you again Lord Potter. Are you here to visit your relatives?"

"And you Mrs. Figg. Yes, I am here to see them, though for business reasons I assure you. I would not be here otherwise. If you will excuse me." Harry nodded to her before going to the door and knocking. Petunia answered with a smile; that is until she saw her nephew standing there.

"YOU!" she screeched and many observing winced at her voice.

"Good day to you as well, Aunt Petunia. Now if you are done making a spectacle of yourself, I have business to discuss with you." Harry's voice seemed tired and bored. Petunia seemed to be taken aback

before looking out onto the street. Blushing darkly, she let him enter before closing the door.

"What are you doing here, boy?" she hissed at him. "And what did you steal to get this suit?"

Harry's face went from bored to annoyed to angry. "You may only address me by my titles, Ms Dursley!"

"Titles? Ha! What title? Thief? Delinquent?" she laughed rather disgustingly.

"I am Lord Harry James Potter! Lord of the noble clans: Potter, Dumbledore, Gentry, Slytherin, Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, Tenraoe, Caer Azkaban, Rothwood, Warriën, Sakrith, Brentworth, Evans, Kerriworth, Antonini, Donovan, Moria. The royal houses of: Emerys, Merlin, Le Fay, Pendragon, Romanov, Gondor, Rohan, Imaldaris, Lothlorien, Mirkwood, and Ithilien. Heir of the great houses of: Black, Lupin, Pettigrew, and McGonagall." Harry's voice boomed. "Now shut up and sit down. We will wait for Vernon and Dudley before we begin."

As name after name was listed, Petunia got paler to the point where she could have been a ghost. She sat down on the couch in shock and said nothing. She just stared. Harry sighed and took a seat in the armchair. Within fifteen minutes, Vernon and Dudley came banging into the house.

"Dear why is there a...? YOU!" Vernon boomed. Looking at Petunia briefly he moved toward Harry as if to grab him, but Harry had his wand out and pointed straight at him before he completed the first step. Vernon began to turn purple. "You can't use magic away from school."

"Actually as I've come into my full inheritance and am now head of my clans, I can use magic whenever and wherever I wish!" Harry

smirked at the look on Vernon and Dudley's faces. "Now have a seat. We are going to have a little chat. I sent you some papers, they have not been signed. You will sign them now." Harry summoned the papers, which came zooming around the house to them. He placed them and a pen on the table in front of them. "Before you say something stupid. Again. If you sign them it means I will be out of your lives forever. Unless of course they're should be anymore magical children. If there are, I'll be more then willing to take them off of your hands."

Vernon's eyes narrowed. "Not only will you leave but you'll take in any magical children that we or Dudley may have. We won't have to deal with more freakiness?"

Harry nodded, "If all of you sign all of the papers, here and now."

The three (Petunia, Vernon, and Dudley) looked to each other before they each signed the forms of the dotted lines next to each of they're neatly printed names. Once that was done, Vernon shoved the papers and pen back at Harry who folded them and placed them in his coat pocket. Taking out a card he handed it to Vernon.

"This is my contact card. If you need to reach me, leave a message and I will respond accordingly." Vernon nodded sharply at his words before ushering him to the door. "Oh, one other thing. Be careful at work. I've meet someone, a magical person, who has controlling interest in the company. Not a very friendly wizard. So be very careful."

Vernon eyes bulged outward, "A wizard has controlling interest in Grunnings?"

"Yes, a fellow lord. As you have just helped me, I thought it only polite to warn you." Harry opened the door and stepped out. "Good day, Mr. Dursley. May I never see any of you again in my life." Harry went down the sidewalk and gracefully sat in the Rolls Royce. "Good day,

Mrs. Figg. I will send you a ticket to the tournament if wish."

The older lady nodded. "That would wonderful, Lord Potter. I tried getting a ticket when they were available, but I was too late."

"I'll send it along, just floo to McGonagall's office on the 30th, around 9am." When she nodded in agreement, Harry tapped on the glass. The driver started the Rolls and drove away.

## Chapter 23:

Madam Pomfrey asked for Luna's assistance for the next several days after Harry's visit with the Dursley's. To make up for the amount of time they had to spend apart, they spent the evening meals either in private or in as small a group as possible. During the days while Luna was gone, Harry did several things. Creating orbs that could be placed in the various ministries instead of him having to go to each of them one by one, as that would take too much time.

He made sure to send the tickets and invitation to Mrs. Figg, and warn McGonagall of her impending arrival. He went to McGonagall about offering extracurricular classes. Like foreign languages, art (various types), music (also various types), dance (various types), horseback riding and possibly even different types of physical fitness or combat. She was both surprised (don't know why) and pleased.

They tentatively agreed to make arrangements to begin the various programs next year, since there were so many competitions or dances already planned for this year. Plus McGonagall also agreed to speak with the other teachers or staff that wanted to potentially take anyone as apprentices. Also, the idea of summer school programs for muggle-borns was well received, and would be submitted to the other staff at the next staff meeting.

Plus McGonagall agreed that an internal competition of students and pro's in each of the positions of a quidditch team would probably just

be fun for everyone. Plus it could be a smaller turn out, mainly only one or two photographers and officials. She'd handle letting the outside guests know of the dates of the mini-contests, that it's just for fun. No big prizes or anything. More of a challenge.

Harry would handle finding the right teachers, as he just seemed to have both a drive and a knack for picking the right people. After getting the list of those that wished to stay (with the forms and essay's) from McGonagall. Speaking with the various former Headmaster/mistresses paintings about anything and everything, including Dumbledore, Harry went to his private office, taking out his schedule book he began to write,

Ragnook,

I would like to have you look into and start a few more things for me. There are several things that caught my interest or curiosity. I would like you to hire a group (human or otherwise) to research ways that muggle technology and magic can be used together, anything and everything that you can think of. This includes weapons, things called guns and ships, air, sea or otherwise. Also other types of magically enhanced weapons; daggers, swords, etc.

After gaining permission from Fudge and the Wizengamot, I want anyone with real military experience (muggle or magical or even both) to form a regiment that will defend and protect people, muggle or magical. Members of the regiment will be officially sworn in with binding oaths. They will have uniforms, and ranks will depend on previous experience and their military record. I also want them outfitted with these guns or weapons that they will carry. Send all pertinent files here to me; be sure that it is brought directly by a goblin. I don't want any thing or anyone to try and interfere.

Also, look into possibly creating parallel regiments in other races as well. Their duties will depend on where they are stationed, and they must be willing to fulfill their duties and orders no matter what

race they either work with or protect. They have to take orders from other commanders and help protect people no matter the race. Everyone in such groups will be granted a type of immunity to being charged criminally, unless it from an internally formed military tribunal. There will be codes of conduct and justices that everyone must adhere to. Both the ministry and the muggle government have agreed to fund the groups. Funds can be transferred to a vault for the purpose when needed.

Also I will handle the muggle side of the government for these matters. I already have approval for much of it. I will draft and sign a letter to any retired regiments or groups that may be shown to them if needed. If there are still any problems then please arrange for a time that I can meet with them.

I also want to start a group to research potential cures to various illnesses or diseases. This is where the combination of muggle and magical, both technology and personnel, comes into play. And they must be absolutely willing to work with one another. They will most likely either be working at one of my properties or here at the school. And they must have discretion and as an impeccable credentials as possible. I'll take care of Fudge and the Ministry myself. Find the best in their various fields that could assist with this. And arrange to pay salaries and any other necessary cost from my vaults. If outside funding could be found then contact me immediately about any and all aspects of it.

I also want you to get me permission to search through any ancient sites in as many countries as possible. Both the government's and Gringott's can have a percentage of the finds (for the medical research as well – if the goblin people would be willing to invest), though I'll need to clear them first. I don't want to hand over anything that may be too dangerous, and could harm anyone.

And I've created orbs that can do the automatic scan and removal of dark marks. If the individual willing took the mark in any way then

they will automatically be transported to Azkaban. The Council and guards of Azkaban have already agreed to handle that part until I could go and do deeper scans and checks on whoever it may be. There is a little caveat to this; the orbs will need to be replaced once every eighteen months. The orb must be placed in an area of mass transit, and will first activate on the designated day that I was meant to be there. I'm sending the first two hundred orbs, with manuals, by phoenix. It should arrive shortly after you read this message. If you would pass these on to the necessary ministries for me please. I've also included a much more detailed manual incase they have any questions. It does not give the specific spells used to create and power the orbs but it does cover any potential problems. The orbs will also be able to prevent anyone from finding a way to make their own version or duplicates of them.

Lord Harry James Potter.

Harry's note was received by Ragnook and the council with shock. It was bold but subtle, revolutionary but challenging, in more ways than one. The fact that he was so detailed, while not entirely surprising was still meet with a little shock. Also the potential profit for the goblin race as a whole was very appealing in and of itself. While the idea of combining muggle technology with magic was not entirely new, the particular ideas and suggestions he submitted were. The fact that he was willing to fund the medical research himself, even if only at first, was rather progressive. Most would want to have outside investors while only taking some profits for themselves, and while the money gained was good, the goblins disliked such people, they tended to stab people (human or otherwise) in the back.

Immediately gathering not only the council but other goblin leaders or nobility (their version of the Wizenmagot), Ragnook made the presentation of Harry's ideas (both past and present). To say that the others were shocked and surprised would have been an understatement. After the presentation and the shock wore off, they immediately started debates before taking a vote. (The results of



which will appear later in the chapter). The phoenix Harry had sent also appeared and dropped off the package it carried before disappearing again. The appropriate arrangements were made and completed to drop the orbs off.

On the 30th the stands were once again filled to capacity. Once the teams were lead out in lines onto the field by the referees. Stepping up to the rail of the box, Harry cast sonorous spell to project his voice across the pitch again. Luna beside him once more; holding the bag that had the team chips.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the third match of the Hogwarts International Quidditch Competition. As you can see the teams are ready to battle for the games. I shall now draw two chips that have to color and emblems of their teams on them. These two teams will be the ones who play today. The players of the other teams will join us here in the teams' box to watch the match." Reaching into the bag Harry pulled out the purple crown chip and the Orange Snidget's chip. "The two teams that shall face off are the Purple Crown's and the Orange Snidget's! Players take to your brooms. The other teams join us in the stands now."

And all of them kicked off, the ones not playing flew directly to the boxes where the families were seated. The two teams swung around the pitch to the cheers of the crowd. Going to their position before the bludgers, snitch were released and the quaffle was thrown up into the air.

Unlike the previous two games, this one was longer in length of time. That, and the scores were lower then the other games too. The teams weren't lazy, but they also weren't overly fast. The quaffle just went back and forth, occasionally a goal was made. The seekers, while they appeared to see the snitch a couple of times, never got it, yet.

Harry, being the skilled seeker he was, was able to see the snitches

movements easily. Then again he wasn't actually playing in the game. He missed competing with his former teammates, but he had gained so much. He could still fly, he could still train, and that helped greatly. He was practically itching to yell where the snitch was, because the two seekers almost seemed blind. Both Cedric Diggory and Viktor Krum (Purple Crowns), when the team couldn't decide which to pick for seeker, were both placed as chasers. And it seemed that Samantha Cathria was better suited to be a chaser than the seeker she had been made for the team. And Jeffery Bethlam was just plain dense, there was no way around that fact, though Cedric and Viktor did do an okay job as chasers, scoring plenty of points.

After another fifteen minutes, they both finally caught sight of the snitch. Miracle of miracles. Racing around the pitch, they chased it for a while before Bethlam finally caught it.

"With 300 points to 120, the Orange Snidgets Win!"

At dinner that evening, both Cedric and Viktor's parents did not look pleased, though they also didn't look very angry either, just disappointed. The rest of the Purple Crowns team didn't seem to like the taste of defeat either, then again, who did. After giving congratulations to the Snidgets, everyone got into their dinners. Soon after they finished, Harry offered to take Luna for a nice walk. Offering his arm, which she accepted, they walked from the great hall. Several girls (and a couple boys) once again sighed enviously.

The two walked around for a little while before heading to their apartments. Just companionable silence between them, as no words were necessary. After entering the apartments, they went to the study and sat on the couch in front of the fireplace, cuddling.

After the meals were concluded, Harry rose up as McGonagall called for everyone's attention. Students and staff turned to look at him.

"I have a bit of a treat for everyone. We will be holding private

contests for the best chasers, seekers, and keepers. In two separate sets, one for students and the other for the pros. Now when I say private, I mean that it will be for all of you alone. Sort of like a regular house quidditch matches, but only for each position individually. There won't be any big prizes, a medal for each of the top three finishers yes, but no big shopping sprees. This is merely for fun and enjoyment," Harry explained, and chattering began to fill the hall a little. "Now part of the treat is that with these little contests you get the 4th through the 10th off. No classes whatsoever!"

Cheers filled the halls, as the students practically bounced around excitedly. Harry grinned, "BUT!" the cheers faded as he shouted. "But, all of you have to attend to the contests to get the days off, even if you're not competing. And remember that the fourth match of the great quidditch competition is on the 11th. So let's take a vote, the majority will win."

McGonagall stood. "All in favor?" Everyone, even a few teachers, raised their hands. "And opposed." No hands rose. "Majority vote to the competitions." She smiled at the renewed cheers and nodded to Harry.

"Okay, here are the days of the competitions. And all students from any school are welcome to enter. On the 4th & 5th, students will compete for the top chasers. On the 6th, pro-keepers compete. On the 7th, student seekers. The 8th will be for pro-seekers, the 9th is for student keepers and the 10th for pro-chasers. The reason there is only one day for pro chasers is because only chasers from the teams who were in the raffle are allowed to compete, especially at such short notice. I'm sure the pros present here can understand this." Many of them nodded in agreement. "Now the sign up sheets, one for pro and one for students, will be in the entrance hall. They are spelled to only allow someone to sign their own name, so no one is caught unaware. If you wish to compete, you must sign up by the end of dinner tomorrow night. Good Luck!" Harry said before completely disappearing from his spot, startling McGonagall and making Flitwick

fall off his seat.

Harry reappeared in the Gringotts main lobby. Two guards in blood red uniforms guided and guarded him until he reached the council room. When he entered, he saw that the hall was filled with goblins. They appeared to be high ranking, too, judging by their clothes. Silence filled the council room as Harry made his way to his seat, bowing before sitting.

"We are honored to speak with you, Lord Potter," Gerinoz said as he bowed. Harry bowed his head in return before Gerinoz continued. "We owe a great debt to you. Not only for the profits you have brought to us, but also for the assistance you have not only brought to several of our prized clients, but to us as well. You have led many to open relations with us, benefiting us all a number of times over."

"I was only doing what I knew to be right. What was the honorable thing to do," Harry replied, his face showing no emotion but his eyes were shining with a hidden power.

"That is exactly our point. You act with honor towards everyone, no matter who or what they are," Ragnook pointed out, with other goblins muttering in agreement. "And the ideas that you had written to us about are very revolutionary. The goblin race as a whole is willing to fund your plans. We have already begun recruitment, built or refurbished the facilities, and got all of the equipment needed. Also we have approached the various governments, including here, about allowing you freedom of movement for whatever you need to do, including ancient sites. Would you be willing to share more detailed information of your plans?"

"Well, I do have a list of at least the basics," Harry said as he flicked his wand and copies appeared before each goblin in the room. "As you can tell, there are a few areas that could use some work, though most things are covered. Most of the medical areas are cancers, diseases, potential cures for poisons, and mental disorders."

Mutters went around the room as the goblins read what he had written. A couple seemed shocked at the list of areas to research.

## Military Groups

Can be muggle, magical or squib, but must have real military experience

There may be multiple regiments around the world but they will answer to a specific structure of superiors.

The regiment will protect both muggle and magical people

The members will be placed in key positions around various high traffic locations

Members of the regiments must swear binding oaths upon acceptance

There will be uniforms and ranks

Ranks will depend on several key factors – such as previous experience and military record

They will be outfitted with both muggle and magical means to fight with (possibly a combination of them)

Harry will review all pertinent files of prospective personnel

Duties of the personnel will depend on the following factors: where they are stationed, what their area of expertise is, their willingness to follow orders, and willingness to help protect people, no matter the race or species

Both ministry and muggle governments must be aware their

regiments' existence, and have appropriate authority and/or security clearance

Everyone serving in such groups will have a type of immunity to civilian laws, but will be held accountable to a uniformed code of justice. And could face a military tribunal in cases of potential wrongdoings

## Research Groups

### Technological Group:

This group will combine muggle technology with magic

Specialists in both muggle and magical fields must be willing to work together and combine their knowledge of their fields

Only the best in their fields or highly recommended will be receiving offers

This can include anything from simple washers, dryers all the way to medical applications and military weapons for the use of the regiments

Some of the potential military or weapons applications are: combine both muggle and magical databases of personnel, criminals, and forensics; types of explosives; combining guns/bullets with spells; grenades; ships (sea and air – possibly even space); tanks?; actually enchanting various hand-to-hand weapons such as knives, swords, daggers, etc.

### Medical Group:

With combining muggle medical technology with actual magical

spells and potions, it will greatly increase the ability to combat cancers, diseases, poisons, etc.

Main areas of research are potential cures for cancers and diseases.

Specialists in both muggle and magical fields must be willing to work together and combine their knowledge of their fields

Only the best in their fields or highly recommended will be receiving offers

Also facilities and personnel may be needed to mass produce any potential cures or treatments

Possible areas of specific research:

- cures for werewolves, or more ways to help them gain better control in wolf form

- giving vampires the ability to go out in sunlight?

- ways for merpeople to be able to speak above water (it normal sounds like nails on a chalk board)

- better treatments for the effects of a dementor

- making potions tastier without affecting their intended healing ability

- more ways to treat petrification

- possible ways to block veela charms or powers

- more types of blood or nutrient potions

- more ways to treat bites from various magical creatures

-better and quicker ways to heal broken bones

-creating more or new antidotes to poisons

-treatments for those who suffer from disorders:

(email me if you want to see the list)

## Chapter 24:

The conversations between Harry and the goblins continued for several hours before Ragnook, Gerinoz, several goblin guards and Harry went to the medical research facility. It was like something from Star Trek or Babylon 5. The surfaces of the counters, floors and tables gleamed. State-of-the-art equipment and labs were set up.

"Perfect." Harry muttered before turning to Ragnook. "If there are any difficulties with requirements or candidates then let me know. I would still like to see copies of their files and resumes."

Ragnook nodded. "Of course, Lord Potter. The first regiment will be ready for review tomorrow as well. We can take you to the compound when you come to Gringotts tomorrow morning. That should give you plenty of time to scan and clear the first African country group afterward."

"Excellent. Thank you Ragnook."

The next morning, Harry rose slightly earlier than normal. After checking on Luna, who was still sleeping, he made his way to the great hall for breakfast. The hall was virtually empty. Once he finished his meal, he teleported out. He was in Gringotts not a moment later. Ragnook and Liaison Cresswell were already waiting for him.

"We have a vehicle waiting outside the Leaky Cauldron to take us to



the compound," Ragnook said before tapping on his watch. He seemed to shimmer for a moment. "This will ensure no muggles can see me as anything other than a small stature human, he explained at the looks he had received.

Both men merely nodded before they made the trek down the alley to the stone archway. Harry received many waves and greetings from store owners, employees and shoppers. As they were going through the Cauldron, Harry again was met with greetings. Once in the car, they sat in silence for about fifteen minutes until they arrived at a fenced-off area. The fencing was actually wrought iron, not the cheaper kind fencing that most muggles use nowadays. It also looked more like a college campus than a military installation, at least by design. People in various types of uniforms milled around going about their day-to-day business.

The first building you saw directly in front of you was the Administration building, where the majority of the offices were located. On either side, in the corners of the compound, were fountains and small sitting areas with tables. To the left, were two large brick buildings that were the officers' quarters. To the right, was an even bigger building that held the enlisted barracks. After a tour of each of these buildings, they moved to the middle of the compound. A gigantic fountain took up the center area, with the medical facilities building directly behind it. To the left of that was an L-shaped building that housed the testing and training facilities. To the right was a building for engineers; vehicles are maintained and stored in a garage that was a part of the building itself. Now, directly behind the medical building, was a weapons facility where weapons of all kinds were stored and heavily guarded.

Overall, Harry was very impressed with how things were. After meeting many of the officers, Harry teleported away.

Luna, again, ended up waking Harry and giving him a pepper-up potion. She just smiled and giggled a moment before commenting,

"Is this going to be a regular occurrence?"

Harry sighed, "Quite possibly, virtually every ministry on the planet has asked and they actually paid for me to do it. I have an obligation when I originally agreed to the guidelines." Luna nodded in understanding. "I put copies of some memories in the pensieve for you to look at. It will probably explain everything better than I ever could." The two both got the cloaks and headed for the great hall for breakfast. It was filled with hyper kids, even hyper adults. After everyone appeared to have their fill, Harry rose from his seat and the hall instantly silenced.

"Now I'm sure all of you want to get out to the days competitions..." Harry paused grinning as he waited for the cheers to subside. "So I'm going to explain the point system now so we can get right to it once we are all settled in our seats. Now each player has been given a number with a corresponding jersey, this is obviously so as not to confuse any two student players. The point system is as follows: you will be scored on how well you fly, the level of over all difficulty in all moves – including, in the chasers case getting the quaffle from your opponents, and the number of scores or goals they make. For the keepers it will be the number of blocks. For the seekers it's the number of snitch's they capture. And finally for the beaters, it's the number of hits with the most accuracy."

"Now each individual component of the point systems can earn up to fifty points, ten per judge. With a final score of up to one hundred and fifty points. Today and tomorrow are for student chasers only. When each player in the group touches the quaffle, it will create a temporary link to the score board to help keep track of who really scores a goal, to lower the potential for any mistakes or arguments. The basic rules from the official quidditch league books will be used and you can be fouled or completely pulled out the game and/or the competition for any infractions or rule breaking. The judges will have a visual recorder in case they wish to see a play over again or if they notice rule breaking the player(s) will be properly penalized. There

will be bludgers to avoid as you would have to in a traditional game. Each round will last fifteen minutes. The one with the most points from each round will then face off in the semi-finals later on today. The same will happen tomorrow but their will also be the finals that afternoon/night. The judges are Madam Hooch, Madam Maxime, Headmistress McGonagall, Madam Fujieda and myself. Professor Grant has agreed to be the referee, as Madam Hooch is one of the judges. Now let's head out and enjoy!"

There was a slightly organized mass exodus from the great hall and then the castle. The players separated from the rest of the large body of people as they headed up to their seats and headed for the short (closer to the ground) seats that have been created in a single row around the edge of the field itself. Once everyone appeared to be settled Harry magnified his voice.

"Numbers one through seven, touch the quaffle Professor Grant holds, and then mount your brooms. The game begins at the sound of the bell."

Each of the named players did as order, touching the quaffle before mounting their brooms. At the sound of the loud bell, Professor Grant through up the quaffle. Some of the players literally collided trying to get the quaffle, though it didn't look like it was much on purpose.

For hours everyone watched as the chasers went back and forth in each round. House-elves served food and drinks to guests. And every few hours their were breaks so people could stretch their legs and use the facilities, players who were already down with their rounds but did not make the semi-finals, were able to shower and get to the stands. It actually wasn't boring anyone from the looks of it. Harry had literally almost made the stands into a full stadium. The giant score board could actually show images and zoom in when needed. Mind you, overall it still looked almost the same, just bigger on the inside with the help of magic. And that includes bathrooms and changing rooms.

Eventually, just before dinner, they finished up the final rounds of the day and announced the results. Again there was a somewhat organized mass exodus back into the great hall for dinner. It was a lively affair, students and staff were talking back and forth over the day's results.

Most of the next days were the same but this time the finals were to be held. The spectators, students/staff or guests alike, seemed to never lose their enthusiasm. And when the semi-finals were complete they were ready to go one to the finals.

"This is part of the chasers events you have been waiting for. The finals!" Harry's voice boomed across the pitch, and the crowd roared with cheers. "Our finalists are: From Hogwarts: Kenneth Towler and Roger Davies, and Angelica Johnson. From Beauxbatons: Benjamin Chantal and Gabrielle Senaria. From Russian Institute: Talia Stratova. From Taki Academy: Asaki Yumemishi." As each name was said the players flew around the pitch to the crowd's cheers. "You know the rules players. Let the game begin!"

## Chapters 25 - 30

### Chapter 25:

The competitors were almost constantly blurs with how fast they were going. They kept going for the quaffle, taking it from opponents, and having it taken from them by others. Occasionally there was a goal scored but this was like a barely controlled, rule following free-for-all. Two players were knocked out the competition because of the bludgers that were going around. And by the time the bell rang the judges had agreed on the top three players by opinion, but now they had to add the points and deductions.

"The medal award ceremony will take place in the great hall before dinner. All finalist competitors are expected to be cleaned and in school uniform for the awards ceremony." Harry's voice boomed across the pitch. Students, staff and guest rose from their seats stretching slightly as they all began to head into the entrance hall and then the great hall. The finalists all went to their respective changing rooms to clean up and get changed.

Once the players were all gathered and the final scores tabulated, they were led into the great hall by Madam Bones. Lining up in single file in front of the head table, some of the players were very serious looking while others looked nervous. As Harry stood the hall silenced...

"It has been a grueling two days for all of our competitors in the chasers field of quidditch. And the few truly gifted and talented are standing before us now. Are you all ready to hear the results of their trials?" Cheers and shouts filled the hall, Harry merely smiled and waited until they calmed down. "I must say even with the vast number of students we have here from all of these fine institutions, I was surprised and pleased by the number of participants. And I would like to applaud them for competing these last two days." More cheers and applause filled the hall for a few moments, before silence

came once again.

"In third place with a bronze medal with a prize of 100 galleons and a Nimbus 2000, is Asaki Yumemishi of Taki Academy." A young asain girl with purple highlights stepped forward bowing while the medal was placed around her neck, and then stepped back into her place in the line. "In second place with a prize of a silver medal, 250 galleons, and a Nimbus 2001, is Talia Stratroval of the Russian Institute." A tall short haired blond girl did the same as Asaki had. "And in first place with a gold medal, a small plaque trophy for his school, 500 galleons, and a Nimbus Chaser broom, is Benjamin Chantal of Beauxbaton's Academy." The young man looked really shocked as the cheers of his school mates sounded through out the great hall. Finally one of the others in the line nudged him. Bowing and accepting the medal from his headmistress, he turned to Harry to accept the plaque.

"For the time given to prepare, all of you have done exceptionally well. Winning this also means that you are among the best these schools have to offer. Be proud of your accomplishments today." Harry said as he nodded to the young Beauxbaton's student. The young man grinned back, and as the previous winners before him, turned to the crowd and raised the plaque into the air.

The next day everyone gathered in the great hall during breakfast. It was the pro keepers turn to duke it out on the quidditch field to see who was best among them. Once Harry saw that everyone appeared to be done eating he rose from his seat. The noise in the great hall silenced as they turned to him eagerly.

"Now I'm sure everyone's ready to hit the pitch..." He grinned at the cheers and shouts. "I'll be as quick as possible. Today the pro's will fly to see who is the best keeper. The rules are thus, the players will be graded on several things: accuracy of blocks and passing of the quaffle to chasers, the ability and skill of the keepers themselves, and the overall style of each players abilities. The quaffle's that are being used are spelled to continually attempt to score through the

whops. To help test and gauge the abilities of block and passes there will be several floating hoops that move around. The goal to earn points in this part is to get the quaffle to pass through the hoops, simulating a pass to a moving chaser. The amount of points are the same as with the chasers from the last two days. The judges are also the same as previously and Professor Grant has agreed to again act as a referee. There will also be recordings in case of any fouls or challenges. Everyone understand? Right, let's head out!"

As the day wore on, the spectators were witness to the training and skill of the pros. The flying quaffles and hoops constantly zigging and zagging around left no room for error. Because of the relatively small numbers of those competing in the chasers category it only took until 4pm to complete up to the finals. And by 6pm all the finals were done.

"You all know the drill. Players clean up and everyone gather in the great hall for the awards ceremony!" Harry's voice boomed across the quidditch pitch.

With the players lined up waiting for the results of the competition, the hall was filled with noise. Soon all of the judges walked in as a group from the side door taking their places at their seats, and everyone quieted down.

Harry grinned, "I'm sure everyone wants to hear the results as quickly as possible. So here it is: in third place with the prize of a bronze medal, 100 galleons and a Nimbus 2000 is Lielit Alem of the Gimbi Giant Slayers." A young middle eastern man stepped forward accepting the medal and then stepped back to his place in the line. "In second place with a silver medal, 250 galleons, and a Nimbus 2001 is Changli Xiang of the Jade Dragons." A young asian woman with hair silky black her pulled into a high ponytail did the same as Lielit, but also bowing as was asian manners and tradition. "And finally in first place with a gold medal, a plaque for the players team, 500 galleons and a Nimbus Keeper broom is Bisera Marko of the

Vratsa Vultures!"

Fans and teammates cheered as she accepted the plaque and congratulations from many around. Both her couches and the team owners were bouncing around or crying happily excited with the win.

As people calmed down Harry called for their attention again. "I'm sure everyone wants to continue celebrations and get some dinners. But before we I would like to remind everyone that the student seeker competition is being held tomorrow. Players prepare yourselves." Harry said the last overly dramatically getting everyone to laugh loudly as the food appeared on the tables. Conversations began and the hall filled with noise. Many of the students and staff were smiling or beaming happily as they chatted. Hogwarts had truly changed, for the better. But there was a shadow that would strike.

"I need to speak with the other judges, my lady love. Would you mind?" Harry asked as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Of course not. Madam Pomfrey still needs some assistance. So I'll go help her before returning to our quarters." She smile sweetly at him. He smiled in return before kissing her forehead and releasing her. She greeted Hermione at the doors as they headed to the hospital wing together. Upon arriving at the hospital wing they were met by a gruesome sight. Headmaster Karkaroff was cursing students. Both Hermione and Luna gasped and attempted to draw there wands, but Karkaroff was much to quick for them.

"CRUCIO!" Both girls body's jolted in pain. Luna managed to keep a grip on her wand just as both Flitwick and Snape came barging in having heard screams.

"Expelliarmus!" All three yelled and Karkaroff's wand flew from his fingers and into Luna's hand.

"Petrificus Totalus!" Flitwick commanded and Karkaroff became as a



stiff board, arms and legs snapped together.

"Stupefy!" Snape yelled stunning him. Seconds later Harry and many other teachers (including Madam Pomfrey) came barging in, wands at the ready. Harry quickly ran to Luna, scanning her for injury's. He growled slightly.

Seeing Karkaroff McGonagall asked, "What in Merlin's name is going on here?"

"K-Kar-Karkaroff came b-barging in. H-he used the C-cruiciatus curse on us, but then H-Hermione and Lady Luna came. He cursed t-them t-too. T-the P-professor sto-stopped him t-though." A young girl from Beauxbatons stuttered shockingly as Madam Maxime checked her for injuries.

A young Salem witch added, "He had the dark mark! I saw before he cursed me!" There were gasps from many at this.

"It's true." Everyone turned to Snape when he spoke up. "He's a death eater. One of the worst to. A wolf in sheep's clothing for lack of a better phrase."

"Floo Madam Bones and tell her to bring several aurors." Harry ordered Hermione. "And secure him with magic binding ropes." Flitwick nodded, quickly moving to do so. Harry also scanned Karkaroff to confirm the dark mark, he hissed slightly at the results.

"Use my office dear." Madam Pomfrey lead her there. Moments later the requested entourage came out of the healers office.

"Lord Potter, may ask what is going on?" Bones questioned staring at the bound Karkaroff. Her aurors already moving to surround him.

"Karkaroff just used the Cruiciatus curse on several students here.

Including my lady love. They noticed he has the dark mark. I scanned him, its real, and he took it quite willingly. Snape even confirmed that he's a death eater. I do not think he was among those who were checked. I noticed that his aura was darker than usual but didn't discern why until now. You had best take him away from my presence or I might do something permanently to incapacitate him."

Madam Bones nodded signaling the aurors to take him. "Very well, we'll need official statements from everyone. Karkaroff will be held at the ministry where I can keep an eye on him."

The next day as the first of the students walked into the hall they saw the judges (Hooch, Harry, McGonagall, Maxime and Fujieda) and several other unknown individuals, already seated at the head table talking. The hall was quickly filled with students and spectators. Again, as the days before, everyone ate before Harry rose to explain the days rules and point systems.

"I know everyone's eager to get out. But there is a bit of bad news before the days festivities may begin. Yesterday former Durmstrang Headmaster Karkaroff cursed several students, of multiple schools, including my lady love with the cruciatus curse." Shock gasps and whispers filled the hall. "The Durmstrang Interim-Headmaster will be Micheal Kirov. Karkaroff has already being held at the Ministry, waiting to stand trial. He was a death eater of the worst kind. He willingly took the dark lord mark and was said to be one of the most vicious among their number who willingly joined the DE. No pity or mercy will be shown to him for his actions. I assure you his will be punished to the fullest extent of the law." Harry promised grimly sweeping his gaze over those in the hall. He sighed before continuing. "Let's get on with the good news and the days competition. We can not let the actions of that evil man ruin what was to be a wonderful day." Many nodded at this, with even more agreeing murmurs from most.

"Today's competition is actually relatively simple compared to the last

couple of days. Students who have entered the Seeker competition will be given time to change into the uniforms provided by Quality Quidditch Supplies, though members of the various teams for the main competition can wear their team uniform. Now for the seekers, when we all get out to the pitch and get settled Professor Grant will open a series of boxes that hold the snitches. All total there will be over 900 snitches released onto the pitch. Your job is to catch as many as you possibly can before the gong sounds. You'll also have to demonstrate your tactics and capabilities to the judges during the process. The judges will be grade bases on your capability to handle yourselves in these conditions, the level of skill used during the captures, and the number of snitches you ultimately catch. We will have recordings of the entire pitches for review purposes. We also have several healers from St. Mungo's incase there are any problems. Everyone got it?"

"YES!"

"Alright let's head out!" Students and spectators cheer while making another mass exodus for the pitch. Those in the stands got settled in while the players were changing. Though it didn't take long at all. Once all of the players were ready and lined up along the pitch, Harry's voice boomed out. "Players Ready?"

Cheers and shouts from the pitch in answer.

"Mount your brooms! Professor Grant release the snitches." She nodded waving her wand over the large trunks, they opened and hundreds of snitches shot out. "Players will begin when the gong sounds! Good Luck!"

-GONG-

The spectator's cheered as players raced about grabbing as many snitches as they could. It soon became apparent who had experience or talent. Several of the less experienced students tried

to do professional level moves but failed and ended up getting injured and taken out of the game. The healers were truly earning their pay. When the injured were taken off the field any snitches they had caught were placed in another trunk and a record of how many there were sent to the judges by a self updating scroll.

All of the seekers for the four Hogwarts house teams were competing and seemed to hold their own well. The judges followed the players around with their magical omnioculars. All too soon the ending gong sounded and the players lined up for Professor Grant to count the snitches while they were placed in the trunks.

Everyone, spectators, stood and began to make their way to the great hall once more. Knowing the awards would be given there.

## Chapter 26:

With the players once again lined up, everyone waited for the judges to appear through the side door that was next to the head table. While the audience and the players muttered back and forth. Slowly the side door opened, the hall silenced as the judges made their way in, Harry and Luna led the way. With a flick of Harry's wand a pedestal appeared with gleaming gold plaque.

"I must say we had flyers of every type and style today. Having been a seeker myself it was interesting to watch. Let's get down to it, shall we?"

"YES!"

"Alright. In third place with 76 snitch captures, to receive a bronze medal, 100 galleons and a Nimbus 2000, is Draco Malfoy of Slytherin house." There were mixed levels of cheers as Draco strutted forward to accept his bronze medal. As he went back to his spot he grinned at his parents who were sitting at the Slytherin table, both beaming with pride and happiness. "In second place with 98 snitch captures, a

silver medal, 250 galleons and a Nimbus 2001 is Cedric Diggory of Hufflepuff house." Even louder charms and shouts came forth as Cedric accepted his medal, his parents also beamed with happiness and pride. His mother crying as she hugged her husband. "And in first place with 107 snitch captures, a gold medal, a plaque to his school, 500 galleons and a Nimbus Seeker broom is Viktor Krum of Durmstrang!"

Roars from Durmstrang student, staff and family filled the hall as Viktor moved forward accepting his medal from Micheal Kirov before standing before Harry. Harry engraved the plaque before speaking.

"As with those before you, you have shown the talent and skill of your training and your people. Your name shall be forever engraved in this plaque and in the memory of the people here today. With this comes the honor and respect that you are due. You and your family shall be our honored guests in the coming days trials of the students who vie for the beater championship." Krum bowed accepting the plaque, and as those before him turned raising the plaque in the air to the cheers of the hall.

That same night Harry and Luna were cuddling by the fire place in the study. Merely holding each other in silence. Harry's mind was filled with worry for Luna and anger at the fact that Karkaroff had gotten by him enough to hurt her. Harry knew that Karkaroff had a dark mark but did not think he would act so quickly or so rashly.

Luna on the other hand understood the emotions Harry was going through. She, herself, had felt fear but not for herself. The fear was for the other students, how hurt they were or what Karkaroff had done to them before she and Hermione had arrived. But Madam Pomfrey had said that they would be fine with time, their parents had already been contacted.

So the two of them merely stayed together that night, holding one another for comfort.

During breakfast the next morning it was slightly solemn, but the excitement began to catch up to everyone. And they were soon chatting back and forth. An owl swooped in and landed in front of Luna with a thick package. While the noise level in the hall dropped slightly it did not stop. Luna took the letter, both she and Harry noticed the seal of the ministry.

"It must be my OWL and NEWT's results." She said to him while opening the envelope and taking out the thick letters inside.

Lady Luna Lovegood,

With your special circumstances and with the approval of the Minister of Magic, Minister Fudge, we went ahead and allowed you to test in your OWL's and NEWT's, but also master and elite levels. As we had done with you fiancé Lord Potter.

Even with Lord Potter having done this before you, it is an unprecedented accomplishment to try such rigorous testing. It was a great honor to see this in our lifetimes. All of the paperwork, certificates and degrees are in the next pages. You have received perfect scores in your OWL's and NEWT's. And you have received the following masters in:

Transfiguration

Potions

Herbology

Defense Against the Dark Arts

Ancient Runes

History of Magic

Charms

Care of Magical Creatures

Medi-magic

Astronomy

Arithmacy

Muggle & Magical Geography

Magical & Muggle Law

Goblins Law

Goblins History

Goblins Etiquette & Customs

Traditional Practices

Genealogy & Ascestral Magics

Apparation

Animagus

Enchantment Specialties

Alchemy

You have received elite level degrees in:

Transfiguration

Potions

Herbology

Defense Against the Dark Arts

Ancient Runes

History of Magic

Charms

Care of Magical Creatures

Medi-magic

Astronomy

Arithmacy

Magical & Muggle Law

Traditional Practices

It is with great honor that we commend you for all that you have accomplished. As with Lord Potter, the ministry may even ask for your assistance in future on various matters.

Congratulations from all at the Ministry.

Sincerely,

Madam Griselda Marchbanks

Head of the Wizarding Examinations Authority



She handed the letter to Harry as she began riffling through the papers. Harry was grinning brightly, taking her hand and kissing her forehead.

"Congradulations, my lady love. I knew you could do it!" Harry grinned and passed the letter to Minerva. She too smiled brightly before passing the letter to Flitwick who squeaked with excitement.

"Congradulations are indeed in order, Lady Luna. I am very proud of you young one." Flitwick bounced in his chair excitedly. She smiled back serenely. McGonagall rose from her seat, calling for attention.

"Lady Luna has received the results of her testing. With perfect OWL and NEWT scores, she is now officially a full graduate of Hogwarts. She has also received masters levels in Transfiguration, Potions, Herbology, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Ancient Runes, History of Magic, Charms, Care of Magical Creatures, Medi-magic, Astronomy, Arithmacy, Magical & Muggle Law, Traditional Law, Goblins History, Goblins Etiquette & Customs, Genealogy & Ascestral Magics, Apparation, Animagus, Enchantment Specialties, Alchemy. And elite levels in Transfiguration, Potions, Herbology, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Ancient Runes, History of Magic, Charms, Care of Magical Creatures, Medi-magic, Astronomy, Arithmacy, Magical & Muggle Law, Traditional Practices. Congradulation Lady Luna!" Everyone lifted their glasses and cheered. Luna smiled happily, and bowed her head in thanks. McGonagall sat as a smiling Harry Potter rose from his seat.

"Today we actually have two different quidditch competitions given the lower numbers of competitors. This morning will be the student beaters competition. And this afternoon we have the pro seeker's. Both awards ceremonies will occur before dinner. For the beaters you will be graded for accuracy of hits because there will be moving hoops flying around the pitch, the skill of the players flying and the overall actual successful shoots through hoops. There will be roughly

10 bludgers loose on the pitch. Then we will eat lunch and it becomes the seekers turn to play. The round ends at the sound of the gong. For the pro seekers, as with the previous day, Professor Grant will open a series of boxes that hold the snitches. All total there will be over 1500 snitches released onto the pitch. Your job is to catch as many as you possibly can before the gong sounds. You'll also have to demonstrate your tactics and capabilities to the judges during the process. The judges will be grade bases on your capability to handle yourselves in these conditions, the level of skill used during the captures, and the number of snitches you ultimately catch. This will also end at the sound of the gong. We will have recordings of the entire pitches for review purposes. We also have several healers from St. Mungo's incase there are any problems. Everyone got it. All the judges are the same as usual. I have created shields to protect the stands from any misfires. Let's get to it!"

More cheers and shouts of excitement sounded as everyone began to head to the pitch. Harry wrapped his arm around Luna's shoulders as her arm wrapped around his waist. The few teachers and pro's behind them all grinned and giggled to each other. The couple was blissfully unaware as they walked down to the pitch. Students who were near by had the much the same reaction at seeing the couple. As the glowing couple toke their places, the student players were done getting ready and onto the pitch. They met up with the rest of the Weasley clan as well when they joined the couple in the box seats.

"Players, ready?" Harry boomed across the pitch. "When your ready Professor Grant."

Professor Grant nodded, flicking her wand around to each of the four boxes in front of her. And two bludgers shot out of each box. Players took to the air slamming the bludgers around to get them through the hoops that were flying around the pitch. Several of the students were hit by the bludgers and had to be taken off the field for treatment. Fred and George most definitely made one of the best beater teams

among the students. They helped each other and they scored the same amount of goals as the other. Eventually around lunch time the gong sounded.

GONG!!

"Alright let's go eat lunch and then it will be the pro seekers turn to play." Harry projected his voice across the pitch. The students all chatted back and forth as they headed in. Many of the players were getting hugs and pats on the back as they joined everyone for the meal after having cleaned up. Hermione gave each of the twins kisses. This caused some hooting and hollering at the surrounding tables. They all blushed while taking their seats.

After everyone had taken their fill, they headed back out to the pitch. Pro's who had left the meal early to get ready were already on the pitch in full uniforms of there pro teams. It didn't take long for everyone to get settled into their seats.

"Players, ready?" Harry's voice once again boomed across the pitch. The players mount their brooms and were ready for take off. "Professor Grant?"

She nodded and waved an arm with her thumb up, as the gong sounded snitches and players flew into the air. All of the players zooming around, pull feints and other moves. Many in the stands were awed by this spectacular sight. For the next couple of hours they watched the seekers facing off with their best moves to see who would win the title of best pro seeker. Soon the gong sounded and the players landed lining up to have the number of snitches they had captured counted.

Once again the judges made everyone wait, but it was longer this time. And it was starting to worry the players of both competitions. Just as someone was going to go check, the door opened and the judges filed in. They could tell that the judges were a little pressed.

"We'll begin with the pro seekers first." There were a few groans from the student competitors, which incited laughter from everyone else. Even Harry grinned before continuing. "In third place with the bronze medal, 100 galleons, and a Nimbus 2000 is Adeline De Beau of the Quiberon Quafflepunchers." Young woman in her early to mid twenties with blond hair and blue eyes strode forward bowing as she accepted the medal before going back to her place on the line. "In second place with a silver medal, 250 galleons and a Nimbus 2001 is Tenchi Misaki of the Toyohashi Tengu." A young but distinguish young man of no more then 22 years old all but glided forward bowing deeply as he accepted his medal before rejoining the line. "And in first place with a gold medal, a golden plaque, 500 galleons and a Nimbus Seeker broom is Changli Xiang of the Jade Dragons." The same young asian woman who had won the silver chaser medal, stepped forward as fans and team mates cheered loudly. The coaches and owners obviously had stars and galleons figures in their eyes. She smiled brightly as she bowed accepting the medal.

Harry spoke as he engraved the plaque, "I must say that I am greatly impressed by the level of skill and professionalism you have displayed in both the Chaser competition that you had place silver in and in this competition that you have now won. It takes tremendous ability to have an aptitude in multiple positions of a team. You have done your team and country great honor in these competitions." Harry handed her the plaque as bowed deeply accepting the plaque with both hands as was asian custom. She turned to the crowds displaying the plaque proudly as she accepted congratulations from many. After she took a seat with the rest of her team, and the great hall quieted again.

"Now the student beater awards. We have an unprecedented tie for both first and second places." Whispers broke out among the students. "In third place with a bronze medal, 100 galleons and a Nimbus 2000 is Poliakoff of Durmstrang." Durmstrang students cheered as he accepted the award. "In a tied second place, each

with a silver medal, 250 galleons and Nimbus 2001's is Jeffrey Bethlam of the Salem Institute and Susan Invonova of the Russian Institute." Both looked to each other and seemed to shrug before accepting the medals from the head of their schools. Both McGonagall and Luna stepped forward each holding a gold medal in their hands. Harry and Hooch each held a golden plaque. "In a tied first place, each with a gold medal, plaques for the school, 500 galleons, and Nimbus Beater brooms are Fred & George Weasley of Gryffindor house."

The whole of Hogwarts students and families broke out into cheers for the shocked twins, it took the other Weasley's nudging to get them moving. Hermione and the Weasley's were among those cheering the loudest, bouncing up and down with happiness. Even Percy, too. The two walked forward accepting the medals from the two lady's, and then the plaques from Harry and Hooch. Both were now grinning widely.

"I have both seen and heard of the talent the two of you have. Not only have you represented Gryffindor House but you have represented Hogwarts itself. And as an honorary Weasley I say you both did a bloody good job!"

## Chapter 27:

That same evening after dinner, Harry was hard at work in his lab making the next batch of scanning orbs. Gringott's said that they were a smashing success with the first group of countries and apparently other countries also heard of them and were asking (demanding) for their own as quickly as Harry could make them. He had wanted to finish out the next few shipments anyways since there was the pro chasers and beaters tomorrow. But it looked like it would still take tomorrow evening anyways.

There had been an impromptu celebration in the Gryffindor common for the Weasley twins. But Harry had to work, so he said he couldn't

join them. Everyone actually seemed to accept this easily enough. Even Hermione, who was very excited about her boyfriend's wins.

After several hours of work, Harry finally gave up from being too tired and went to his room. Luna had retired earlier than usual but given all that happened in the last few days Harry was not surprised.

The next day actually dawned very brightly, and many in the castle seemed to be invigorated. Quite a few of the Gryffindors also seemed to be rather bright eyed even with the late night party. Once everyone had eaten and appeared to be ready, Harry stood.

"Today the students will fly to see who is the best keeper. The rules are thus, the players will be graded on several things: accuracy of blocks and passing of the quaffle to chasers, the ability and skill of the keepers themselves, and the overall style of each player's abilities. The quaffle's that are being used are spelled to continually attempt to score through the hoops. To help test and gauge the abilities of block and passes there will be several floating hoops that move around. The goal to earn points in this part is to get the quaffle to pass through the hoops, simulating a pass to a moving chaser. The amount of points are the same as with the chasers from the last two days. The judges are also the same as previously and Professor Grant has agreed to again act as a referee. There will also be recordings in case of any fouls or challenges. The gong will sound when the competition is over. Everyone understand? Right, let's head out!"

An organized mass exodus occurred once more as students, staff, and guests headed out to the quidditch pitch. Once everyone was settled Harry projected his voice across the pitch. "Players, ready? Professor Grant?"

Grant gave a thumbs up to signal she was ready. Waving her wand over the trucks, they flipped open and the spelled quaffle's released. Players flew into the air and headed straight for the hoops. Over the

course of the next few hours everyone in the stands watched the various students block or attempt to block the quaffle from the hoops they were meant to guard.

All too soon the gong sounded through out the pitch. It was mid afternoon. As with the routine from the past several days, the players went to clean up while the others headed into the school. The judges while on the way into the school added up the scores and decided who the winners were. So this time it was the judges waiting for the players and not the other way around. Once the players arrived and lined up, Harry and the other rose from their seats.

"Instead of giving a huge speech this time we will go straight to handing out the awards. In third place with the bronze medal, 100 galleons, and a Nimbus 2000 is Fadi Dua of the Arabian School of Magic." Fadi stepped forward and accepted the medal from the headmaster of his school, before stepping back into the line. "In second place with a silver medal, 250 galleons, and a Nimbus 2001 is Oliver Wood of Gryffindor house." Oliver was grinning widely as he stepped forward to accept the medal from McGonagall who gave a small smile back. The rest of Hogwarts were cheering loudly as he took his place in the line. "And in first place with a gold medal, school plaque, 500 galleons and a Nimbus Keeper broom is Seki Toshinabe."

This time when he was working on the orbs Luna helped. Things went a lot quicker. They were even able to complete the next several orders as well. Harry wrote to Ragnook in his planner.

Ragnook,

I'm sending the next the three shipments together. Deliver them to the clients as agreed.

Lord Harry Potter

After placing them all within multiple boxes and then into a bottomless sack, the two headed to the owlry to send them off. Hedwig flew down to Harry's shoulder nipping at his ears.

"How would you like to make a delivery for me girl?" Harry asked and then chuckled at his owls excited hooting and fluttering. He tied the sack to her foot. "Take this directly to Ragnook at Gringott's in Diagon Alley." She hooted in agreement, nipped at his ear again before taking off. He turned back to Luna, "How about a nice private dinner?"

She giggled, "Of course."

The rest of the evening was peaceful and tranquil for the couple. No interruptions, no emergency's, just peace and quiet.

The next day many of the students seemed to be a little down. They hadn't really wanted the fun to end, to have to go back to classes. Though many looked forward to seeing the pro's going at it again. Today the pro's would be competing in chasers and beaters divisions. Again waiting til everyone had finished eating and looked ready to go Harry stood.

"Today is the last day of these competitions. Today, the pro's beaters and chasers will be competitions. For the beaters you will be graded for accuracy of hits because there will be moving hoops flying around the pitch, the skill of the players flying and the overall actual successful shoots through hoops. There will be roughly 10 bludgers loose on the pitch. Then we will eat lunch and it becomes the seekers turn to play. The round ends at the sound of the gong. For the chasers, when each player in the groups touches the quaffle it will create a temporary link to the score board to help keep track of who really scores a goal to lower the potential for any mistakes or arguments. The basic rules from the official quidditch league books will be used, and you can be fouled or completely pulled out the game and/or the competition for any infractions or rule breaking. The



judges will have a visual recorder in case they wish to see a play over again or if they notice rule breaking the player(s) will be properly penalized. There will be bludgers to avoid as you would have to in a traditional game. Each round will last fifteen minutes. The one with the most points from each round will then face-off in the semi finals later on today. The same will happen tomorrow but their will also be the finals that afternoon/night. The judges are Madam Hooch, Madam Maxime, Headmistress McGonagall, Madam Fujieda, and myself. Professor Grant has agreed to be the referee, as Madam Hooch is one of the judges. Each round starts with a gong and ends with a gong. Now let's head out and enjoy!"

The hall was emptied rather quickly. Some of the students literally running to the pitch. Teammates of the competitor's were doing much the same thing. After everyone had settled down and the players took their places. The gong sounded and Grant released the quaffle. Players zoomed around the pitch constantly fighting for control of the quaffle. In the time span of each round very few goals were scored. There were also a couple of fouls. The players who took it too far were immediately ejected from the game. But do not let it be said that it wasn't a good & entertaining game. Around lunch time the gong sounded again.

"Lunch break and then the beaters begin. Awards will be before dinner as usual." Harry's voice boomed across the pitch. Everyone began to head in, though the competitors all clean up beforehand.

When it was the beaters' turn, some of them actually tried to work together like Fred & George had. A couple of them failed spectacularly and ended up being taken to the hospital wing. Soon it just became a matter of fighting over who got to hit the bludgers. To be honest it was a little brutal. Time seemed to fly by and all too soon the gong sounded.

The, now normal, mass exodus was slow and trickling. Many not wanting it to truly end, but soon everyone was gathered in the great

hall. The contestants lined up as the judges took their places on the dais.

"I must say these past few days have been spectacular. Thank you to all of the competitors in these competitions." Harry said and others in hall clapped and cheered loudly. He continued after the cheers had died down. "Now for the results of pro chaser division of the days competitions. In third place with a bronze medal, 100 galleons, and a Nimbus 2000 is Abebe Meseret of the Gimbi Giant Slayers." A young distinguished gentleman stepped forward accepting his medal before stepping back into the line. "In second place with a silver medal, 250 galleons and a Nimbus 2001 is Katsumoto Saguri of the Toyohashi Tengu." The young man did as Abebe had, accepting his medal before moving back into the line. "And finally in first place with a gold medal, a golden team plaque, 500 galleons and a Nimbus Chaser broom is Beatrice Le Corr of the Quiberon Quafflepunchers."

Loud cheers filled the hall as she stepped forward, Harry handed her the plaque and she displayed it to the hall as she and the other chasers sat at their tables, receiving many hugs and handshakes from those near by.

"Pro beater competitors, please." They gathered up into another line. "In third place with a bronze medal, 100 galleons and a Nimbus 2000 is Yoshi Anakawa of the Toyohashi Tengu." One of the obvious eldest players stepped forward his long hair gently swayed with the movement. He was very respectful as he accepted his medal, his teammates, coaches and fans all cheered loudly. "In second place with a silver medal, 250 galleons, and a Nimbus 2001 is Dorian Starr of the Puddlemere United." Almost defining roars and cheering filled the hall. Several of the staff winced. But otherwise didn't react. "And in first place with a gold medal, a golden team plaque, 500 galleons and a Nimbus beater broom is Michael Sullivan of Puddlemere United." This time many of the staff did react by covering their ears in hopes of protecting them. Harry, however merely smiled handing the young man his new plaque. As the cheers finally began to lower,

Harry spoke again.

"As I'm sure your all aware that tomorrow is the fourth team quidditch match. As such we have many more guests here with us. I ask that all of you be careful. With the revelation of Karkaroff's actions, I do not wish anyone to be harmed." Many nodded at this logic. "Players I hope you are able to rest for tomorrow you will fight for the chance to go to the semi-finals. All of you must be ready no matter if you have already played or not. There are many rounds left and you must be ready to face any and all possibility's."

Chapter 28:

Much like the matches before, the day of the fourth match dawn bright and clear. At breakfast their was a surprise when the daily prophet arrived. Not only was it a special edition but it seemed to almost be entirely about the daily quidditch competitions that had been held.

"Daily Quidditch Competitions and Events Held At Hogwarts!"

Rita Skeeter

On assignment for the Daily Prophet

Everyday for the past week, a series of competitions have been held everyday at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The daily competitions were held to find the best of each position of a quidditch team would have. There were two separate divisions the students and the pro's. Students of all schools were allowed to compete equally, though the number of pro's that competed were limited to those teams taking part in the team competitions. Each of the players who placed in the top three spots of each categories were given smaller prizes for their efforts.

1st place winners would receive:

Gold medal

Plaque for the school

500 galleons

Nimbus Seeker broom

2nd place winners would receive:

Silver medal

250 galleons

Nimbus 2001

3rd place winners would receive:

Bronze medal

100 galleons

Nimbus 2000

In the days of these competitions some spectacular talents have been shown among the students divisions. There were even ties in the beater category for first and second places. The winners are as follows:

In the student chaser category:

1st place – Benjamin Chantal of Beauxbatons Academy

2nd place – Talia Stratovall of the Russian Institute

3rd place – Asaki Yumemishi of Taki Academy

In the student seeker category:

1st place – Viktor Krum of Durmstrang Institute

2nd place – Cedric Diggory of Hufflepuff House, Hogwarts

3rd place – Draco Malfoy of Slytherin House, Hogwarts

In the student beater category:

1st place – Fred & George Weasley of Gryffindor House, Hogwarts

2nd place – Jeffery Bethlam of Salem Institute & Susan Invonova of the Russian Institute

3rd place – Poliakoff of Dumstrang Institute

In the student keeper category:

1st place – Seki Toshinabe of Taki Academy

2nd place – Oliver Wood of Gryffindor House, Hogwarts

3rd place – Fadi Dua of the Arabian School of Magic

In the pro chaser category:

1st place – Beatrice Le Corr of the Quiberon Quafflepunchers

2nd place – Katsumoto Saguri of Toyohashi Tengu

3rd place – Abebe Meseret of the Gimbi Giant Slayers

In the pro seeker category:

1st place – Changli Xiang of the Jade Dragons

2nd place – Tenchi Misaki of Toyohashi Tengu

3rd place – Adeline De Beau of the Quiberon Quafflepunchers

In the pro beater category:

1st place – Michael Sullivan of Puddlemere United

2nd place – Dorian Starr of Puddlemere United

3rd place – Yoshi Anakawa of Toyohashi Tengu

In the pro keeper category:

1st place – Bisera Marko of the Vratsa Vultures

2nd place – Changli Xiang of the Jade Dragons

3rd place – Lielit Alem of the Gimbi Giant Slayers

There was only one event that occurred that would try to mar these day's. Karkaroff former Headmaster of Durmstrang was found attacking students of multiple schools. Even Hermione Granger and Lady Luna Lovegood were among those that were attacked. Professor's Snape and Flitwick put a stop to it however, disarming Karkaroff and securing him to hand him over to Lord Potter and then to the Ministry later. He (Karkaroff) was found to have willingly taken the dark mark of You-Know-Who, he also managed to obtain potions that temporarily masked the aura of the mark.

Lord Harry Potter was heard to have said, "You had best take him away from my presence or I might do something permanently to incapacitate him."

We here at the daily prophet wish for Karkaroff to be punished to the fullest extent of the law. We also hope for the full of all the injured student who were tortured by that despicable thing.

There was a list of everyone who won medals, along with pictures and brief bio's. Everyone was in their seats and waiting for the game to begin. The melancholy of the previous day was gone and in its place was excitement and anticipation for the game to begin. Stepping up to the rail of the box, Harry cast sonorous spell to project his voice across the pitch again. Luna beside him once more, holding the bag that had the team chips.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the fourth match of the Hogwarts International Quidditch Competition. As you can see the teams are ready to battle for the games. I shall now draw two chips that have to color and emblems of their teams on them. These two teams will be the ones who play today. The players of the other teams will join us here in the teams box to watch the match." Reaching into the bag Harry pulled out the red phoenix chip and the green serpents chip. "The two teams that shall face off are the Blue Ravens and the Yellow Badgers! Players take to your brooms. The other teams join us in the stands now."

And all of them kicked off, the ones not playing flew directly to the boxes where the family's were seated. The two teams swung around the pitch to the cheers of the crowd. Going to their position before the bludgers, snitch were released and the quaffle was thrown up into the air. Chasers and beaters zoomed about. Everyone could hear the young commentator Lee Jordan over the roars of the rest of the cheers from the stands.

"And the Quaffle is taken immediately taken by Fleur Delacour, what an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive too."

"Jordan!"

There were some small giggles in the crowd.

"Sorry, Professor!" Lee said apologetically, but he really didn't sound like it.

"Chaser Cordelia Chase intercepts Adeline De Beau's shot, rather spectacular actually. Wow, they haven't improved much have they?"

"Jordan!" McGonagall screeched.

"Anyway, look at Blue Raven go, Wow, their Seeker in the game sure knows how to play Quidditch doesn't she? She's intercepting every play they are dishing out! Ouch, one of the Blue Raven Chasers has just been hit on the head by a Bludger by Yellow Badger beater. Don't know which one. Yes, Poliakoff is now known as a beater in Quidditch. What foul? Penalty shot to Blue Raven! They shoot, yes! Wood blocks it! Quaffle is immediately taken by Andon Apostol, no way, come on Yellow Badgers, hit him on the head, ouch, right between the legs! That'll do. Nice shot their badgers." Jordan commented.

"Lee Jordan!" McGonagall shouted.

Everyone in the stands were giggling and laughing.

"Sorry Professor, oh look Fleur Delacour, with the assistance of fellow Blue Raven chaser Cordelia Chase, scores another goal! Another 10 points to Blue Ravens! Look at their seeker player Gilinda Le Sancranti in Badgers go again, wow she plays like a Professional, man I wish I could be her, so many of us lonely guys and girls look up to her even though she is shorter then us, she got the looks, the brains, the confidence, the power, the charm, the sexiness ...."

"Lee Jordan!" You could hear many in the main box in the back ground laughing and giggling.



"Sorry Professor, I do admire her from afar... oh wait, is that her now? She's abandoning her strategy, she's after the snitch! Go Gilinda!"

Gilinda's P.O.V.

The moment the game started, she zoomed up immediately. She was flying around intercepting all of their plays. She was annoying the shit out of the Ravens. They were giving her the finger but she just brushed it off, she saw how the beaters who were inspired by Jordan's commenting and continue to swing their bats like mad men.

After 10 minutes of playing. Gilinda smiled hearing how Lee said her admired him in so many ways. The enemy seeker was taunting her. Gilinda annoyed decided to kick the game up a notch. She saw at the corner of her eye that the Raven Seeker was eyeing her closely. With a fake sudden concentration, Gilinda immediately dived she was taking turns and spins like crazy like she was really chasing the snitch.

"Gilinda is after the snitch!" Immediately everyone stopped what they were doing and watched as the Raven Seeker followed. Everybody was watching Gilinda as she was performing amazing dives, acrobats, and turns while chasing the 'Snitch.' To say the least, it was the most impressive moves they seen her do, even the pro's were impressed. Gilinda slowed down purposely so that Cho could follow. When they close enough Harry led him to the nearest stand (Slytherin) and pulled out at the last second. The Raven seeker Cho Chang slammed straight into the Slytherin stands directly at Pansy Parkinson who screamed.

Silence...

"Oh my god! That was a beautiful feint! A Wronski feint! Who would believe that? I don't believe it, it was all a fake all this time! The badger seeker showing unbelievable skill. I guess Gilinda is living up

to a professional's reputation! She's a Quidditch Prodigy!" Jordan shouted in the microphone shocked. Everyone was shocked at Gilinda's performance. Gilinda just performed a professional Quidditch move and she did it professionally while faking it the whole time when he did the dives and turns. Wood was giggling like mad and cheering with the rest of the Badger team.

Gilinda smiled and wave at Commentary box. Those in the commentary box had waved back at her.

"Excellent move Gilinda! Wait, there's a time out for the Ravens, Raven Seeker Cho Chang is badly injured. I don't blame her. That had to hurt. Oh wait! Someone else is injured! Who is that?" Lee asked.

"Wow, a spectacular feint from Gilinda Le Sancranti. She crashed straight into Pansy Parkinson of Slytherin who seems to be hurt! What a wussy girl. It's not like it will help her looks would it?"

"Jordan!"

They heard in the background of someone talking.

"So that's the slimy stuck up Parkinson that my cousin had bred. I was surprise the Parkinson's could breed children. I'll be damn." Sirius murmured in the background.

"Young man you will watch you language!" McGonagall screeched.

Everyone began to snigger and laugh out loud. Some of the Pansy Parkinson's few supporters were looking murderous at the commentary box.

Soon enough the game continued. Chang was pissed beyond belief. She wanted to keep playing even with a broken shoulder. Gilinda was impressed she was still going with an injury. This time the

Ravens was doing multiple fouls. They had tried to take out Wood, but failed when Gilinda kept intercepting. When they would hit Bludgers, Gilinda would get close enough to one and rubbed it so it could go the other way. Wood was open jawed at Gilinda's skill like everyone else. It was unbelievable and unexpected when they saw how she flew next to a Bludger and kicked it away towards other player, in which it failed because she wasn't strong enough to kick it, so she had to resort to push and rub it to the direction he wanted it to go to.

Her team as gob smacked, Harry had never showed that much skill during practice!

After a few minutes of getting the beat down for Raven, everyone saw how the Raven's were soon getting their act together after a time-out. They were aiming for the Chaser's like mad. Badger Chaser's barely had enough time to dodge them. Gilinda couldn't even help, she was to busy trying to end the game by looking for the snitch. When Gilinda saw one of the enemy Chaser had a clear path towards Wood, she flew straight towards the Chaser from the side, and intercepted the ball and went toward the Raven's goal fast! She had a clear path as well. She was trying to find a clear spot and throw it to one of his Chaser's, but they were to busy dodging as well. The people in the field were too shocked to do anything. Everyone was shocked to see a Seeker holding the Quaffle. Only Wood wasn't surprised, he knew Gilinda would have been a great Chaser as well! It's not every day you see that. It wasn't against the rules either.

"What the hell? Gilinda's got the Quaffle! I have never seen a Seeker helping out friendly Chaser! Is this legal in school matches Professor?"

When Gilinda approached the Keeper, she made a spectacular feint and could have scored, but instead he threw it hard at the Keeper's broom. He lost balance and fell off. While he was falling he hit the ground hard with a sickening crunch. The keeper wasn't getting up

anytime soon.

"Holy shit!"

"Good graci ... Jordan!"

"That was deliberate! Damn Gilinda... you play rough! Go Gilinda! Show them what the Badgers is made out of! (Here the Badger fans cheered.) Kick their arses! Penalty to Raven's!" Jordan screamed into the microphone while dancing away from McGonagall who was trying to yank the Microphone from him.

Raven's were devastated of course. There was no Keeper! Once the penalty shot was given, the rest of the Slytherin team was worried and panicking. Dorian Starr wasn't panicking, he was pissed, he tried to kick Gilinda and intercept her when Gilinda was flying by fast. It was pretty obvious of what he was doing to the crowd. They were booing at him, but Starr continued. Gilinda couldn't blame him for getting angry, but seeing how he was trying to ram her clearly on purpose, she decided a kick the game up another notch. When she saw Starr tried to ram her, Gilinda tipped her broom quickly upward, letting Starr fly under in horror, quickly, Gilinda lowered her broom hitting the back of Starr's broom making him fly off and hitting the ground. Everyone heard a sickening crunch and winced. Immediately a time-out was given.

When the Badger's were on the ground her team spoke.

"Damn Gilinda, you're a demon!" Adeline said excitedly.

"Yes! If we keep this up, it wouldn't matter if you caught the snitch at all." Wood said looking ecstatic.

True enough, looking at the score board. Gilinda noticed it was 270-20. They were killing them. She didn't even notice they were that high.

"Gilinda, you need to end this now so we could get the points for the snitch. If they forfeit now, we won't get it. Hurry up and catch it. We'll deal with the rest!" Wood said excited.

"Calm down Wood, we're excited to, our first win against Slytherin in years." Cho Cheng said with equal excitement like Wood. Poliakoff and Nikolai were grinning like mad.

Gilinda nodded.

Yeah, she better wrap this game up. She wasn't planning on embarrassing the Raven team to much and she was quite sure someone was going to get her for this.

Grant immediately blew the whistle for everyone to get back in position. The Ravens lost a Chaser, a Keeper, and their Seeker had a broken shoulder.

Gilinda decided to catch the snitch now. The Raven's team was badly injured. She was surprise they didn't forfeit after that time-out.

'Must be their pride.' Gilinda thought.

5 Minutes Later...

When she saw it, she was already in a middle of a Feint, she quickly zoomed pass one of the Raven Chasers who freaked out thinking Gilinda was aiming for him. The Raven Seeker that was falling for the faint earlier thought Gilinda was Feinting again. She saw how Gilinda did Feints over other Feints. It was too much. This time when she looked closer, she noticed it really was the snitch! She tried to follow Gilinda who was chasing it, but it was too late. Gilinda already caught it!

The crowd exploded with cheers.

Lee shouted into the microphone.

"And Gilinda catches the Snitch! The Yellow Badger's Wins by the margin 460-20. A major upset to the Blue Ravens. What a slaughter by Gilinda Le Sancranti and the Badger team."

Everyone cheered at Gilinda's name. She had to admit, she was brutal when she knocked Starr like that, but she had never did liked the Ravens. They could play very dirty and she return, decided to play it back.

When they touch back down, the team immediately commented on her.

"That was wicked win!" Nikolai announced.

"Even if we lose the next game, we'll probably still be leading in points!" Poliakoff commented.

"Yeah, we kicked their ass!" Farah cheered.

"Man if felt good seeing that they are the ones that are injured this time! We didn't have a single person from our team sent to the Hospital this time." Cho agreed.

"Damn straight!" Adeline De Beau yelled excitedly.

Gilinda laughed.

Wood was silent. The whole team gave him an odd look. Suddenly his demeanor change to an ecstatic smile. He cheered while hugging Gilinda fiercely. The whole team followed. Many of the student's were running across the field to meet them while they cheered and hugged.

## Chapter 29:

Harry had been among those laugh, and to cheer. Luna was beside him clapping brightly. Many on the box were amused with Jordon's commentary. At dinner that night, Harry gave a toast.

"Congratulations Yellow Badgers for you win in this match. Ms. Gilinda Le Sancranti, you have shown profound skill in you roll as seeker. Good luck in the future matches." The whole team were grinning from ear to ear. Everyone, except for the members of the Blue Ravens, raised their glasses and cheered.

After re-taking his seat Harry turned to McGonagall. "I have some muggle testing to do the next couple of days. Could you see to things?"

"Of course I would. I am the headmistress, I have to get used my duties. Do you wish me to inform the others?"

"Yes please. My lady love already knows the plans for everything. So if there is a need to contact me she will know how to do so." Harry said nodding.

"Very well. Good luck then." McGonagall nodded back.

The next day Harry said goodbye to Luna, he apparited to his townhouse where the driver and rolls was waiting. He quickly clumbed in and they began to make their way to Number 10 Downing Street where the testing would be held. Harry was immediately let in and was guided to a large meeting room. A rather plump older woman with her graying hair into a bun was waiting.

"Lord Potter, I am Amanda Tappingsley, of the Ministry of Education. I will be administering your tests, you should receive the results by tomorrow evening at the latest. I am also to test you over all fields and degree ranges to maximize the number of fields you will be

tested in." She gave a small bow of her head to him.

"Pleased to meet you. And thank you for your time." Harry said as he bowed back to her. He took the seat that she indicated to him. Picked up a number 2 pencil and waited for the first test to begin.

Over the course of the next several hours of testing he continually shocked her by finishing up each section in half the time. She was getting the feeling that this young lord was one of the few true prodigies in the world. As he finished a test she would go over it to grade it and feed the grades into the computer next to her. So far he had easily aced everything. And they were already covering Masters and PhD degrees. No doubt he would receive full degrees and honors with these results.

Harry handed her the next completed test, and as she started to grade it, he began the next one. It went on for more hours, but by 7:30 pm he was finished with them all.

"Very well, since I graded each test as you completed it I do have the preliminary results printing out. You'll officially receive the results tomorrow morning." She handed him the printed sheets. "Good work too."

"Thank you. Have a nice day ma'am." Harry bowed over her hand slightly before exiting the room and then the building.

She watched from the window as his car pulled out. Then she heard a noise, turning to the door she saw the prime minister. She curtsied slightly. "Sir."

"How did he do?"

"I also printed out the preliminary results for you sir. I must say the young man has to be a true prodigy. If you look at the results you'll see what I mean." She handed him the stack of printouts. His eyes



widened with each successive page and jaw was trying to reach for the floor.

"Damn!" He choked out, "Oh sorry Ms. Tappingsley."

"Quite alright, my reaction was very similar." She smiled at him and he grinned back. "Will there be some sort of press release. I don't think these results could be hidden for too long."

"Yes, Lord Potter said we could release it if it was necessary. I had a feeling it would be, so I have several reporters waiting in the press room. I wanted to add some information we have on his family as well. Better go give them the news." He sighed walking out of the room with the packet of results.

When Vernon opened his front door to get the milk and the paper, he saw the headlines and pictures on the paper. "PETUNIA!"

"What is it dear? Is something wrong?" She asked coming out of the kitchen whipping her hand on the apron she wore.

"The freak is on the front page!" He said his face purpling as he read it.

"Young Lord Harry Potter is a Prodigy"

By: Keith Bodwell

London Times

A new and young Lord Harry James Potter was tested by members of the ministry of education yesterday at Number 10 Downing Street. And the results are shocking. Lord Potter was not only tested on college and university undergraduates but also masters and doctoral degrees.

The young man was sadly said to have lost his parents in a car crash when he was only a year old. He was placed into the custody of his Aunt Petunia Dursley and her husband Vernon Dursley. Not much is known about their familial relations. But it has been said they despised each other greatly for various reasons.

We have found out that the Dursley's had only ever allowed him to wear old hand-me-downs of his cousin, Dudley Dursley. And that the few times young Lord Potter showed any aptitude in school, Vernon would go into a rage. A neighbor of the Dursley's has commented that she had heard Petunia and Vernon scream and shouting at or about the boy for even the littlest things. While their son was so spoiled he ate too much and was far too heavy for his age. It was also noted that Dudley Dursley was an abusive child, constantly attacking and belittling other children in Surrey, including his own cousin.

Yet another neighbor actually saw Vernon Dursley throw young Harry into the cupboard under the stairs. A couple of the local teachers in the neighborhood had often heard the young man comment that his 'bedroom' was the cupboard under the stairs. It is not known whether or not the law enforcement or the prosecutor's office will bring charges against the Dursley's for their actions.

Lord Potter only fully came into his title's a few months ago but has already been a great help to the Prime Minister and to the Queen herself. Both have issued statements that confirm Harry had assisted many charities and organizations by donating both monies and lands for their use. He even paid for several orphanages and children's care centers to be built throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is rumored that several more facilities are either being acquired or built in other foreign nations with the help of Lord Potter.

Lord Potter is said to have already graduated from a prestigious boarding school. And because of his inheritance he also owns the school itself. The degree's and honor's he has earned are as follows:

Bachelors, Masters & Doctorate Degree's in Computer Science, Information Technology, Electronic technology, Human Resources Management, Management, Accounting, Mathematics, Biology, Physics, Literature, Psychology, Sociology, Chemistry, Criminal Justice, Law, Engineering, Science, Archeology and Linguistics.

The Prime Minister said, "This young man is a true prodigy and great thinker of our era. He has lived through many rough times. But even with his young age he has already accomplished much. And the help that he has given to other's, was given freely without being asked by anyone. He is a truly wonderful young man. The Queen has said that he is the perfect gentleman too."

We wish Lord Harry Potter luck in whatever career he chooses to take up.

Vernon and Petunia heard a loud crash, and immediately rushed outside to find that Vernon's car had all of the windows broken and obscenities spray painted all over it. They saw several neighbor's watching vindictively, smirks on many of their faces. They both immediately ran inside to phone the police, but when the operator heard their names, she just laugh and hung up muttering about how they deserve what they get for treating poor Harry Potter as they had.

There were similar articles with the same facts in several other newspapers around England, and when the international press got a hold of it and were running with it too. Many of the writers were calling for a full investigation of the Dursley's. While others merely rallied again the Dursley's on a whole. A couple of the press managed to find out about Marge Dursley's violent temper, especially when it came to Harry. So they sunk there literary teeth into her as well. The article even ended up in the Daily Prophet and the Quibbler.

Vernon ended up getting fired from Grunnings because his 'employment there was bad for the image of the company.' Petunia,

while out getting groceries was confronted by many people and ended up getting thrown out because she was causing a great 'disturbance' to the customers. Dudley was expelled from school when there were literally hundreds of complaints filed against him by other students, families, and staff. None of the other companies around would hire Vernon, also citing it was bad for business. And no other schools would accept Dudley because of his proven 'bullying.' Petunia finally gave up and called the number on the card Harry had given them.

After leaving a message, all that could be done was to wait.

Harry got the message just after lunch and after he read the newspaper article. He quickly let Luna know before apparating to his townhouse where the driver and rolls was waiting. He quickly climbed in and they began to make their way to Number 4 Privet Drive. Pulling up to the building he attracted the attention of many. He merely ignored them, quickly walking to the door and knocked. A disheveled Petunia answered and quickly let him.

Vernon practically jumped out of his seat, or at least as best as he could with the amount of blubber he had. "YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THIS! SO FIX IT!"

"I am responsible for nothing. Everything that I saw in the article is a matter of public record. I had nothing what so ever to do with the article. The press release came directly from the Prime Minister with the Queens support." Harry replied calmly. "Besides I don't even know what's wrong besides the car out front."

"Vernon was fired from work. They said it was bad for their company image for him to work there any more. Dudley was expelled from school because a few complaints were brought against him. And I was assaulted by people when I went to go grocery shopping earlier." Petunia sigh tiredly. She knew she should have left Vernon when Harry was left with them. Vernon was getting more enraged by the

second. He tried to swing at Harry but was block and knocked backwards. Their was another ring of the door bell. Petunia scrambled to answer it, she sighed gratefully seeing that it was the police. "Please! Vernon is trying to hurt Harry!" She let them rush past her as they tackled the fat walrus down. It toke two pairs of handcuffs to hold him.

"Are you alright sir?" One officer asked.

"I'm fine. Petunia contacted me, so I came. He started shouting about how I was responsible for the results of his actions and then tried to attack me." Harry said as he looked coldly at Vernon. Several officers dragged him out of the house and tried to stuff him into a patrol car but had to send for the van because he was to fat. The press and neighbors outside just loved watching this happen. Harry turned back to Petunia. "Is their anything else?"

"Yes, if we could speak in private for a moment." She sighed and they went into the kitchen, the other officers kept an eye on Dudley who was whining for food. Sitting at the table she turned to him, "I know that we were never good to you all these years. I married Vernon when I found out I was pregnant with Dudley. It was the only way to have honor in the birth. I didn't want my child to be a bastard. Everything was great until shortly after Dudley was born."

"He abused you too." Harry said coldly.

"Yes, and I stayed with him because you arrived. I already knew I couldn't change Dudley's behavior or Vernon would likely kill us both. He needs help, but I don't want him in prison. He's, unfortunately, still my son." She twisted and ringed her hands together. "I wanted to ask for your help with a divorce, I don't care who gets custody of Dudley as long as it isn't Marge."

Harry looked at her for a moment. "You do realize the police will need to make a full report of anything and everything. You'd need to press

charges again Vernon. Not to mention a press release so people don't try to hurt you again."

She nodded "I know. I just couldn't do this on my own. Before Lily died she had promised to help me with all this. But with her death..."

"Your hope wavered."

"Yes."

"Very well let's call in the leading officer so he can take a full statement." Harry rose from his seat and motioned for an officer to come into the kitchen. "My aunt and I would like to make a full statements and bring charges against Vernon."

The officer eyed her before replying, "Yes sir. Ma'am if you would allow me to tape record this as well, it will help when everything come to trial." Petunia nodded. "Alright, also their were no charges filed against you, so you'd be free to go after this, as long as we could contact you."

"She'll be with me." Harry answered quickly before Petunia could say anything.

"Very well. If you could start at the very beginning of everything please." The officer asked pressing the record button and then began to write the report as well as Petunia began to tell her story.

"It started when I dated Vernon and later found out I was pregnant....."

More officers and detectives joined them in the kitchen to hear Petunia's statement. Dudley had been cuffed after he tried to hit several officers. The things she and Harry had to endure over the years with that man and his son abusing them. Many shook their heads in sadness. It took several hours to describe everything in

detail. She often had to stop to get a drink of water. But when she was finally done, Harry began to give his own statement. This took a couple more hours as well. Both Petunia and Harry were very careful not to reveal magic and witchcraft to them, there by keeping secrecy.

The officer sitting at the table, clicked the recorder off. "That will definitely help with the charges against him. I am afraid ma'am that your son tried to assault several officers a little bit ago. We'll have to hold him at a juvenile facility pending charges of his own."

"Yes, I understand. Truthfully I don't want custody of Dudley anymore, he's no better then Vernon. I doubt he would change." Many nodded at this logic from the woman. "As long as he gets help and he doesn't end up with Vernon's sister Marge, I don't care. That may be wrong of me being his mother and all."

"Actually it's perfectly understandable ma'am." A detective commented. "If you don't mind I'd like have you give some statement to the press they're getting a mite bit antsy out their."

"Of course." She answered. "Could I get a few of my things? Harry offered to let me stay with him so I won't have to be in this house any longer." With the detective's nod, she headed around and up to the stairs Harry followed. In the hall she turned to him. "There are some trunks upstairs could you get them?"

"Here use this bag. It's almost bottomless." Harry nodded handing her the bag, before going up into the attic. It wasn't hard to find the trunks she mentioned, but it struck him as odd because they looked like wizarding trunks. He quickly shrunk them and went back downstairs. Meeting Petunia at the top of the stairs. "We'll talk later."

She merely nodded before heading down the stairs.

Chapter 30:

Apparently the detective had already given the gist of the statements to the press out side, he asked that only a few questions be put forward because of the stressful events of late for the two of them. Several of the neighbors felt remorseful about their treatment to Petunia. When the two walked out of the house both with bags it was obvious they were leaving together.

"Lord Potter! Can you tell us about what happened here?"

"Vernon Dursley and Dudley will have to face trials because of how they have treated others."

"Mrs. Dursley, is it true that Vernon specifically abused you and your nephew?"

"Yes it is true. I stayed hoping to help Harry as much as I possibly could." She smiled sadly, Harry squeezed her hand in support.

"Where you be staying?"

"She coming with me. A few people have tried to attack her so I want her to have as much protection as possible." Harry answered while guiding Petuna into the Rolls. Their would be officers that cleared the way for them to get out. He went into the rolls and signaled the driver. "We'll go to one of the townhouses and then onto Hogwarts if you don't mind. You'll get more protection their."

She actually smiled, truly smiled, and said, "I always wanted to see it. With how Lily always talked about how beautiful it was. She made it sound like a paradise. Always like to talk about the library too."

Harry chuckled, "The libraries are quite extensive. I have a privet one myself. You will also meet my lady love."

"Lady love?" She questioned.



"Lady Luna Lovegood, my fiancé. We'll have to get you some robes so you don't stand out too much." Harry murmured before turning to the driver. "Take us to the Leaky Cauldron and then head back to the townhouse yourself."

"Yes, sir." The driver went through traffic easily. Petunia seemed a little excited at the prospect of seeing it. Her earlier tiredness was gone and she was like a 1st year. Harry's eyes narrowed as he used his magic sight to check her. She had blocks, for years. By Dumbledore.

"Aunt Petunia, when you were a child did odd things happen around you?"

She looked to him questioningly. "Maybe. Why?"

"I think you could have been a witch, but someone placed blocks on your power. That someone is Dumbledore. When I saw Dudley earlier, he's no better than a squib. But you.....you have power." Harry watched her reaction closely. She seemed to be really shocked.

"What?" She stuttered. "But why would he do that?"

"To control you and mother. He likes to control things, he was no better than Voldemort." Harry's jaw clenched. "We'll get you a wand. And I'll let Gringott's and the Ministry know what happened. You'll have to be privately tutored."

"I could really learn magic?" She started to get excited again.

"Yes but I'll have to remove the blocks on your power first. We'll most likely do that at Gringott's too." Harry was smiling slightly as she almost bounced in her seat.

"We're here sir, ma'am." The driver pulled to a stop and moved to the

passenger door for them. "I'll be on my way to the townhouse if you need anything sir."

"Yes, thank you." Harry nodded to him and led Petunia into the Leaky Cauldron. All conversation stopped as what looked to be like a muggle stepped into the pub. Several were reaching for their wands when Harry stepped into view. They signed in relief.

"Hello Lord Potter, anything I get for you?" Tom asked.

"No thank you Tom. I'm just here to reverse one of Dumbledore's crimes. He put a block on her magic." Everyone who heard paled greatly. "If he wasn't already in jail I'd make sure he stood trial. This will just be added to the list I guess. Good evening." Harry nodded to a few of the patrons who also sent out greetings. He guided her to the brick wall. "It's three up and two across. Remember the sequence so you can come through here until you learn to apparate."

Petunia just nodded looking around in awe. While it was closer to dinner the alley had many shoppers. Some looked at Petunia and Harry smiling. Harry returned the greetings given as he led her to the bank. When the goblin guards spotted the pair one of them went rushing into the back. By the time they got to the door Ragnook was already waiting.

"Greetings, Lord Potter to what do we owe this unexpected visit?"

"Greetings Ragnook. I was wondering if you would let me use your warded ceremony room. This is my Aunt Petunia, Dumbledore placed extremely dangerous blocks on her magic." Harry bowed his head in respect. His words however made many nearby gasp in shock.

Ragnook looked at Petunia, eyes narrowed before nodding, "Indeed I see what you mean. Of course may use the room. Will you require anything else?"

"Yes, have a vault prepared for her so she'll be able to handle any needs that come up." Harry asked, Petunia tried to protest but he merely raised an eyebrow. "You are my aunt. You need training, and help until you can make it on your own in our world. This is my way of saying thank you for protecting me as much as you could. I won't take no for answer on this. We'll also need someone licensed in muggle law and courts, Aunt Petunia wants to file for divorce and sue Vernon Dursley. Oh, and if you would let Madam Bones know we had another Dumbledore incident please." She tried to talk again but it merely came out as stutters at first, before she finally gave up.

"Fine." She sighed.

"Good, we'll have everything ready by the time you come out. Griphook! If you would show them the way their and back." Ragnook watched Petunia in amusment as she followed Griphook and Harry.

Once in the chamber, Harry told her what would happen. "You'll have to stand in the sacred circle. When I begin, all you have to do is accept the power and intent of the spells used. It will most like give some discomfort or pain because of how long the blocks have been in place." She nodded slight shakenly, moving into the circle. Just then Madam Bones arrived with one auror.

"Lord Potter may I ask what this latest find of Dumbledore's actions is?"

Harry motioned to Petunia who was beginning to look a little nervous. "He put blocks on her. Full blocks that left her little more than a squib. I am going to remove the blocks now."

"He did WHAT!" Bones roared. "Oh, I will talk to the Minister, the Wizenmagot and, if you don't mind, I'll tell the Prophet about this."

Harry nodded, "Also Vernon Dursley who was married to Petunia has

been arrested in the muggle world. The detective in charge said he'd send a copy of the statements and case files. I'll forward them on to you when they come in. I'm also going to get her a wand and some training. She'll be with me at Hogwarts."

"Very well. Do mind if I observe?" Bones asked.

"Sure." Harry shrugged and turned back to the circle and Petunia. She nodded. Harry focused his power, a glowing aura surrounded his body. "Dokeru aadakauda burokuu bariafurii aadakauda gendouryoku bunsouou." (Remove the block, free the power within).

Petunia's eyes widened and she began to clench her fists around her stomach as a sudden burst of pain. She bit her lip, refusing to scream. She could feel the power around her, and the power growing within her. She closed her eyes and began to force herself to relax. Unknown to her, her figure and features changed some. Her hair a mousy brown became more red like her sister once had and grew to the middle of her back, her figure filled out beautifully. She seemed healthy and happy. The lines of worry and stress all but disappeared. And when she opened her eyes, they could see the once plain hazel eyes had brightened to emerald green like Lily and Harry have. She appeared to be years younger. She looked down at her self in shock and surprise. But she had no where near the surprise that Harry and the other had.

"Wow." The young auror next to Bones muttered.

"No kidding." She added.

"You want to go shopping now?" Harry asked and her eyes lit up as she nodded. "Madam Bones if you could get the minister, Rita Skeeter and maybe the Malfoy's, and join us for a meeting that will be held after dinner is finished." Bones nodded, and both she and the auror walked to the lobby with the two. Bones nodded again before she and the auror went to the floo connection.

"Miss Dursley, Lord Potter." They both turned to Ragnook. He handed a small pouch and a golden key to Petunia. "This pouch is connected to your new vault and this is the key to your vault. All have been warded so only you may use them."

"Thank you." Petunia smiled at the goblin. Harry echo her, bowed to Ragnook and lead Petunia out the main doors. "What should I get?"

"We'll get you a wizarding wardrobe, potions supplies, books so you can start your own library, your wand from Ollivander's, a owl for the post. A cauldron, a telescope and other magical basics." He replied as he guided her to Madam Malkin's. The moment they stepped inside Madam Malkin's herself came to greet them.

"Lord Potter, it such a surprise and honor. What brings you to my humble shop?"

"My aunt has had the block on her power removed." Madam Malkin and the assistant nearby paled. "She will be with me at Hogwarts to learn to control her powers. We need to get her a full custom wardrobe. Several pieces need to be like muggle suits for when she has to out there. I can give a description for that to your assistant."

Madam Malkin nodded and wrapped her arm around Petunia's guiding her to the back. "Of course, dear come this way. We'll use the private salon for you."

Harry waited back signaling them to go ahead. While he talked to the young blushing assistant, he was even able to give a basic sketch of what was appropriate. Once they were done, Petunia came back out in some very flattering but more form fit robes that matched her eyes.

"We'll owl everything over by tomorrow. I've already given her several robes just in case, there in her sack. Should I charge it to the usual?" Malkin asked. Harry merely nodded, after saying goodbyes he led

her to Ollivander's. The old man tried to sneak up again but was faced with a wand between the eyes.

"Lord Potter. Holly and phoenix feathers, 11 inches, nice and supple." He said as he blinked.

Harry lowered his wand, "You do realize someone may curse you for pulling that stunt."

"We all have our own ways, Lord Potter. This is one of mine." He merely shrugged. "What may I do for you now?"

"Aunt Petunia needs a wand." Harry motioned to her.

"Ah yes, Lily's sister. I had hoped you would have the power for witchcraft like your sister once did." He nodded to her before moving along the shelves of boxes, pulling a few out he went back to the desk and tested them with Petunia one by one. It took almost a half an hour to find hers. They knew there was a match when pink and purple sparks came out. She was bouncing a little. Harry was right, she could become a witch. "Ah, yes. Yew with Hungarian Horntail dragon heart string. Strong but also elegant. That will be 7 galleons."

Harry merely laid the coins on the counters and led Petunia out the door. Next they went to Flourish and Blott's. Once again they were greeted by the store owner.

"Lord Potter, such an honor it is to see you again. What can I help you with?"

"My aunt is beginning her magically education. I need copies of all volumes first through seventh year including the electives and advanced books. Plus Hogwarts, A History. Plus any other basic volumes for everyday living, just incase." Harry said thoughtfully. The owner waved his wand and book after books flew to the counter until there was almost a tiny mountain. He rang them up himself, Harry

merely tapped his vault key on the receipt and the till rang. The books were shrunken and put into Petunia's sack.

And so the evening went until all the shopping was complete. Petunia was still a little hyper. Once they were done Harry had Petunia grip his arm tightly and apparited then to Hogsmeade. As Petunia looked around she spotted Hogwarts and gasped. Harry merely smiled and guided her up the path leading to the castle.

A new chance at life has begun for Petunia Evans Dursley.

## Chapters 31 - 35

### Chapter 31:

Petunia was in awe of the castle. She now understood why Lily had loved just the site of the castle alone. It was truly magically to look at. And the temptation of taking a look around was growing with every step.

"It's beautiful. Isn't it?" Harry asked.

"Yes, this is Hogwarts?"

"Yeah, normally when you're a first year and you get off the Express, you are brought across the lake in boats." Harry point and then moved his arm in a sweeping motion. "Then your taken into the Entrance Hall and then the Great Hall to be sorted and join your peers, the elder students. Before I inherited Hogwarts you could only sit at your house tables, now there are smaller rounds table for the students to mix as they want. We're also having a lot of competitions for students and visiting pro's." Harry explained. Leading her up the steps. Young blond hair girl (Luna) appeared at the door way. "Aunt Petunia this is my lady love, Luna."

"Hello." Luna curtsied. Petunia looked her over, and then suddenly grabs her into hug. Luna gradually relaxed and hugged her back.

"Come now, your going to be my niece, no need for those formalities." Petunia smiled at her and Luna truly relaxed. "Besides I will need a friend in this new world."

"You're staying with us?" Luna asked excitedly.

"Yes, Harry did some sort scan or something and saw that I was magical but some sort block was in place." Luna's eyes widened and she looked to Harry for confirmation, he nodded. Petunia noticed the



exchange but continued on. "Anyways, apparently Dumbledore's the one who did it. So, Harry took the block off and he talked to a woman named Madam Bones."

"She's head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement for the Ministry." Luna murmured.

"Yes, her. So we did the ritual or spell at Gringott's and then I went shopping with Harry. I got my wand." Petunia showed it off proudly. Luna just smiled brightly at her enthusiasm. "So I get to live here and study, finally!" She giggled with happiness.

Luna wrapped her arm around Petunia as Harry came up along side them. All together they walked into the school and into the great hall. All noise seemed to stop as the students and staff look at the new comer. Harry waved his hand and a new seat next appeared on the other side of Luna's. He quietly introduced some of the staff, including McGonagall. He also let them know he'd explain after dinner. After showing both of the lady's to their seats he took his and everyone at the head table began to eat. Slowly, though with many curious glances, the students and guests followed.

After the dinner the professors, the minister, the Malfoy's, the reporter Rita Skeeter and other school officials gathered in the staff room. Petunia knew what was coming, Luna was holding her hand to help her keep strength. Everyone turned from their somewhat personal conversation to see Harry and Madam Bones walking in with a large stack of thick folders. One copy floated to each person.

"If all of you would read these first, it will hopefully make things easier." Harry explained. The room was silent but the occasional gasps of surprise and shock. Maybe a few curses were muttered. Once he could see everyone finished reading he continued on. "So now you all know. Aunt Petunia will be living here while she can catch up on the education she was supposed to have before Dumbledore

interfered. I thought it best to let the proper people know before the full rumor mills get going too much. Rita, I'll be relying on you to get the news out as accurately as possible." She nodded sternly, not only was this is a scope but it was also a way she could help see justice be done even if it was through the papers. Since she started working with Potter, her credibility raised tremendously and people respected her to some greater extent. "Mrs. Malfoy, I was hoping you and Luna could teach her some of the finer arts in wizarding society. I'll also need you to help her get around the other families as well. And, no offense Mr. Malfoy, I included you because of your wife."

"Of course. I remember the few conversations I had with Lily, she always spoke highly of you Petunia. May I call you Petunia?" Narcissa stated kindly. And Petunia nodded with a grateful smile. Lucius merely nodded to Harry in thanks at being included at all.

"Minister, officially I have already given my statement to both the muggle authorities and now Madam Bones. If you could help with the wizenmagot and ministries side of things, I would be very grateful." Harry nodded to Cornelius.

"Consider it done, Lord Potter." Fudge puffed out his chest slightly.

"Minerva, Petunia can stay with Luna and I, as we have several rooms connected to ours. I wanted to ask you to handle any questions from the students or guests. I know they will have a few." She nodded sharply, her eyes fixed on the files.

"As for the rest of the staff, I was going to ask you all to help with Petunia's studies. While Luna and I could teach her by ourselves but most, if not all, of you have more personal experience with teaching then we do. So you'd know how to teach to someone new to all of this. An announcement can be made for the student populations at tomorrows breakfast." A chorus of 'yes', 'of course' and 'not a problem' answered his words. "Thank you all. I wish that we could punish Dumbledore further but he is already reliving his mistakes. All

we can do now it look to the future and give the best we've got."

Once Harry and Luna showed Petunia the way to their suites, Harry and Petunia settled down in the study for a long talk. Petunia was startled when Dobby appeared out of no where with a tea service. After being introduced Dobby once again disappeared.

"The trunks in the attic are magical aren't they?" Harry asked. "Would care to explain?"

Petunia sighed setting down her cup. "Our family was never 'normal' as Vernon would say. We are what you call purebloods, but the past five or six generations were all squibs who married more squibs. I recognized some of the names you said that day, when you confronted us to sign those papers. It's some of the maiden names of people who married into the family. The trunks haven't been opened since my grandmother, your great-grandmother, was still alive. She said they were to be passed to the eldest until an heir was born. It is my assumption that you are the heir she spoke of. Swore me to never mention them to Vernon, just before we married. To be truthful I really forgot until today when the detective said I could take some things with me."

"I see. That would explain a few things I've come across one time or another recently. You also realize you will most likely have to see them when the trials roll around." Harry muttered.

"Yes, I know. Like I said earlier I really want Dudley to get some help, but I know I will never be the one to do so." She sipped her tea before continuing. "Vernon seemed so charming when I met him. The dating was great, but after the marriage I realized he wasn't the man I had thought he was. I can almost tell now where he faked it all. Pretending to be something he wasn't." Harry merely nodded in acceptance as she continued, though onto a different topic. "I like Luna. In the short time I've met her and seen the two of you together. You two are true loves, soul mates. It helps to see that true love really

exists with my own two eyes."

Harry blushed a little. "She's perfect to me. She counters me in almost every way. I truly love her, and she loves me. We want to wait a while to get married, being as young as we are."

"I understand. But I had better receive an invitation young man." She replied sternly. Harry just smiled in reply.

"Another Crime of Dumbledore Found & Revelations Appear"

Rita Skeeter

On assignment for the Daily Prophet

Yesterday after the article of Lord Harry Potter's muggle test results were released, his aunt Petunia Dursley contacted him through emergency means. When he arrived at the Dursley's residence his uncle, Vernon Dursley tried to blame Lord Potter for his (Vernon's) crimes, for losing his job and for his son, Dudley Dursley being expelled from the muggle school Smeltings. Vernon Dursley then attempted to attack Lord Potter physically.

Thankfully, Lord Potter was able to properly defend himself until the muggle auror's, or police as they are normally called, arrived and arrested Vernon for the assault. When the police had secured him and his son, Dudley, Lord Potter was able to speak with his aunt privately. She revealed that she too was abused by the filthy Vernon. She also acknowledged that her son was not much better. And so she gave a statement of everything that had happened since she knew Vernon from the beginning.

The things she revealed.....some of it is nothing short of torture. Not many details may be given as the investigation is on going. But Madam Amelia Bones and Minister Fudge have authorized some information to become known to this reporter. And a special interview

with Petunia Dursley was granted for the exclusive.

In the record testimony is as follows: "Vernon seemed so charming when I met him. The dating was great, but after the marriage I realized he wasn't the man I had thought he was. I can almost tell now where he faked it all. Pretending to be something he wasn't. I married Vernon when I found out I was pregnant with Dudley. It was the only way to have honor in the birth. I didn't want my child to be a bastard. Everything was great until shortly after Dudley was born. and I stayed with him because Harry arrived. I already knew I couldn't change Dudley's behavior or Vernon would likely kill us both. He needs help, but I don't want him in prison. He's, unfortunately, still my son."

"Harry is helping me to finally be free of him. And of the thing I called son for so long. Dudley will never be my son, not truly. He's too much like his father, the hatred he promotes does nothing but judge and then harm people if they are even the slightest bit 'abnormal'. Before Lily died she had promised to help me with all this. But with her death...my hope wavered. I felt so trapped. When Harry arrived some of the hope came back to me. I thought that maybe raising Harry properly would help make Vernon change. I was so very wrong to even hope for that. If I spoke against the way he treated Harry both of us would be killed. Probably beaten to death. Vernon always tried to beat the abnormality for him. I helped Harry as best I could when Vernon wasn't around, I gave him what little food would not be missed, tried to treat his wounds a little but if Vernon knew.....I didn't have any money of my own, I was little better than a squib thanks to the blocks Dumbledore placed. I could have gone to Hogwarts with Lily. I could have raised Harry knowing what magic was. But no, Dumbledore took that future from me, without my even knowing about it. Without any true training for a muggle job even I would never have been able to take care of both myself and Harry."

"When Harry came yesterday, after Vernon and Dudley arrested, he offered to help me be free of the two. To help me get a new life. But

when Harry scanned me he found the blocks that Dumbledore had placed. He immediately took me to Diagon Alley, the sight of it is almost as good as Hogwarts, and on to Gringott's. A nice gentlemanly goblin called Ragnook met us, when Harry explained what he had found Ragnook offered to let us use the ritual room. To take the blocks away, at least as much as possible. Harry was able to get rid of them completely. I met a witch named Amelia Bones, she was at the ritual for the blocks, she promised it would be added to Dumbledore's list of crimes. She also promised to help with an investigation into Vernon and Dudley. To help let justice be done right, even if it means helping the muggles."

"After that we went shopping in Diagon Alley. I would be able to learn magic finally! I was so excited! Thankfully Harry was able to explain to the various shopkeepers and owners what had happened. Everyone was so nice, patient and understanding. We got everything I would need to live in the wizarding world, Harry promised that I could stay in Hogwarts and be tutored by everyone. When I saw the castle for the first time.....I felt such peace, I wanted to learn so much. I now understand why Lily was always so happy to go back to Hogwarts. I also met Harry's fiancé, Luna. She was such a dear about all this. She the first real friend I have had since Lily and Katherine."

"Harry had asked the teachers and several others to help me. Mr & Mrs Malfoy both said they would help Luna to teach me wizarding customs and to help me around until I can get around things on my own. Minister Fudge and Madam Bones said they'd help with the legalities of this whole mess. And the professors said they would tutor me."

When this reporter asked who this Katherine was, as she had also been mentioned during Dumbledore's trial, she said: "There were three of us. Me, then Lily, and then Katherine. Katherine was the youngest of us. She was always so gifted no matter what she did. But only a few days before she was to turn eleven she was kidnapped. With all that happened I think it could have been Dumbledore's doing

now. I only hope she's alive and some where safe. Ragnook promised to help search for her."

When this reporter asked about the rumor of both Lord Potter, Katherine Evans and her being pureblood she said this: "Our family was never 'normal' as Vernon would say. We are what you call purebloods, but the past five or six generations were all squibs who married more squibs. I recognized some of the names Harry said that day he last visited before now. It's some of the maiden names of people who married into the family. The trunks haven't been opened since my grandmother, Harry's great-grandmother, was still alive. She said they were to be passed to the eldest until an heir was born. It is my assumption that Harry are the heir she spoke of. She swore me to never mention them to Vernon, just before we married. To be truthful I really forgot until today when the muggle detective said I could take some things with me when I left with Harry. With Harry's help I'll once again be Petunia Evans."

As in the past, these newest revelations of Dumbledore's manipulations and evil are both shocking and disgusting. To put these three kind hearted into the pit's of hell for his own manipulation and control is one of the most evil things he could have done. Condemning them to the torture of Vernon and Dudley Dursley can never be explained away or dismissed. Preventing both Petunia, Katherine and Harry from their heritage was dark enough for the devils work. We here at the Daily Prophet wish Petunia Evans the best of luck and happiness in the future. And pray for the safety of the missing Lady Katherine Evans until she may be reunited with her family.

## Chapter 32:

The reactions of the wizarding world varied. Many sent Petunia and Harry letters of condolences for what they were put through. Still others sent gifts to Petunia in celebration of her pending divorce from Vernon and for her joining the place she truly belonged, the

wizarding world. Students of the various schools helped her get around the castle to her various 'classes'. Many of them were extending the welcome from their families.

It was after lunch that both Harry and Petunia received an owl. Petunia was the first to read it, followed shortly by Harry.

Ms. Petunia Evans & Lord Potter,

With the revelation of Lady Katherine Evans disappearance, we the goblins of Gringott's have begun a world wide search for her. Even though it has been little more than a day we have already found a potential candidate in America. She appears to be suffering from what muggles call amnesia. From what we can discern she has been slowly regaining memories of the past over the last year. She had approached the American Gringott's goblins for assistance in finding the family she remembered. She has also spent time in the American Muggle & Magical Militaries.

When we sent out the information Lord Potter had given us, the American branch immediately contacted us. A priminary inheritance test confirms that she is most definitely an Evans, but we wish for your assistance in formally identifying her. We have already contact Madam Bones, Minister Fudge and Rita Skeeter. They will arrive shortly after this letter is delivered. Representatives of both the American Gringott's and myself will be their.

With hope,

Ragnook

"What is it Petunia? Lord Potter?" Minerva asked.

"They may have found Katherine in america!" Petunia gasped. Whispers filled the hall as the students and guests muttered back and forth.



"So it would seem. They should arrive momentarily. If they've truly performed the inheritance test as said then I will be able to tell if she's family or not." Harry muttered before handing the letter to Luna. Before anything else could be said the doors of the great hall opened. Madam Bones, Rita Skeeter (her photographer), Minister Fudge and his entourage walked in and up to the head table. Not soon after a second groups entered the hall as well. This time it was Ragnook and five other goblins and one woman. She wore as highly decorated military uniform, her hair was shoulder length in browns and reds, her bright hazel eyes swept around the hall before focusing on Harry and Petunia at the head table. Both came around the table.

"Patty?" The woman whispered questioningly.

Petunia rushed to her hugging her as she sobbed. "Kathy. Oh thank all that is holy." Harry hung back his eyes seemed to glow briefly before he blinked.

"Your really Aunt Katherine. You feel almost like Aunt Petunia and mother both." He strode forward and also hugged her tightly. Many of those in the hall were blinking back tears as they watched the long needed reunion. Rita's photographer snapped a few shots. The trio stayed like that for a few moments before they finally separated. By that time Luna stood next to Harry as he grabbed her hand. "This is my fiancé Luna Lovegood." Luna curtsied as Katherine stared at her eyes narrowed. But then as those in the great hall held their breath she suddenly smiled and hugged the nervous young girl.

"Welcome to the family sweetie." She said stepping back. "Call me Katherine."

"Thank you ma'am. It's a pleasure to meet you." Luna smiled brightly. "Will you be with us for a while?"

"Yes, my suprior's granted me special leave. I'll be here unless a true

emergency comes up." Katherine grinned. "Truthfully I think there glad to be ride of me for a little while. I tend to be a wee bit volatile if they make me really grouchy or really angry. Plus this gave them the perfect excuse." Many chuckled at that. "Besides I want to spend time with my family again. I haven't had a family for so long, at least not real family."

"If you don't mind..." Madam Bones interrupted. "Would you be willing to answer a few questions? If we can get as much information as possible then we can add more to the lists of crimes that were committed."

Katherine nodded. "Of course, though I wish the first time to be in private if you please."

"Of course. I would as that Rita be their though. She can help write an article that would explain things to the public. And the staff will need to know at least some of what's going on." Fudge added. Katherine merely nodded back.

"Very well. All classes for the day are canceled." Harry announced to the hall and the students cheered loudly. The large group of people left the great hall for the teachers lounge. Once every one was settled the questioning began. "Can tell us what you remembered?"

"I can try." She sighed. "At first I remembered only bits and flashes when I reached roughly 12 ½ years old. I remembered two girls playing with me. One I called Patty, the other was Lils. Then I remembered it was night time, I was late coming home I think from the library. I had library books in my hands. I remember an old man with a long beard, he had these really bright purple robes. He held up a wand and a red light flashed. I didn't remember much after that. When I woke up I was in a desert, in Americas death valley, I found out later. An American magical family found me, toke me in, and helped me slowly remember more about the life I had before then."

"Can you identify then old man from a photograph?" Madam Bones asked.

"Hell yes!" Katherine barked before wincing. "Sorry, its just.....for so long I didn't know anything except the name on the bracelet I wore." She pulled back her sleeve revealing a silver bracet. "It's the only thing I had beyond the cloth's on my back." Petunia cried as she grabbed Katherine into a hug. It toke several moments for the two to compose themselves. "Sorry about that."

"It's perfectly alright given the circumstances." Minerva said and others in the room nodded. Madam Bones took a photograph out of her briefcase and handed it to Katherine. It was Dumbledore's photo when he was locked away into Azkaban.

"That's him. That's the bastard." Katherine roared slightly as her hands gripped the photograph tightly. "Where the hell is he so I can kill him!"

"He's already in prison." Bones tried to say soothingly. "We had already found out about the majority of the crimes he committed have been found out. There was a full trial. He was sentence to having his magic drained and to be placed in the darkest pits of Azkaban with the dementors to be his only company."

"Can I see him? I need to see him with my own two eyes before I can gain some peace from all this. I swear I will not kill him if his punishment is truly being carried out. I just.....I just need to see with my own two eyes." Several seemed to understand and sympathize with the request.

"You give your word that if we take you to him in Azkaban, you will not killed him." Bone questioned sharply.

"I swear my magic that upon seeing that Dumbledore's punishment it true I will not kill him. Should he ever escape then I will hunt him to

the ends of the earth. So it is said, so shall it be. So mote it be." Katherine glowed as the oath was completed.

"Very well, I'll make the arrangements though it may take a day or too." Madam Bones said wearily.

"I can wait a few days to see for myself that he is truly paying for what he has done." Katherine nodded seemingly deep in thought.

"Lady Katherine?" Luna asked questioned.

"Just Katherine, dear. Sorry my mind wandered." She muttered before turning back to the rest of the room. "I was just so prepared to have to hunt him down and throw him into jail.....It's just odd to me for him to already be there.....if that makes any sense."

"Perfectly understandable, my lady." Minister Fudge said assumingly. "Can you tell us a little about yourself?"

"Um...sure. I am Lady Katherine Evans. Lady of the houses of Merlin, LeFay, Emerys, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Gryffindor, Caer Azkaban (what ever that is), Rothwood, Warren, Romanov, Itilian, Lothlorien, Gondor, Imaldalris, Rohan, Moria, Evans, Pendragon, Donovan, Antonini, Tenraoe and Gentry. I have graduated from Karana Academy and Shadowfall Academy with full honors. I have masters and elite levels in Potions, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Transfiguration, Charms, Care of Magical Creatures, History of Magic, Ancient Runes.....um are you all alright?" As the group looked at her in shock and awe. She sighed and toke out a very official looking thick envelope. She handed it to Madam Bones. "Read that it covers the basics."

Many in the room crammed around Amelia tightly to read the papers. Katherine waved her wand and copies appeared to everyone. Thanks were muttered by many, until absolute silence filled the room.

Lady Katherine Evans

Born: December 4th, 1960

Hair: Brown-red

Eyes: Hazel

Ancestry: Pure-blood

Wand 1: 12 1/2 inches, cypress and unicorn heartstring

Wand 2: 12 inches, woods from the trees of life & death, with phoenix heartstring

Mage Level: 6

Mage Category's: All (Earth, Fire, Wind, Water, Shadow & Light)

Lady of the Houses:

Merlin

Le Fay

Emerys

Slytherin

Ravenclaw

Hufflepuff

Gryffindor

Caer Azkaban

Rothwood

Warren

Romanov

Ithilien

Lothlorien

Gondor

Imaldalris

Rohan

Moria

Evans

Pendragon

Donovan

Antonini

Tenraoe

Gentry

Schools Attended:

Karana Academy of Mages

Shadowfall Academy of Magic

Masters & Elite Levels in:

Transfiguration

Potions

Herbology

Defense Against the Dark Arts

Ancient Runes

History of Magic

Magical Theory

Charms

Care of Magical Creatures

Medi-magic

Muggle Studies

Ancient Linguistics

Modern Linguistics

Astronomy

Arithmacy

Muggle & Magical Geography

Magical & Muggle Law

Goblins Law

Goblins History

Goblins Etiquette & Customs

Traditional Practices

Genealogy & Ascestral Magics

Apparation

Animagus

Enchantment Specialties

Weaponry Specialties

Alchemy

Business Law

Muggle bachelors, Masters & PhD's in:

Computer Science

Information Technology

Library Science

Linguistics

Biology

Medical PhD



Legal PhD

Physics

Literature

Psychology

Chemistry

Criminal Justice

Engineering

Archeology

Served in both Magical & Muggle Military:

United States Marine Corps

Rank: Colonel

Medals & Awards:

8 Purple Hearts (for the cumulative amount of wounds in combat)

7 gold stars

6 silver stars

2 bronze stars

2 medals of honor with clusters

7 order of merlin, first class

3 order of merlin, second class

Elite marksmanship medals

Elite hand to hand medals

Member of the American Dark Force Defence League

2 Orde Van De Leeuw (Amsterdam)

2 Orde De Marqi (France)

3 War Cross with Sword (Norway)

1 Order of the Crown (Belgium)

1 Victoria Cross (Canada)

1 Cross of Valour (Canada)

1 Medal of Honor (Germany)

1 Order of the Redeemer (Greece)

1 Medal of Military Order (Italy)

1 Medal of the Gold Star

"The only simple explanation for you all is that my life is pure chaos. I get stuck into almost impossible situations and I manage to barely skid through it all." Katherine muttered looking nervously around the room. "Really it's not that big a deal."

"I disagree young lady. You are my sister and you and Harry both are prodigies that is the only reason for all of this." Petunia said sternly,

though Katherine and Harry blushed slightly. Others in the room nodded and muttered agreements.

### Chapter 33:

"You realize we would have to release some of this record." Madam Bones said pointedly.

"Um...some yes. All of it no. I like my privacy. People in America have respected that. I want that here. Some of my degrees are fine those are a matter of public record anyways. I'd like to keep the full knowledge of my heritage private though. Maybe a couple of family names but not much. My military awards are also partially public record though most I have received through classified work. And must remain classified." Katherine answered slowly.

"Surely your joking." Rita almost screeched.

"NO!" Katherine's eyes glowed Avada green, and many backed up. "Many of the classified work remains classified to help protect lives, millions of lives both muggle and magical. You WILL follow the guidelines I lay or my superiors my order more drastic measures against everyone here. I WILL NOT RISK MY FAMILY BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!" She roared at the suddenly frightened woman. Seeing Katherine in uniform was one thing, seeing her very pissed off and glowing with power was another. Glasses around the room and the windows themselves shattered. The castle itself seemed to rumble. Many hugged the walls, even Snape pulled back as far as possible. Only Harry, Luna and Petunia remained where they were.

"N-now I-I'm sure w-we c-can come to some sort of compromise." Minister Fudge raised his hands into the air, basically saying 'please don't hurt me.' He especially cowered when Katherine's glowing eyes focused on him. Petunia grabbed her hand squeezing tightly. The glow of power slowly disappeared from her eyes and she sat. Slowly

everyone began to relax a little until they were once again seated. "How about we merely state you are a highly decorated officer with experience in various countries. Your pureblood by heritage with connections to several important bloodlines. And you have masters and elite levels in many areas of expertise." Katherine seemed to contemplate this before nodding in agreement. Many held breaths were released slowly.

She looked around the room before saying, "Oops." Waving a hand in the air everything repaired and replaced themselves. That in and of itself also shocked them. (Everyone's been getting to many shocks in the last little while. – Poor babies). "Oh, what now?"

"W-Wandless m-magic!" another official stuttered.

"Yes, I've been able to do that since I was three years old. What's the big deal?" Katherine's eyebrow arched.

"They mean very few people can do even the most basic of wandless magic. And to suddenly see someone do so, and then admit that she has done so since three years of age is a wee bit surprising dear." Petunia patted her knee lightly.

"Oh. Right anything else?" she asked.

"It says here you attended Karana Academy for mages. What kind of a mage are you?" Amelia asked looking at her curiously. Several other looked at the papers to confirm before turning back to the two.

"As some of you should be aware there are considered to be five different levels of a mages potential power. New theories suggest there is also a sixth and highest levels recorded now." A few in the room nodded. "I'm a sixth level." She stated calmly sipping from her tea cup. Several individuals actually fainted. She merely sighed. "Oh, please. I'm not the only sixth level here you know."

"Who, exactly, is the other sixth level?" Fudge asked nervously, all Katherine did in reply was point at Harry as she took another sip of her tea. While some were surprised at that, they weren't entirely shocked by it. With all that Lord Potter had been able to accomplish of late, this merely helped explain how it was possible. "Oh well then, that's all right. Anyone else?"

Katherine's eye brow rose again. "Luna is a 3rd level mage, but she hasn't gone through her full magical maturation yet so she could very well be a level five or six herself. With the right training Petunia could reach a level two or three at the most but I don't know if it would go any higher than that. I can always do a scan of the others in the castle if they were all together in the great hall."

"You'd be willing to check?" One of the younger officials asked excitedly.

"Sure. Though if they require any specialized training it would have to come from a fully qualified mage. Meaning me. Harry has to go through the mages trials before he's considered a full mage of any level. We can do that tonight if you wish, Harry." He nodded at her as she said this. "Very well."

A loud chime of a clock filled the room and everyone went to look at the time. "Oh dear, its dinner already. Lady Katherine, would you be willing to scan everyone at dinner? Some of their families will also be there." McGonagall asked as she stood, many others doing so as well.

"Of course."

When the large group entered the hall everyone silenced and watched them as they made their way towards their seats. Harry remained standing as the others sat.

"It has been confirmed that this..." He motioned to Katherine. ".....is

my aunt, the Lady Katherine. She will be staying with us for a little while. I expect everyone to behave appropriately other wise I'm sure she would teach you a lesson you would most likely never forget." Several of the students gulped loudly. "Also she is a fully qualified mage. And she has agreed to scan everyone to see if they have the potential to be a mage as well. If anyone is found to have that potentially you will train with her extensively. Thank you."

Once the students and their families seemed to get over there fear, or surprise as the case may be, they began to chat excitedly as they ate. Katherine was seated between McGonagall and Harry at the head table.

"Is there anyone?" McGonagall asked leaning towards her.

"Several actually. Now I merely have to see how powerful they are to determine if they do in fact require special instruction." Katherine's eyes began to glow slightly with power before it faded. Many of the students who had seen the glow thought it was merely a trick of the light. "Yes there are a few. When the meal is completed I will need the students to remain where they are. I will walk to teach to help identify them to you if my eyes glow slightly."

"Very well." Harry agreed. Everyone quickly returned to their meals, gaining the anticipation of what was to come. Once everyone was apparently finished Harry stood once again calling for everyone's attention. "Katherine has found a few who qualify for training if you would remain seated she will move around to identify everyone by rescanning for additional confirmation. McGonagall will make a list of names and those names will then be read." Katherine rose from her seat and began to moved slowly around the hall, ever now and then her eyes seemed to glow. McGonagall appeared to be taking notes. Then Katherine reached the last of those in the hall. Many held their breath as McGonagall's quill stopped and was then set down. She showed the parchment to Harry who nodded and then she stood.

"Those who qualify for mage instruction and testing are as follows: Cedric Diggory, Oliver Wood, Fred Weasley, Fleur Delacour, George Weasley, Cho Chang, Su Li, Blaise Zabini, Neville Longbottom, Luna Lovegood, Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Tracy Davis, Hermione Granger, Megan Jones, Padma Patil, Parvati Patil, Sally-Ann Perkins, Lisa Turpin, Viktor Krum and Draco Malfoy."

"Also Severus Snape, Lucius Malfoy, Narcissa Malfoy, Harry Potter and Margaret Grant." Katherine added.

In the ceremony rooms at Hogwarts, both Katherine and Harry were dressed in a pure almost glowing white flowing robes. Harry's hair had been tamed with a potion that made it grow to reach the floor and were intricately held up by ivory combs. Katherine was much the same hair style, though there were patterns in the fabric of her robes that moved and floe around as though it was dancing.

The Hogwarts staff, the visiting schools headmasters/mistress, ministry officials, Rita Skeeter and mage potentials (including Luna & Petunia) were on an observation deck looking down at the ceremony. Katherine held out her hand and a glowing white staff appeared, grabbed it and then tapped it loudly on the ground three times. Glowing runes appeared on the floor creating a sacred circle around the two.

"Harry James Potter, son of Lily, son of James. Do you wish to take the mages challenge?" Katherine eyes glowed and her voice seemed to be of many people all at once.

"Yes, I do." Harry stood tall and confident.

"Do you accept the consequences for those fail?"

"Yes, I do." He once again said firmly.

"Thy will be done." Katherine commanded striking her staff to the

ground once again. And a burst of power struck Harry and seemed to envelope him shielding him from view. Many in the stands gasped, but Katherine stood as still as a statue, eyes still glowing. Time seemed to stretch on for what seemed like hours, then the glowing ball the surrounded Harry flickered and slowly began to fade. Harry stood a little paler then before but appearing to still be strong. His robes too now held some sort of pattern in them.

"Harry James Potter, son of Lily, son of James. You have passed the trials, and are now and forever more mage of the 6th level. Do you accept this mantel?"

"I do." He said strongly.

"Thy will be done."

Not surprisingly there were two articles in the Quibbler and the Daily Prophet's front pages the very next morning. Though they were identical articles in each paper.

"Lady Katherine Evans Found Alive! More Revelations of the Past Are Brought Forth!"

Rita Skeeter

On assignment for the Quibbler & the Daily Prophet

Yesterday, a letter from the Gringott's Goblins arrived at Hogwarts for Petunia Evans and Lord Potter. It revealed that Lady Katherine Evans had been found in America. She too was searching for her family as best she could. The goblins brought her to Hogwarts to meet Ms. Evans and Lord Potter. And Lord Potter was able to scan and confirm that she was truly Lady Katherine Evans. She was asked what she remembered from her past.

"I can try to describe it. At first I remembered only bits and flashes



when I reached roughly 12 ½ years old. I remembered two girls playing with me. One I called Patty, the other was Lils. Then I remembered it was night time, I was late coming home I think from the library. I had library books in my hands. I remember an old man with a long beard, he had these really bright purple robes. He held up a wand and a red light flashed. I didn't remember much after that. When I woke up I was in a desert, in Americas death valley, I found out later. An American magical family found me, took me in, and helped me slowly remember more about the life I had before then."

When Madam Bones asked her if she could identify the one who attacked her. Katherine's response was "Hell yes! Sorry, its just.....for so long I didn't know anything except the name on the bracelet I wore." She pulled back her sleeve revealing a silver bracelet to the group that was present. "It's the only thing I had beyond the cloth's on my back." Ms. Petunia Evans then began to cry as she grabbed Katherine into a hug. It took several moments for the two to compose themselves. "Sorry about that."

Madam Bones took a photograph out of her briefcase and handed it to Katherine. It was Dumbledore's photo when he was locked away into Azkaban. Katherine's violent reaction was "That's him. That's the bastard. Where the hell is he so I can kill him!"

Madam Bones attempted to reassure her that he was locked away for good. Her exact words were: "He's already in prison. We had already found out about the majority of the crimes he committed have been found out. There was a full trial. He was sentenced to having his magic drained and to be placed in the darkest pits of Azkaban with the dementors to be his only company."

Katherine had one request: "Can I see him? I need to see him with my own two eyes before I can gain some peace from all this. I swear I will not kill him if his punishment is truly being carried out. I just.....I just need to see with my own two eyes. I can wait a few days to see for myself that he is truly paying for what he has done."

Katherine also gave an oath not to harm him unless Dumbledore should ever attempt to escape. She promised to hunt him down to the ends of the Earth.

While not much can be said of her work in the United States Marine Corps, she is a highly decorated officer with experience in various countries. She is also pureblood by heritage with connections to several important bloodlines. And she has masters and elite levels in many areas of expertise. This reporter personally saw a list of degrees and levels that she has accomplished in both the muggle and magical worlds.

She has agreed to release a list of the degrees and levels as well as naming the schools she has attended. She attended Karana Academy of Mages and Shadowfall Academy of Magic. She has magical masters and elite levels in: Transfiguration, Potions, Herbology, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Ancient Runes, History of Magic, Magical Theory, Charms, Care of Magical Creatures, Medi-magic, Muggle Studies, Ancient Linguistics, Modern Linguistics, Astronomy, Arithmacy, Muggle & Magical Geography, Magical & Muggle Law, Goblins Law, Goblins History, Goblins Etiquette & Customs, Traditional Practices, Genealogy & Ascestral Magics, Apparation, Animagus, Enchantment Specialties, Weaponry Specialties, Alchemy, Business Law.

She also has muggle bachelors, masters & PhD's in: Computer Science, Information Technology, Library Science, Linguistics, Biology, Medical PhD, Legal PhD, Physics, Literature, Psychology, Chemistry, Criminal Justice, Engineering, Archeology.

It was also revealed to this reporter that the mage levels now have six levels instead of five. Two people have been identified to be of the sixth and most powerful level, Lord Harry Potter and Lady Katherine Evans. It was also revealed that Lady Luna Lovegood has the potential of being a fifth level mage. While Ms. Petunia Evans has the potential to be a second or third level mage with the proper training.

Last night at dinner Lady Katherine did a scan of all the students, staff and family to find any potential mages. She found many of them. The students who are potentials will receive lessons and training from Lady Katherine.

Those who qualify for mage instruction and testing are as follows: Cedric Diggory, Oliver Wood, Fred Weasley, Fleur Delacour, George Weasley, Cho Chang, Su Li, Blaise Zabini, Neville Longbottom, Luna Lovegood, Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Tracy Davis, Hermione Granger, Megan Jones, Padma Patil, Parvati Patil, Sally-Ann Perkins, Lisa Turpin, Viktor Krum and Draco Malfoy. Also Severus Snape, Lucius Malfoy, Narcissa Malfoy, Lord Harry Potter and Margaret Grant.

It is not known how long Lady Katherine may remain at Hogwarts before being recalled to service in America. So lessons will most likely begin immediately though they will be adjusted to fit the competitions. We wish the students luck in their new lessons.

"Lord Harry Potter, Full Mage!"

Rita Skeeter

On assignment for the Quibbler & the Daily Prophet

Yesterday evening young Lord Harry Potter undertook what is known as the mages trials. These trials are held to be very sacred and each mage goes through different trial. No two are exactly alike. But this reporter Rita Skeeter, was one of the witnesses for the mage trials of Lord Potter. As a full mage is required for the trials to be held Lady Katherine acted in that official capacity. The ceremony was as follows:

Lady Katherine held out her hand and a glowing white staff appeared,

she grabbed it and then tapped it loudly on the ground three times. Glowing runes appeared on the floor creating a sacred circle around the two.

"Harry James Potter, son of Lily, son of James. Do wish to take the mages challenge?" Katherine's eyes glowed and her voice seemed to be of many people all at once.

"Yes, I do." Lord Potter said as he stood tall and confident.

"Do accept the consequences for those fail?"

"Yes, I do." He once again said firmly.

"Thy will be done." Lady Katherine commanded striking her staff to the ground once again. And a burst of power struck Lord Potter and seemed to envelope him shielding him from view. Many in the stands gasped, but Lady Katherine stood as still as a statue, eyes still glowing. Time seemed to stretch on for what seemed like hours, then the glowing ball the surrounded Harry flickered and slowly began to fade. Lord Potter stood a little paler then before but appearing to still be strong. His robes too now held some sort of pattern in them.

"Harry James Potter, son of Lily, son of James. You have passed the trials, and are now and forever more mage of the 6th level. Do you accept this mantel?"

"I do." He said strongly.

"Thy will be done."

That is correct folks, Lord Harry James Potter is now a complete 6th level mage with all of the rights and responsibilities as such. Lady Katherine herself seemed very pleased with how he did and congratulated him after the ceremony was completed. Both Lady Luna and Ms. Petunia Evans also congratulated this astounding

young man. Those among the number of witnesses was Madam Amelia Bones, Minister Cornelius Fudge, all of the Hogwarts staff, the Headmasters/mistress of all visiting schools, and those who were named to be potential mages.

Over the course of the next few days the students and staff got used to seeing Katherine around. Sometimes she would just be out for a simple walk, tutoring Petunia, other times she would be doing physical exercises like jogging or martial arts. Many like to watch her practice martial arts because the fluidity of how she moved was astounding. She at other times she would actually spar with students during their free time and teach many self defense. When she wasn't doing that she also taught many of the potentials both students and adults.

But what surprised them most was when they saw Katherine and Harry dancing. It was a mixture of various styles, ballet, jazz, ballroom, and latin. Not to mention a few others. They had danced like pros. Soon the students began to ask for lessons, eventually she caved and she began to give dance lessons as well. When she wasn't teaching she tended to read in the library or disappear to her rooms. Though she helped others, they could tell she held back, pulling into herself for some reason. But then on the 17th Madam Bones arrived at Hogwarts looking for Katherine. It was time for her to see that Dumbledore was truly suffering for all that he had done to others.

Katherine came into the hall in full dress uniform. And then Katherine, Harry, and Amelia left by port key going directly to Azkaban. They reappeared in a dark hallway, Amelia lit her wand and began to guide them into even more depths of the pits of Azkaban. The dementor's for some reason bowed to Harry and Katherine and stepped out of their way. Soon they arrived at a set of very thick iron doors. Amelia waved her wand and muttered something, the doors opened. They only had to walk down the hall that was revealed before they stood in what appeared to be a barred observation room. There was

Dumbledore, thin and skeletal like, chained at the ankles to the walls. He looked up with steel blue haunted eyes. When his eyes focused on Harry and Amelia he seemed to try to glare at them. But then Katherine stepped into what little light there was from Amelia's wand. His eyes widened in shock.

"NO! YOUR SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!" He screamed and tried to rush forward only to be tripped up by the chains attached to his ankles.

"You left me for dead old man. Did you really think I would give up so easily? That I would just be a good little girl and die quietly? You should have killed me when you had the chance. I've learned to control my powers, Harry and Petunia know the truth of what you did. Both to me and to Petunia." She smirked at his look of horror. "Yes, the blocks on my sister have been removed. She's learning magic now, and quite quickly too."

"YOU WHORE!" Dumbledore roared spitting at her.

"Really now, is that any way to treat a lady?" Katherine taunted. "All my life I've trained for the day I could hunt you and reveal what you had done. But Harry insured that justice was done already. I merely wanted to see your punishment for myself. And I find that I wasted my time by hating you, hating what you were. I won't waste any more of my life on you!" Katherine turned sharply and walked away.

Harry smirked down at Dumbledore. "At least five dementors will be right here every hour of every day from now on. Not to mention there will be even more near by at all times too. Have a nice hell." Harry turned and walked away with Amelia following, they could hear Dumbledore whimpers and screams. Katherine was waiting at the doors her head in her hands. Harry hugged her. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, it's just.....I hated him for so long. Now what is left?" She shuddered.

"Me. And Luna. And Aunt Petunia. We're with you now." Harry whispered holding her tightly as she sobbed. Amelia was a ways away to give them some privacy. Soon Katherine gathered herself up, whipping off her face with a hank-curtain Harry gave her. "Better?" Harry asked and she nodded. Amelia walked back over and they portkeyed away.

## Chapter 34:

Katherine hid in her room for the rest of the evening, though she promised Harry she would be at the quidditch game the next day. Come hell or high water were her words. Amazingly enough it was both Lucius and Severus who was asked how she was doing. Who would have thought that they would care about someone like that. Rumors flew around the school that they were both after Katherine. It wasn't rare or strange for purebloods to have partners outside their marriages as most marriages were arranged.

It was actually expected most of the time. So when two powerful pureblood wizards were interested in the same woman made people curious. An honestly, it freaked her out. Not many in America made their interest known, for their own health reasons. Katherine was well known to be very selective, it's actually saved her life in the past. But now suddenly have all this attention freaked her out. And so she gave into a baser need of hide. Some where around eleven she finally decided to go for a walk. A walk that would end in a fight.

Harry and Luna were cuddling in front of the fire when the schools alarms sounded. Both jumped up and were rushing down the hall being joined by the staff, than they heard a girls scream over to one of the courtyards. When they arrived they saw several Beauxbatons girls huddled together in one corner, Katherine was fighting a cloaked figure with both magic and muggle techniques. Finally she was able to blast him away and he ran to the forbidden forest.

When she moved to follow, Harry yelled, "Katherine!" She froze, seemed to ease back and then turned to look at Harry who shook his head. She glanced one last time at where the man had run too before walking to Harry who was checking out the students for any injuries. Suddenly they heard a mans terrified screams from the forest. "There is an Acromantula coloney in the forest, I said they could feed on any who would attempt to come to the school through there but did not have permission. Students and staff as well as guests are safe, I made sure of that."

"So he'll be dead for trust passing into the forest without permission?" Katherine's eyebrow arched slightly.

"Yes, Aragog would not allow his children to feed if they were under my protection. That is part of the oath he gave. In return if someone is stupid enough to go into the forest that isn't under my protection the spiders may feed at will. This protects against the potential threat of an attack from their." He explained as he stood.

"Not a bad security policy." Katherine shrugged. The Beauxbaton students were ushered into the great hall while being checked over by Lady Luna, Madam Pomfrey and Madam Maxime. Tea was handed out to help calm their nerves.

"Can you try to tell us what happened?" Professor McGonagall tried to ask gently.

"We were going for a walk, to exzited about thez game tomorrow you see." One of the older girls said with only a slight accent. "We madz sur to stay clos' to z castle. When we walk through the courtyard, he show up and hit Madeline. We throw spells and he began to go try to draw hez wand to kill us I think but then Lady Katherine appeared and started to figh' him. Then you appear, and he run to z forest." She hugged one of the younger girls who were shacking. "He would have killed uz, if not for z Lady!"



Katherine blushed a little, before her eyes seemed to narrow. "Did you notice any markings or symbols on his clothes or his body? Anything?"

The smallest of the girls, Madeline, answered, "I zaw a pattern, yez. When he hit me." She seemed to concentrate. "Iz hard to des...describe. But I'z can try to dra' it." She looked at Katherine with a very determined face. Harry summoned a bit of parchment and a pencil. The girls spent the next few minutes trying to painstakingly remember and draw every detail. After pausing for a moment, she handed the paper and pencil back to Harry.

"I don't recognize this pattern." Harry muttered before handing it to Katherine. Her eyes instantly narrowed and began to glow. "But you do."

"Yes, it's a cult. A very dangerous one. The man that 'led' them brain washed or mind controlled his 'loyal followers' into thinking he was the god Seth. He was killed in a fire fight with the American ATF. Who monitor drugs, tobacco and weapons of firearms as their known. The drug he used for the mind control is called Nish'ta, it can infiltrate the entire psyche but it does have a weakness."

"Which is?" Snape questioned some level of curiosity in his voice.

"Once it takes over the mind and saturates into the system. All you have to do is induce an electrical pulse into the person. It automatically zaps the Nish'ta and even uses the destroyed Nish'ta to help create a block for the drug in future."

"So we'll need the elves to go over everything to check for it." Harry muttered.

"Yes, and make sure it's only the elves who do so. Their minds are automatically protected from the drug. It's the humanoid minds that are vulnerable. We'll also need to scan everyone in the castle to

ensure no one is already under the influence. Though if we just jolted everyone at breakfast that would leave the necessary time for the drug to fully saturate and then destroy it. We'll be able to check everyone at the same time that way and get rid of any potential drugs in their systems." She added thoughtfully.

"Alright that's what we'll do." Harry nodded. "Madam Maxime we'll need to do a full lock down of the castle, and that means all students, staff and any guests already present."

"Agreed. I do not want my studentz to be drugged by this hooligan!" She said vehemently. The others all nodded in agreement.

"Alright, Minerva have the Hogwarts professor lock down the exterior first, make sure your in pairs in the very least. I'll do a full scan of the grounds during that. Madam Maxime you'll need to escort your students to their dorms and stay with them for now. Professors Snape & Flitwick I need you to escort them and then join in the search and lock down. Once there only the necessary personnel around, we search and lock everything else down until breakfast. Only Katherine, Minerva, the other head of houses and my self will have complete access to anything before breakfast. Firenze, I need you to go into the forest to warn everyone there to be on there guard. Try to send word to Aragog's kin. With the pendent they know not to attack you. Dobby!"

The little hyper elf appeared, "Yes, Harry Potter sir!"

"I need you to gather up the house elves. Have them go through all foods, drinks and ingredients for anything and everything. Through out the castle and the grounds. I know they'll be tired come breakfast but their was an intruder who could have tried to drug the population here."

Dobby's eyes seemed to glow and he gained a very determined look. "We will search Harry Potter sir! We will search everything, we will!"

We will warn others too!" Then he disappeared.

Everyone broke into groups and went to their tasks. As Harry scanned Katherine and the teachers began searching around the entrances. Luna and Professor Sprout went through and search the greenhouses before locking them up tight. After escorting the Beauxbatons group, Snape and Flitwick began searched of the towers. McGonagall and Sinistera searched the upper floors locking down any openings, be them windows or doors. Hagrid and Hooch took care of the main doors with the help of Filch after Firenze galloped to the forest. Once that was locked, Filch and Mrs. Norris began to search the main floors. Remus and Pomfrey went through the hospital wing and it's connected rooms, and then went through the dungeons. Pince and Vector search the area surrounding the library and the library itself.

Even after several hours of searching nothing turned up for the professors. Hundreds of house elves moved through the castle and grounds searching everything. They found one crate of tainted tea bags, and a large batch of pumpkin juice. When a couple of elves check both Snapes and Pomfrey's they found tainted vials. All of the tea in Trelawney's towers was also tainted. All were immediately destroyed. The house elves were very angry that someone had tried to harm their charges. This was their home too. Word passed to all house elves through out the country and then the world. Many of the creatures in their various homes began instant searches. Unfortunately more drugs were found in various residences.

Eventually the professors headed back to their quarters to get what little sleep they could. The only one's that didn't sleep were Katherine and Harry. When Dobby appeared in front of them, they merely looked at him questioningly.

"Dobby and others find bad things. Tilly know how to write, so Tilly wrote list. We contacted other elves and some find bad things. Here is list, it is." Dobby's ears drooped sadly though his eyes were filled

with anger as he handed over the list to Harry.

"Shit!" He cursed reading through the list. "Dobby I need a personal favor."

"Dobby will help! He will!" the little house-elf promised.

"I need you to gather a few willing elves. Search the muggle royals homes and Number 10 Downing street. Make sure you are not seen by anyone or anything. They have special security so be careful. If their drugged it could mean the deaths of millions." Harry leaned forward slightly.

"Dobby will be careful! Dobby promise!" The little elf disappeared.

Katherine pulled out a cell phone and began dialing a number. "This was made to work with magic. I'll send out an alert to them just incase security does pick them up. I'll also let the President know too. They actually have house elves I loaned to them for a little while. They'll be able to search the important big wig's. They can also put out there own alert."

By breakfast all the Beauxbatons students had heard of what happened. And rumors were quickly passing through the rest. These rumors were only enhanced when the students saw the tired and draw faces of the staff. There were also a lot of new (well new visitors) present. Suddenly there was a jolt to all in the hall, including the staff though they seemed to expect it. Many cried out, jumping from there seats, but panic could not set in because a bang came from both Katherine and Harry's wands. Silence filled the hall as Harry rose from his own seat.

"We have some startling news for everyone before the game can be held. And yes it will be held. But this needs to be explained. Last night a man attacked several Beauxbatons students. Not much harm was done, but one of the young ladies, Matilda, was hurt a little so

please help her out if she needs any assistance. The creature clans of the forest have killed the man for trespassing and for attacking the school. Matilda was able to identify a marking the man had." He waved his wand and a glowing symbol appeared. "This is the mark. If you ever see it again, report it to the staff and the authorities immediately. Upon the attack we locked down the school and began an immediate search of the castle and lands. No other intruders were found. We did manage to determine that the intruders may have tried to poison some of the schools food and drink supplies. The house-elves did a full search, and did find this to be true."

Cries of outrage filled the hall. Until Katherine finally lost her temper, "SILENCE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" She roared as her aura appeared. Needless to say everyone promptly shut up for fear of her. "The drugs in question have been neutralized! If you will sit down, keep your mouths shut and listen, you'll find out more."

"Thank you, Aunt Katherine. Though if you would explain the specifics." Harry asked.

"Very well." She sighed. "The situation is complicated but listen to everything. The symbol is from a cult. A very dangerous one. The man that 'led' them brain washed or mind controlled his 'loyal followers' into thinking he was the god Seth. He was killed in a fire fight with the American ATF. Who monitor drugs, tobacco and weapons of firearms as their known. The drug he used for the mind control is called Nish'ta, it can infiltrate the entire psyche but it does have a weakness. Once it takes over the mind and saturates into the system. All you have to do is induce an electrical pulse into the person. It automatically zaps the Nish'ta and even uses the destroyed Nish'ta to help create a block for the drug in future. The jolt you all felt was to help neutralize anyone who may have been exposed to it. The reason that the house elves did the search of any foods, drinks and ingredients is because it's only the elves who could do so. Their minds are automatically protected from the drug. It's the humanoid minds that are vulnerable. Incubation period or infection

period is short but once released it infects any humanoid."

"So why did the ministry drag us out of bed?" One man called, his wife clutching his arm.

Harry rose from his seat again. "I'm afraid that was my doing. I asked several of our house elves to go out to others so as many families and businesses as possible. That way your house elves would be able to check and neutralize any Nish'ta that could be there. It ended being a wise idea. Those who were brought here had simpler situations. Nish'ta had been planted in your homes or businesses. The aurors who gathered you were never exposed and there for safe. And for safety sake I gave them a jolt before sending them out."

A woman stood, "So we should be safe now right?"

"Yes. If you wish you can return to your homes....." Harry paused and seemed to consider something briefly. "Or you can stay for the game, we do have a VIP box available. But it has to be done by a vote."

"STAY!!" Many of the families screamed. All tickets were sold out, even the standing room only section. So the promise of a VIP box was like being offered all the gold of Gringott's.

Harry grinned, "That's what I thought you'd all say." The seriousness seemed to disappear as the rest of the hall started laughing, and surprise, surprise Katherine was laughing with them too dispelling some of her cool exterior. "Alright onto to better and more fun things. You all should know the basic rules. Players go get ready, everyone else to the stands!"

There was an enthusiastic mass exodus from the hall. Reinforced by the new families. They were practically rampaging out the school to the pitch and into the marked box seats settling in as quickly as they could grab the seats that were actually marked with their names.

Once the players were lined up, Harry's voice boomed across the pitch.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the fifth match of the Hogwarts International Quidditch Competition. As you can see the teams are ready to battle for the games. I shall now draw two chips that have to color and emblems of their teams on them. These two teams will be the ones who play today. The players of the other teams will join us here in the teams box to watch the match." Reaching into the bag Harry pulled out the red phoenix chip and the green serpents chip. "The two teams that shall face off are the Brown Cannon Balls and the Red Phoenix's! Players take to your brooms. The other teams join us in the stands now."

And all of them kicked off, the ones not playing flew directly to the boxes where the family's were seated. The two teams swung around the pitch to the cheers of the crowd. Going to their position before the bludgers, snitch were released and the quaffle was thrown up into the air. Chasers and beaters zoomed about. Everyone could hear the young commentator Lee Jorden over the roars of the rest of the cheers from the stands.

"And the quaffle is released. This is the second match for both teams who shall win today. The Brown Cannon Balls or the Red Phoenix's!" The crowds cheer for there favorite teams. "On the Brown Cannon Ball team is Seki Toshinabe, winner of the student keeper gold medal! And on the Red Phoenix team is Changli Xiang winner of the pro seeker gold medal, and the pro keeper silver medal! Also on the Red Phoenix team is Michael Sullivan, winner of the pro beater gold medal!"

"Dramitri Markinstov of the Cannon Balls has the quaffle and is heading for Xiang at the hoops! Oh and gets stopped cold with a direct hit from a bludgers. Red Phoenix beater Michael Sullivan does some spectacular aiming with that one! Kenshin Himura gets the quaffle and passes to our own Gryffindor Katie Bell!"

Gryffindor students and supporters cheered and roared as Katie zoomed across the pitch deftly avoiding enemy beaters. She saw an opening and passed to Fadi.

"Katie passes to Fadi Dua. Who scores! 10 points to the Phoenix's!"

Back and forth the game went, the scores went 140 to 100. Neither team wanted to give up or lose. The quaffle went back and forth, sometimes scoring, sometimes not. The beater were wacking the bludgers around at the opposing team like crazy. While there have been a few grazes, no real injuries occurred. Then finally Katherine Turner seemed to spot the snitch and took off after it, with Tenchi Misaki close behind. The two ran neck and neck as the crowds cheered, both reached as they flew almost grazing the walls of the stands, then Katherine Turner suddenly crashed into the wall and then to the ground. Healers were already running from their stations as Tenchi caught the snitch, ending the game.

"TENCHI MISAKI HAS CAUGHT THE SNITCH! RED PHOENIX'S WIN!" Jordon's voice boomed across the pitch over the cheers of the crowds.

## Chapter 35:

It was winter break Hogwarts. Many students decided to stay often getting to others from the different houses. Instead of trying to fight over what house everyone would get together at the Evans, Weasley's, & Lovegood's decided to spend break at Hogwarts. But before the fun could begin, the trials of Vernon & Dudley Dursley were going to take place. The Weasley's couldn't testify because to the muggle world they don't exist. The Lovegood's however, and for whatever reason, over the generations actually took the time to keep family records in the muggle world, so they were able to attend and testify as needed. Naturally Petunia, Harry & Katherine were all going. It was a solemn occasion as everyone dressed in black, save



Katherine who was in uniform, port keyed to Harry's Townhouse, two rolls Royce's and drivers waiting outside at the curb, also dressed in black.

Upon arriving at the courthouse, they became the focus of the mountain of press. Each climbed out of the vehicle's, Katherine and Laetius were on either side of Petunia. While Harry and Luna led the way. Unlike you would expect for so many press being there was nearly total silence. The solemn but strong face the group presented commanded respect. So they easily moved up the courthouse steps where several officers were waiting to escort them into the courtroom.

Once the group was led into the courtroom and everyone settled, Vernon and Dudley were brought in. Vernon, upon seeing Petunia tried to ram his way get at her, he was quickly faced by Katherine who easily threw him back from her. The bailiffs and several officers rushed to subdue the fat walrus as he attempted to attack again. All Katherine did was pulled a gun and point it directly in between his eyes, cocking the lever back ready to fire. Everyone in the courtroom, including Vernon, froze.

"After the pain you caused my sister and my nephew I would have no problem blowing your brains out!" She hissed so coldly it felt like the room froze over. Vernon realized that she wasn't joking, and let the men pull him into a chair and shackled him to it. Dudley was automatically shackled just in case. Katherine slowly slid the lever back down and holstered her weapon, when Petunia had grabbed her free hand tightly. Katherine turned to the judges, bowing slightly. "Forgive me but I would not let him harm my family any further."

"Perfectly understandable, young lady. I do hope you have the necessary credentials to carry and use that weapon." The older female judge said looking at her over the rim of her glasses. Katherine merely took out a thin id holder and handed it to one of the bailiffs who then handed it to the judge. The judge examined it before

passing it onto her colleges. "Very well, you may retain your weapon, but I ask you to have more restraint in future."

"Yes, your honors." Katherine bowed again slightly as she took the id's back and sat next to Petunia again.

"Very well. I call this court to order. The honorable Judges Mary K. MacDove, James Samuals and Sean Turpinton presiding. We will be having separate proceedings for Mr. Vernon Dursley and Mr. Dudley Dursley. But they will be held consecutively as has been agreed by both sides. Prosecutor Kirk Patrick if you would begin?" The older distinguished gentleman to Mary MacDove's left banged the gavel calling the court to order.

"Yes, your honor. On behalf of her majesty's government, the following charges have been brought against Mr. Vernon Dursley:

Minimum of 20 charges of child neglect to Lord Harry James Potter

Over 65 counts of child abuse within the last three years to Lord Harry James Potter

Over 223 counts of child abuse over the course of the last twelve years to Lord Harry James Potter.

Over 223 counts of physical assault on one Lord Harry James Potter over the course of the last twelve years

Over 300 counts of verbal abuse to one Lord Harry James Potter

Minimum of 25 charges of spousal abuse to Miss. Petunia Evans Dursley in the last three years.

Over 90 charges of spousal abuse to Miss. Petunia Evans Dursley in the last twelve years

Over 100 counts of verbal abuse to Miss Petunia Evans Dursley

12 counts Embezzlement from Grunnings Drill to the total amount of 450,000 pounds over the course of the last six years, and a total of 850,000 pounds over the course of the last fifteen years

Over 50 counts of verbal abuse to various employee's of Grunning Drill Company

12 counts of theft of personal property in the last 6 months

Over 100 counts of torture to Lord Harry James Potter

25 counts of falsifying legal documents submitted to her majesty's treasury to with hold a total of 850,000 pounds from the treasury over the course of the last 14 years

25 counts of falsifying legal documents submitted to her majesty's ministry of education pertaining to one Lord Harry James Potter

25 counts of falsifying legal records submitted to her majesty's government pertaining to one Lord Harry James Potter

50 counts of abuse to officers of her majesty's law enforcement

75 counts of verbal abuse to officers of her majesty's law enforcement

"This totals a minimum of 1420 counts against him. And a total of 850,000 pounds that need to be repaid at a minimum. It is our wish that he be punished to the fullest extent of the law with the harshest of penalties possible against him. We will prove that he is a predicate and sociopath attacker who could never be rehabilitated in any way. All psychological experts agree on these facts and have examined the defendant extensively. We carefully documented evidence and statements that leave no shadow of a doubt that Vernon Dursley is

guilty of these crimes. We ask and motion that at a minimum should a lengthy trial be truly necessary that he be held without bail." The young man (though definitely in his late 20's or early 30's) remained respectful to the judges though he did glare at the two male Dursleys often.

Those in the stands of the court room shouted and screamed with outrage at the Dursley men. It took several minutes for the courtroom to settle down. Even the judges looked outraged at the amount and types of the crimes committed. The three spoke softly back and forth before turning back to everyone.

"Motion to deny bail is granted. So says the court." Judge Turpinton banged the gavel, Vernon looked outraged as the crowd cheered. "Defence Gregory Welk you may begin."

"Your honors. My client admits that he has done some wrongs and is more than willing to make reparations to Grunnings Drills. But I motion that the charges of spousal abuse, child abuse and falsifying of documents are completely fabricated by the prosecutor's whim. Lord Harry James Potter attended St. Brutus's School. And thus it is expected he would fabricate such lies. And his wife Miss Petunia Evan Dursley is also not of the right mind to make such allegations against the husband who has fed her, clothed her and given her a home out of the goodness of his own heart." The pompous man tried to excuse Vernon's actions like they were flimsy at best. Those in the audience shouted in disbelief and anger.

"Your honor, Lord Potter has been attending Hogwarts School for the Gifted! He has already passed all of his education up to earning several doctorate's degrees in wide variety of areas. Miss Petunia Evans Dursley has submitted to psychiatric examinations and passed. She has also filed for an annulment of her marriage from this despicable man. And the disinheritance and disassociation from Dudley Dursley due to his own actions. This is a pathetic attempt to excuse Mr. Dursley's actions are a complete insult!" the prosecutor

screamed over the crowd with blatant outrage in his voice. Judge Turpinton ganged his gavel for several minutes until there was order again.

"I must agree with the prosecutor on this Mr. Welk. We, the judges of this matter, have already checked into all documentation of Lord Potter's education. He did attend Hogwarts School for the Gifted. And he has graduated with several doctorate's. We have also seen the results from the psychiatric examinations, and we have spoken with those who originally did the examination. We have also seen the motions she has filed for annulment from Vernon Dursley and for the disinheritance and disassociation for Dudley Dursley. Both shall be ruled upon after the criminal charges of Dudley Dursley are ruled upon. Your motion is denied. And your defense had better be better then that. We have review all evidence and statements that have been submitted by both sides of this. Do you have anything further to say before deliberations?"

"No, your honor." Both men stated.

"Very well, this court is in recess."

It took three and half hours until the judges appeared ready to give verdicts. During that time Vernon was looking what must have thought to be threatening and intimidating at Petunia and Harry. Katherine quickly dissuaded him from doing this for to long by motioning that she was going for her gun. He immediately paled and gulped before facing forward. Soon enough after that the judges returned to the benches but remained standing.

"It through a unanimous agreement based upon a preponderance of the evidence and testimony that has been submitted, we find the defendant Vernon Dursley guilty of all charges. He is hereby ordered to server no less then four consecutive life sentences without the possibility of parole, and to make 3 million pounds of restitution to the follow individuals: 1 million to Grunnings Drills, 1 million to Petunia

Evans Dursley and 1 million to Lord Harry James Potter. If restitution can not be made then he will have one additional life sentence without the possibility of parole. So is the judgment of the court." Judge Turpinton banged the gavel as the crowds cheered.

Petunia leaned against Katherine in relief as she was hugged by her. Harry hugged Luna tightly. Laetius pat his shoulder in support. Many pictures were taken of the group. Suddenly Vernon roared in outrage and broke free of the officers attempting to remove him from the court. Katherine reached behind her to a different holster and pulled out a stun gun. She brought it up in time to zap him before he could get near Petunia. The walrus fell to the floor and convulsed from the electric shocks.

"By all rights I should have really shot you, you bastard! Be thankful I'm happy with the thought of you rotting in prison where you belong." She roared at him. Moving to stand completely in front of her sister, to protect her further if needed. Katherine disengaged the wires as the bailiffs and officers brought out heavy shackles and chained the man up. She continued to glare at the man coldly as they dragged him out of the court room.

"Thank you for your restraint, Lady Katherine Evans. It is appreciated greatly." Judge MacDove nodded to her in thanks. Katherine nodded in return. "If you would all be seated we may continue with the trial of Dudley Dursley." Everyone settled back down relatively quickly, wanting to continue. "Prosecutor, if you will continue."

"Yes, your honor. Mr. Dudley Dursley is charged with the following:

Minimum of 20 charges of child neglect to Lord Harry James Potter

Over 65 counts of child abuse with in the last three years to Lord Harry James Potter

Over 150 counts of child abuse over the course of the last six years

to Lord Harry James Potter.

Over 150 counts of physical assault on one Lord Harry James Potter over the course of the last six years

Over 250 counts of verbal abuse to one Lord Harry James Potter

Minimum of 25 charges of spousal abuse to Miss. Petunia Evans Dursley in the last three years.

Over 90 charges of abuse to Miss. Petunia Evans Dursley in the last five to six years

Over 100 counts of verbal abuse to Miss Petunia Evans Dursley

Over 100 counts of assault on fellow students from his school and children within five to ten miles of his former residence Number 4 Privet Drive

Over 25 counts of theft from various individuals

Over 15 counts of theft from businesses in the around Surrey

"Though Mr. Dudley Dursley is relatively young, we believe with the wide types and increasing amounts of crimes against many in the area where he had lived, that he should held without bail and tried as an adult." Mr. Patrick said gazing at the younger walrus with nothing short of loathing.

"Your honor, Mr. Dudley Dursley is a twelve year old. And cannot be tried as an adult. These supposed complaintants of the neighborhood aren't even here, I motion to dismiss this wild premise as they have not presented themselves!" Mr. Welk objected loudly.

"WRONG!" Katherine said coldly, a large number of those in the audience stood. "When I heard about the trial I arranged for

transportation of the chief complainants. I thought it appropriate for him to have to face those who he had assaulted."

"And who ARE you?" Mr. Welk sneered loudly.

Katherine stood and moved forward to stand along side the prosecutor after looking to the judges for permission. "Colonel Katherine Evans of the United States Marine Corps, Lady of the house Evans, Romanov, Donovan & Antonini. You may know of my sister Miss. Petunia Evans Dursley and my nephew Lord Harry James Potter." She mockingly bowed at the pompous man. Laughter and snickers went the audience. "I have the unfortunate occurrence of being a temporary relation to Dudley Dursley. My paperwork for his disinheritance and disassociation have already been completed and acknowledge by her majesty's court."

"Yes, we checked on that during our last deliberations Lady Evans, you may return to your seat. And if the rest of you would please be seated. Mr. Welk, your motion is denied. And should you continue insulting anyone, you will be held in contempt!" Judge Samuels warned, speaking for the first time in the proceedings. "Remember we have already reviewed the evidence."

"We will now deliberate and review the evidence once more before our final ruling. Court is ordered to recess." Turpinton banged the gavel once more, and the judges went to deliberate. It didn't take nearly as long for this deliberation as with Vernon. When the judges returned they seemed very grim.

"It is the unanimous agreement of this court that we judge you to receive the punishment of a full adult for your actions in this short but criminal life you have led. You are here by sentenced to 10 years without the possibility for the assault and abuse you have placed upon your own mother and cousin. You will have an additional 6 years for the assault on those around the neighborhood of Surrey, and a further 2 years for the thefts your have committed. You will also



pay restitution to the total of 50,000 pounds upon release from prison which will be in a minimum of 15 years for that is when you have the possibility of parole. Parole will be a minimum of 35 years. You may not have any further contact with Petunia Evans and Lord Harry James Potter in any way. Thus is the ruling of the court."

There were some cheers from the families that had been tormented, but over all it was a more somber moment. Dudley seemed resigned to the ruling, not fighting the officers when he was unshackled from the chair, and led out. The officers seemed to realize this and guided him out a little more politely than they had done with Vernon. The judges then motioned for Harry and Petunia's group to step forward, as they did Katherine had her arm around Petunia for support, the same as Luna was doing for Harry.

"Ms. Petunia Evans your motion for an annulment from Vernon Dursley is granted with our blessings. How you could live with such a man to help your nephew speaks of great strength. And has earned the courts respect. We wish you the best in your newest chance at life, make the most of it." Judge MacDove smiled reassuringly at Petunia as she sighed with relief and leaned into Katherine once again. "Your additional motions to disinherit and disassociate from Dudley Dursley are also granted. I understand that you wanted to minimize your former son's jail time, but it could not be avoided or aloud."

"I understand, thank you your honors." Petunia nodded in thanks.

"Court dismissed!" Judge Turpinton banged the gavel one final time.

## Chapters 36 - 38

### Chapter 36:

After the trial both Harry and Katherine threw themselves into working on some training orbs, that could teach the potential mages when the two had other matters to take care of. Petunia and Luna seemed to understand why they did this. Katherine had to go back to America by the 26th. And Harry had many other obligations outside of Hogwarts to do. Finally by the 25th, they managed to come up with something. The orb was a steel grey that seemed to pulse with power, they even made an instruction manual for the thing. After quickly sending them out to the potentials, Harry then turned to meeting with several students who had requested a meeting to discuss personal issues. While Katherine worked around the castle, helping Hagrid and Filch with various tasks.

McGonagall spoke with each student herself before sending the requests along to Harry. A few even asked to be seen together in groups. So when she found out the reasons for the students wanting the meeting, she immediately contacted Harry. Harry, though not told why, set up one in mass meeting but only those that McGonagall approved.

"So essentially, your families kicked you out for one reason or another but basically because you have magical abilities." Harry questioned slowly and many seemed to be shamed by it but nodded in confirmation. "Why didn't you all come forward sooner then this?"

"A couple of us did go to Dumbledore but he always just said we were better off with our families, even if they kicked us out. Well, those aren't his specific words. But if the famed Albus Dumbledore had already passed judgment then how would we know if we went to one of the other staff that they wouldn't go to Dumbledore. And then we could get into a lot of trouble."

"I see." Harry's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Since you're all muggle-borns or half-bloods I take you have experience in the muggle world?" Many nods answered his question. "Very well, I have several properties that border close to mixed villages or on the edge of muggle lands. You may stay there once the location has been selected. In return for room and board you have to help with the upkeep of the place and its lands. Agreed?"

The students' faces went from shame to shock to happiness. One Ravenclaw spoke up. "We could really stay? We could have a home outside of Hogwarts again?"

"Yes, but there are conditions. Like I said you have to help with maintained and upkeep of the place. House elves will be there but they won't do all the work. You help with what needs to get done. Such as the grocery shopping or supplies that are needed and so forth. It's not a free stay. You have to work for it. But as long as I have favorable reports of everyone pulling their fair share equally, then there won't be any problems. There will be squibs or other adults there too to keep an eye on things. You get to stay until one month after your graduations, then you have to move out or begin to pay rent. I have someone go with you to your old homes to pick up the rest of your things in an hour or two. They'll be able to shrink anything. But you'll have to go in groups and your things will need to be stored here in the castle until summer."

"Thank you!" Many of the girls cried and even some of the boys seemed emotional.

Once Harry gathered up Hooch, McGonagall, Flitwick and Snape, along with Katherine, Luna and Petunia, the students were split into groups based on geographical location.

Katherine and Petunia led a group of twelve students in and around the Surrey area picking things up. Most of the families were kind enough to let the students and adults in to pack things up as quickly

as possible. But there were of course a few problem individuals who wanted to 'teach the freaks a lesson.' Petunia went into protective hen mode and literally glared one woman into submission. And Katherine ended up throwing a drunken father out the window. After everyone had their things they portkeyed to Hogsmeade.

The other groups got into similar situations, though no more people were thrown out windows.....exactly. Hooch managed to dissuade people with her hawk eyes. Snape with his giant, glaring bat routine. McGonagall with her tight lipped superior stance, looking down her nose at them as though they were one of her trouble making first years. And Flitwick merely twirled his wand expertly between his fingers, even with his size he gave off an aura of danger.

It took the rest of the day until just before dinner to get everything. And by then most of the rest of the population at Hogwarts had found out about the whole ordeal. Apparently letters were written to families by students and within hours many were volunteering to take students in or to help in any other way.

But by the end of dinner it was time for Katherine to return to America. The goodbyes were said with much more emotion than as some fighters would allow. Petunia and everyone else understood her oaths and having to fulfill them even if it meant her life. Letters were promised to be written. Many if not all of the students and staff were there, with one final wave Katherine disappeared.

Harry and Petunia seemed really down the next morning but with Harry and Luna needing to reward Hogwarts they had to focus on that. It would take all the power they had to do what they both wanted and needed to. Once Hogwarts was emptied of everyone the two began expanding their power and a glow surrounded them. The aura stretched across the land, up into the castle, and even the forbidden forest. As the chanting reached a crescendo everyone could feel the protections slide into place, could feel a greater peace come over them, a feeling of truly being home. Then the aura

disappeared, Luna and Harry collapsed. Madam Pomfrey and two other healers were the first to reach them. Scans and spells were rapidly being used.

Madam Pomfrey turned to McGonagall, "They'll be fine. Very tired for at least a little while, but fine. I recommend taking them back to their apartments for rest for now."

McGonagall let out a sigh of relief, "Very well. Dobby!"

"Yes, Headmistress. What can Dobby be doing for you?" The little elf bounced excitedly.

"Take Lord Potter and Lady Luna back to there quarters and watch over them." She motioned to the two, Dobby's big eyes widened before nodding.

"Dobby will! Dobby promise!"

The two slept through the day, night and into the next morning. Dobby never left there side, other house-elves brought food and drink to Dobby to ensure that his vigil over their lord and lady would continue safely. When they woke the next morning, to Dobby's relief, they were both very hungry. Everyone in the castle seemed to breathe a sigh of relief when the pair arrived in the great hall for breakfast.

"It is good to see that you are both alright." McGonagall said given one of her rare true smiles. "Are you still going to go out?"

"Yes, there some business I need to take care of. Luna had planned on help Madam Pince in the library." Harry nodded before taking another bite of eggs.

"Very well."

After saying his goodbyes to his lady love and the staff, Harry made his way to the Head mistresses office. Slowly he pulled the taint of the horcrux from Gryffindor's door guardian and sealed it into an indestructible glass ball. It seemingly pulsed with darkness and hatred. Then he used every possible tracking charm he could to locate any other horcrux in Hogwarts.

It reacted.

There was another horcrux in the school.

He followed the spells trace to a small doorway in a side room next to the Hufflepuff common room. On a pedestal in the center of the room was Hufflepuff's personal golden tea cup. Again he drew out the piece of Voldemort's soul from it before banishing the cup to his apartments. Next he apparated away to Gringott's appearing in the lobby.

He was quickly approached by Griphook. "Lord Potter, how may I be of assistance?"

"I need to go to the Ravenclaw family vault. I must retrieve something."

"Very well, if you would follow me, my lord." Griphook led him to a cart and they were soon on there way. Harry always loved this part of his visits to the bank, it was just like a rollercoaster ride. Griphook gave a toothy grin when he noticed, he pressed a button on the front panel and the cart went even faster. Harry's happy shouts echoed through the catacombs. He seemed saddened when they stopped but quickly went to work opening the vault and began searching through the mountains of personal items and antique's. He soon came to the piece he was searching for, Ravenclaw's silver and sapphire bracelet.

Griphook watched in amazement as Harry extracted a dark and

ominous mist from the jewelry, placing this latest piece in the glass ball with the others. As soon as the process started it was over. He (Griphook) realized the power that this young human had and that he would be a great ally for the Goblin race. Once again in the cart Griphook hit the button and the cart took off at enormous speeds, Harry's cheers once again echoing.

Once they were at the top and on the way to the lobby Harry bid Griphook goodbye and apparated out to his next location. Griphook quickly went to the council chambers to inform them of what he saw. Entering the council chamber he waited for them to call him forward, it did not take long.

"Yes, Griphook?"

"I thought it best to report that I took Lord Potter to the Ravenclaw vaults. There I witnessed Lord Potter purifying a bracelet that held something of great evil."

"WHAT!" Many of them shouted. And Griphook began to explain.

Meanwhile Harry appears outside the Gaunt's shack. Once he broke the wards to get inside, he merely took out his wand.

"Ostendo mihi viam ut ut quod ego peto!" (show me the way to that which I seek) He said drawing a rune in the air. The rune glowed a Slytherin green before turning into a ball of light and shooting into one wall. Walking over to the wall he used his magic sight to check for any booby traps and wards, there were a few. He slowly and carefully took down each ward one at a time for safety's sake. Once completed he double checked with magic sight before actually opening the compartment and took out the ring. He went through the process of removing the horcrux from the ring.

Just as he left the shack and started down the path that led to the graveyard he heard a familiar hiss.

Nagini!

He shot to the side just as the serpent attempted to strike.

/Evil boy! Took my master from me! Die!/ The serpent hissed coiling herself to try another strike. /Master will return and reward me for your death!/

/I have taken the horcruxes! He will never return to this world!/ Harry grinned at her hissed of anger and shock. /Now it is your turn to pay for serving a false heir! I am the true heir of Slytherin, not Riddle! You have served a fake, a false heir!/

Nagini's eyes widened in shock as Harry showed her the Slytherin family ring glowing in the palm of his hand. It had never glowed for her master Riddle. Harry seeing an opening quickly removed the last horcrux from within her, placing it to in the ball of darkness. Nagini was still in shock from the revelation. For one of her kind to have served a false heir it was sentenced to death. No serpent who served a false heir was ever aloud to live, only the mercy of the true heir could spare her. She slowly studied Harry as she came out of her shock.

/I give myself to my Lord Slytherin's judgment for the shame that I have brought./ She bowed her serpentine head, eyes lowered in respect.

/I will decide your fate in two days hence. You will remain in the chamber of secrets with the basilisk Seleth until then./

88888888888888888888

Harry apparated directly into the chamber of secrets. Seleth, while surprised, did not attack when she recognized the sent of her master. But with Harry was another serpent, a very ashamed looking one at



that.

/Seleth, this is Nagini. Do not harm for I must give judgement in two days hence./ Harry hissed.

/Yes, my lord and master. May I beg the question of why she must be judged?/ The great serpent replied.

/I served the false one thinking he was the true master. For the crimes I have committed in serving the false one, I have submitted to the judgment of the true heir./ Nagini said ashamed.

Seleth looked to Harry who nodded. /You are not the only to have served the false one. I had too, but soon realized him for what he truly was. I have only ever killed before that time in defense of this place, but when he ordered me to kill an innocent. Master Harry spared my life so I may continue my duties as a guardian. We will await his judgment upon you./

During the night Harry explained what had happened to Luna. She merely accepted what he said as the truth. He has never lied to her before no matter what it was about, she trusted him with every fiber of her being.

The next day was the sixth quidditch match of the competitions to be held. Everyone was up bright and early, either waiting in the great hall or already walking down to the pitch. Soon enough everyone had made their way down to the pitch. Tickets were checked, food and drinks bought, and memorabilia was sold all of the proceeds going to the charities.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the sixth match of the Hogwarts International Quidditch Competition. As you can see the teams are ready to battle for the games. I shall now draw two chips that have the color and emblems of their teams on them. These two teams will be the ones who play today. The players of the other teams will join

us here in the teams' box to watch the match." Reaching into the bag Harry pulled out the purple crown's chip and the green serpents chip. "The two teams that shall face off are the Purple Crowns and the Green Serpents! Players take to your brooms. The other teams join us in the stands now." Harry ended the spell. And all of them kicked off, the ones not playing flew directly to the boxes where the families were seated. The two teams swung around the pitch to the cheers of the crowd. Going to their position before the bludgers and snitch were released and the quaffle was thrown up into the air.

Players zoomed around the pitch. Chasers were vying for control of the quaffle. Both seekers rose above the rest, searching for the snitch. Viktor Krum and Cedric Diggory tossed the quaffle back and forth with seeker percission, never allowing it to leave there teams possession as they made their way down the pitch to score. Purple crown seeker Samantha Cathoria had obviously been training with how attentive she was looking about the pitch searching for any sign of the snitch.

Still back and forth the quaffle went, sometimes the Crowns would have it and sometimes the Serpents chaser would. It was 180 to 170, Serpents leading when suddenly Samantha shot off having seen the glimmer of the snitch. Draco was not far behind her. Both raced around the pitch, twisting, turning and diving. The cheers of the crowd roared across the pitch. Suddenly Samantha shot her broom upwards, her hand closed around the snitch just before Draco could reach.

"With Samantha Cathoria catching the snitch, Purple Crowns win with 320 points to the Serpents 180!" Harry's voice bombed across the pitch as the crowds cheers and jumps to their feet. The Purple Crowns zoomed around the pitch Samantha leading them, her arm raised and the snitches fluttering wings flapping wildly.

The green serpents were not happy at all, but this was about having fun in competition, not an end of the world situation.

## Chapter 37:

Meanwhile in America word of the Nish'ta incidents had reached the ears of General George Hammond. He immediately called the newly expanded SG-1, Major Davis and Major Fraiser to the conference room to give them orders. When they had gathered he began.

"Reports from Europe have just reached me informing me that there has been several instances of someone trying to drug certain families with Nish'ta. While the attempt was neutralized thanks to one Lord Potter having confronted one of the terrorists in his school, it's not known who has done this." Hammond said and Katherine and Xander exchanged glances before turning back.

"Excuse me sir." Carter interrupted. "Did you say Lord Potter?"

"Yes. I take it you've heard of him."

"Yes sir. He's been called a prodigy. His testing scores were off the charts. He also inherited several of the family titles as I understand it."

"He also inherited a substantial amount of assests. His uncle and cousin were tried in British courts and found guilty for many crimes. One of his aunts is currently living with him at the school, while the other is here in America." Katherine added on, her face was stoic and serious.

"How do you know that?" Daniel questioned, everyone one else was staring at her.

"I'm his second aunt." She muttered loudly.

"I'm sorry but when were you going to tell us that?" Jack snapped.

"I already told you who my nephew was, it's not my fault that none of you paid attention." She snapped back.

"Did you know about the Nish'ta?" Hammond questioned his eyes narrowing.

"Yes." Everyone else in the room looked at her stunned. "I was there when the a-hole tried dosing everyone. He ended up dieing in the nearby forest when the guard animals went after him. I couldn't question him and the President personally placed a gag order on me. I couldn't tell anyone without my family there suffering the repercussions. So forgive me if I chose to keep my sister and nephew alive!"

Hammond studied her for a minute. "I'll have to confirm the gag order, but I can sympathize with your reasons given what's happened to other members of your family not to long ago. I take it you're the one that helped them neutralize it?" She nodded. "Very well. The President has ordered me to send all of you to this school to meet with Lord Potter. Colonel Evans you will help set up the meeting with him given your personal connection to him."

"Getting a meeting is not that difficult, but I don't think I can take you to the school." She waved her hand when the others were going to complain. "The school is for diplomatic families' children and for other gifted students. How the idiot found his way there I will never know. Like the SGC, the location of the school is top secret. The only reason I know is because I am one of the owners of the thing. I am bound by law both here and in the UK not to reveal it's where a bout's. Otherwise I would be more then happy to let you visit. But I would rather risk quart marshal then put those kids at further risk given what happened." That made the others realize how serious she was if she was willing to walk away so easily.

"Very well. Arrange for the meeting in a neutral location then, but the meeting must take place because there are some questions that

need to be answered. And not just about the Nish'ta. From what my sources tell me, your nephew has been assisting in the creation of military facilities. And they have also been working on something similar to this Tretonin that you were given by the Pangarans."

"Actually he's helping to put together anti-terrorist teams through out the UK and other parts of Europe. Apparently there's been some attacks on civilians but they have been centralized to just there. Both the Queen and the Prime Minister asked for his help. They even offered me a hefty salary and promotion if I agreed to take command of the team's." Kanko shrugged at their astonished looks. 'Thank God I told Xander, Petunia, Harry & Luna about all of this early on. Otherwise I'd be screwed! Got to send Harry an owl or something.'

"We'll still need to confirm it with both him and the British government. You leave in one hour."

Katherine pulled out her magically enhanced cell phone and called Harry's number. Leaving a quick but thorough message for him detailing what had happened. She moved about her personal quarters packing extra uniforms into her bottomless sack, before closing and locking the door to head top side. Apparently word had already spread through some of the base as people moved out of her way. Some looked at her in curiosity, others respect and yet others suspicion. She merely ignored this and finally reached topside where the rest of SG-1 was waiting.

The ride to the plane was made in silence, either through awkwardness or stubbornness. On the plane Katherine and Xander merely listened to MP3 players, dozing off. The others either pulled out there own work or talked quietly amongst themselves. Once they were landed hours later, they were meet by a British delegation.

"Lady Evans, we did not expect you back so soon. Especially under such strained circumstances." The older distinguished gentlemen of the group said shaking her hand.

"It was not I that made them strained." Katherine responded dryly. "I take Harry told her majesty of the requested meeting?"

"Yes, with all the help young Lord Potter has given, her majesty has given great personally interest in his well being and safety. Yours as well, she wished me to express that her invitation for employment she had given is still available to you at any time."

"For now that will not be necessary. But if you will extend my thanks." Katherine bowed slightly and the gesture was returned. "If you could drive us to the meeting place with the Gringott's representative's please."

"Of course." He motioned to the large limo that was waiting. The rest of the SG team, save Xander, watched the by-play with growing worry. Katherine hadn't been joking when she said she would walk away from the SGC if she felt it necessary. SG-1 gave each other worried looks before climbing into the limo after Katherine, Xander, and the elder gentlemen.

Seeing SG-1's reaction to meeting not only the Prime Minister but one of the goblin governors of Gringott's (Ragnook) was absolutely hilarious. Katherine and Xander actually wiped out camera's and snapped a few shots. This made the minister and Ragnook grin widely, which for a goblin could be very scary given there teeth. It took them a while to close there mouths.

Daniel turned to Katherine and said, "You knew!"

"Of course I knew, why do you think there such numerous and strong gag orders on me about this whole mess. Be thankfully I arranged permission for you to even know anything at all. These private communities like to be just that private. It toke quite a few favors for all this. You all owe me big time." She grinned at their renewed-shocked expressions. "Look lets just get down to business,

I'd like to visit my sister and nephew again since we're in the area. I'll be staying with them until you could be cleared to meet with them."

This snapped them out of it and they all sat and started there political exchanges.

That same day at Hogwarts, Harry returned to the Chamber of Secrets to give his judgment on Nagini. He knew how seductive and manipulative Riddle could be, so he understood that side of what had happened. But at the same time she had committed many crimes both human and serpent. Coming up with a suitable punishment was not the easiest of tasks. He collected his thoughts as he entered the chamber itself.

/Master has decided my judgment?/ Nagini asked sullenly. Her new basilisk friend was coiled to one side watching the exchange.

/Indeed. It was hard to determine a suitable punishment. On one hand I understand how persuasive Riddle can be, but on the other you have committed many crimes and must answer for them./Harry studied the saddened Nagini as she nodded in understanding. /Many of the students, both muggle-born and half-bloods, have lost their homes because of their families close mindedness. As they are now my charges it is my responsibility to protect them as much as possible while providing them good homes until they reach of age. You will protect them and one of the residences they will reside in until you die. You must be willing to sacrifice all that you are, and to give you life for their protection from this day forward. This will be your punishment for as long as you live./

Both Nagini and Seleth looked at him in shock, awe and respect.

/Master would let me live? He would let me regain honor by protecting the hatchlings?/ Nagini asked shocked.

/Yes. Unless you prove you are not worthy of this opportunity./Harry

gave a small smile to the snake. /Come I must introduce you to those you will be protecting./

/Yes, my lord./ Nagini bowed to him as she slithered up and wrapped around the extended arm. After saying farewells to Seleth the two returned to the main castle. Harry walked down to the Entrance Hall where a large group of students were waiting.

"May I have your attention please." Harry called out and conversations silenced in the chamber. "This is the one I have told all of you about. Her name is Nagini. She will be one of the summer house guardians. You know the rules, she is meant to help protect you, but she will be allowed to defend herself if attacked by any. She needs to move around the room to get all of your scents so she recognizes all of you." Harry lowered Nagini to the floor and she moved about stopping at each students feet and flicking her tongue. When she was done she moved back to Harry and nodded. /You will be staying in the Slytherin common rooms when not guarding the summer homes or patrolling the halls./

## Chapter 38:

So much time had passed since all this began, and once more the hall was host to another ball. The Yule ball to be precise. Katherine, Harry, Luna and McGonagall had spoken back and forth and agreed that they would port key SG-1 to the entrance hall after Katherine exacted vows of silence and peace from them all. It would be a celebration, no business would be discussed. As Katherine explained this to SG-1, they readily agreed to the conditions. Xander had already given them a while ago. Once dressed in there formals Katherine took out a small whoop and told them to touch it. Jack gave her an incredulous look until they felt a pull in their navals. Many people were startled by there arrival but recognized Katherine immediately giving her a warm welcome.

"Come on!" She shooed the group into the great hall. They looked



about in wonder at there latest surroundings. Snow flakes seemed to fall from the sky but it never touched anyone. Great ice sculptures were displayed in many locations through out the hall. Everyone was dressed to the nine's in wizarding fashion. Magic tricks and displays were a bound. "Welcome to Hogwarts."

## Chapters 39 – 41

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Chapter 39:

"Holy shit!" The team gawked at there new surroundings.

"General Hammond will be joining us momentarily." Katherine grinned as Xander snapped a few more photograph's. "Remember this is a celebration, a party, so no business talk!" She turned hearing her name being called and was soon hugged by Petunia.

"Katherine! I'm so happy you could come." Petunia smiled brightly before looking at the team curiously. "Muggles?"

"For the most part. This is the group I told you about."

"Oh! Them!" Petunia blinked before smiling gently. "I'm Petunia Evans, Katherine's older sister."

"Colonel Jack O'Neill, Major Samantha Carter, Dr. Daniel Jackson, Teal'c Murray and you already know Xander." Katherine pointed to each as she said their name and they each gave their own greetings. Hearing a slight popping sound the group saw General Hammond appear. "And this is General George Hammond. Now where is my nephew and his fiancé?"

"Head table." Petunia replied motioning to the others to follow them. They did after proper salutes were given where necessary. They passed by many curious students and guests on their several were giving Katherine's greetings during the walk. She nodded back to many, though she did stop to speak with a couple of the Australian students.

"Alexander Harris or Alex of Australia meet Major Alexander Harris or Xander of the US Marines Corps." She grinned at their mutually stumped expressions. "And while yes you are related to one another it's from about two hundred and fifty years ago. So your cousin's a few times removed in the very least. How you were named the same, I have no clue."

"Um...sir could I?" the Major began and Hammond merely nodded in response. The major joined the students at the table, finding himself quickly inundated with questions from the curious people around him. The rest of the group moved on to the expanded head table, Katherine first gave hugs to Harry and Luna before introducing everyone.

Once everyone was seated at their places Harry rose from his seat, the hall quickly silenced. "Welcome everyone to the Yule Feast and Ball. I hope all of you have enjoyed yourselves thus far. You'll note we

have many guests with us tonight I hope they will be treated well by everyone and please remember that tonight is a time for celebration and not business. So please behave appropriately. Now remember that first through third years have a curfew at nine thirty, while all other years have a curfew of eleven. Points and penalties will be taken against any who try to take the long way to their dormitories. If you're not in your appropriate dorms by eleven you will face punishment. Now please enjoy your meals."

Everyone sat at their tables and began to eat. Talk flowed freely and was about many topics, though none more so than the American military guests. Xander answered many curious questions from those around him, without revealing the stargate program of course. Talk at the head was little more reluctant.

"Lord Potter, I have a question that has, quite frankly, been nagging at me." Hammond spoke plainly gaining the attention of the others at the table. Harry nodded briefly before the general continued. "How is it that you are engaged so young?"

Some slightly outraged mutters sound from some of those nearby, but Harry just smiled and answered, "Muggles or non-magical people have certain fairy tales of soul mates. For wizards it is no legend because magic literally bonds us to a soul mate the moment the second is born. Because of this being soul mates mean that we are destined for one another from the beginning of time. We find each other in every life, and the moment we do, we know it. And finding that soul mate at all is such a rarity that no one interferes save for the safety of either bond mate. Luna is, literally the other half of my soul, without her I am nothing more than an empty shell."

A few snuffles met then end of his response from some of the romantically hearted. The SGC members knew what he meant in a basic fashion, if they were people but with a different view and understanding, it was a very reasonable explanation. For warriors they took every moment they could to find happiness, finding that

once in a lifetime partner was extremely rare with their profession. With how limited the magical community is, finding their true mate was probably even more complicated.

General Hammond engaged McGonagall into a discussion on the difference between the muggle and magical worlds. Madam Pomfrey, Snape, and Carter ended up discussing medical techniques and medicinal differences. Daniel was busy discussing magical history with Cresswell. And Jack (surprisingly enough) was discussing flying with Madam Hooch on the difference between brooms and jets. Katherine, Petunia, Harry and Luna merely smiled and continued eating, listening to the conversations. It was interesting listening to Jack trying to describe a death glider's maneuvering capability for being so big.

Soon enough dinner was over and as they leaned back in their chairs the tables with everything still on them disappeared. The groups rose from their seats and the chairs also disappeared but then reappeared along the walls.

"And to dance we have a special band with us today...the Weird Sisters." Harry announced to the cheers of the students.

Jack leaned over to Hooch, "There guys."

"It's there band name." She muttered back a grin spreading widely. "Why don't we see if your dancing is similar, Colonel?"

"It would my pleasure my lady." He dramatically bowed holding out his elbow to her, before they walked down to the dance floor. This drew chuckles from the others. Harry bowed to Luna, as they followed their lead. Cresswell got up the guts to ask Carter to dance, as Sinistra dragged Daniel to the dance floor. Teal'c merely raised one elegant brow before heading over to the punch bowl.

Hammond turned to McGonagall, "Would you honor me with a dance

Professor?"

It was surprising when McGonagall blushed but she gave an elegant curtsied. "I would, General." The two made an interesting couple to see, some students paused but soon returned to dancing when they saw the two join them.

Snape came up behind Katherine, "I don't suppose you know how dance with anyone other than Harry."

"I do. But what makes you think you can keep up?" She smirked, before give a slight twirl her uniform changed into a flowing emerald dress.

"I'll take that as a challenge." Snape held out his hand, the corners of his lips twitching and his eyes lighting up.

"Good. Because it is one." Katherine didn't bother hiding her smirk, as they went to join the others on the dance floor.

Petunia smiled at the by-play between her sister and the potions master. As they walked to the floor an oddly tango sounding song began. 'I think that we'll get quite the show from those two.'

She was correct, the moment they stepped on the dance floor others could sense the tension, the power and even the team could sense a shift in the atmosphere. Everyone slowly shifted off of the dance floor but the couple took no notice of this.

"Let's see if you know how to tango." she stressed.

Severus put on a knowing smirk and gave a low whisper, "Still have a few surprises up my sleeve," he gave a courteous bow, "Lady Katherine." He leaned in when they toke position on the edge of the dance floor, "You have to put your hand on my shoulder."

"Of course," Katherine scoffed, "I know this dance."

"Show me."

The music flowed enticing and entrancing Katherine's very being. Locking eyes with Severus's dark brown, almost black orbs, her feet fell into step immediately. Maybe it was the heat of his body next to hers, but a sudden fire began burning throughout Katherine's body, lighting a fierce passion for the dance. And suddenly it was not a dance between two human beings, it was a competition and everything in the Potion master's eyes was daring her to take the challenge. With swift, elegant spin Katherine silently accepted.

The dance floor then and there disappeared. The background and former thought of anything else faded into the sheer blackness surrounding their figures. It was only they in their dashing formal wear, dancing like it was their last.

Her blood boiled with excitement, as he spun her out and back into his firm chest, with one very crisp movement. Glancing up into Severus's dark chocolate eyes Katherine found his gaze looking back at her completely unreadable.

What are you thinking? Katherine wondered, momentarily taken out of the dance.

But then thrown back in as Severus spun her out again, the royal silk of her dress spun like fountain on the floor, the violins blared in her ears and the dance continued.

Twists, turns, lefts and rights, Katherine was moving her body in ways she hadn't in a while and though her body twinge in pain sometimes. It had been a while since she tangoed. She loved this, the passion, the moment, the mystery, the daring in his eyes. They excited her. Made her feel dangerous, yet scared her at the same time. She could see a passion in his movements and holds. For such

a imposing man, Severus Snape moved with surprising grace and wit, moves that the style of music only complemented.

Faster and faster they danced this dance they do, until completely immersed in the entrancing music beyond thought. Finally as the music began to come to the end, Severus took her in his strong arms and dipped her low in one swift movement.

As the music came to dead halt the spell on them was broken. And they came back to the elegant floor, with flowing butterbeer and punch; a shining ice sculptures sparkled around them. With the addition of roaring clapping, Katherine looked around to see find hundreds of eyes staring back at her.

Katherine looked over at Severus to see him taking a short bow and slowly, she gave a short curtsy and the crowd grew even louder, obviously her tango wasn't as rusty as she thought. He took her hand and led her from the floor back to the group of friends. Petunia, Harry and Luna were exchanging a look of understanding. Severus was truly very interested in Katherine. And it appeared that she was returning that interest, even if it was obvious she held back. This pairing would be interesting to see what the future would bring. Especially with Malfoy Sr. giving both of them heated looks, whether it was lust or anger could not be discerned so easily.

#### Chapter 40:

While Hammond took another port-key, uncomfortably, back to the base the rest of the team stayed in Hogwarts. Both Daniel and Sam were practically vibrating with excitement to explore and examine everyone and everything. Teal'c looked around with mild interest as he was seeing a new side of the Tauri people. And Jack was wishing he could take a spin on a Nimbus that Madam Hooch had described to him. Xander spent time with his cousin, his personal room being not far from where Alex's dorm was. Katherine, however, almost went into full hiding mode again. She hadn't missed the heated looks from



Severus and Lucius, and was starting to freak out again. She guessed the two noticed because they rather respectfully kept their distance.

Early the next morning Katherine was walking the grounds when she heard a scream from one of the greenhouses. Others came running from various locations to it as well as Katherine was drawing her side arm. Bursting into the greenhouse a screaming Beauxbatons girl stared in horror at the dead body she had found. Harry came in from the other side and his jaw clenched with anger at the sight. McGonagall lead the student out as she sobbed.

"Who would dare do this?" Snape hissed.

"The muggles?" One of the foreign teachers suggested.

"No, both Katherine and I warded their rooms ourselves, they were escorted to their rooms at the end of the dance and never left them until ten minutes ago. This body has been dead for hours." Harry interrupted before more speculation could begin. "Katherine, I need you and Madam Pomfrey to do a full autopsy both muggle and magical. I want to know how and when. Then maybe we can piece together the why. Use all of your abilities aunt, we need to know everything. Severus, please assist as needed."

Both Katherine and Severus nodded as Madam Pomfrey levitated the body onto a stretcher and covered it with a blanket. The two women walked through Hogwarts with the stretcher between them and Snape followed from behind. Students and guest watched the grim procession horrified. As they passed SG1 Katherine shook her head before they could say anything. They understood, it was a 'don't ask, don't tell' type of situation. As they began the autopsy, Harry questioned the girl that had found the body in the headmistress' office with Madam Maxime and other officials present.

"For legalities sake we need to administer truth serum. Madam

Maxime is here to help represent your best interests and prevent unlawful questions from being asked. Then we might need to see the memory in a pensive, okay?" Harry said gently and the girl nodded in understanding still shaken. Madam Maxime herself administered the potion before the questioning began. "What is your name?"

"Maria Le Court." Maxime confirmed with a nod of her head.

"Can you speak English fluently?" Harry asked gently.

"Yes." The girl spoke firmly and Maxime nodded again to confirm.

"What were you doing when you found the body?"

"I was taking a walk." The girl blushed brightly before continuing, "I was going to meet Zacharias of Hufflepuff before we went down to Hogsmeade for a date."

The adults gained looks of understanding at the girl's embarrassment. Harry knew of young love quite well. So he continued, "How did you find the body?"

"I wanted to warm up, it was so cold out that I felt frozen in moments of stepping outside. I smelt something strange...I thought I heard a noise. I went towards it and she was there...just lying there, as cold as ice...her throat..." The girl's eyes began to tear up. Madam Maxime immediately gathered her in a protective hug.

"Per'aps we sho'd stop." The headmistress said.

"No, I wan' to finis'" The girl's accent began to come back as she hiccupped.

"Did you see anyone or anything near the body?"

"She ha' something in he' hand. It was clentched tight. Bu' I couldn't

see it clearly."

Harry studied the girl briefly before nodding to an official who held the antidote. Maxime took it from him and once again administered it to her student. "I know this is hard but we need the memory for evidence. Do you know how to use a pensive?"

"My papa has one, he taught me how." She hiccupped. Harry summoned the pensive that had been set aside. The girl shakily rose from her seat to stand in front of it. Raising her wand she placed it to her own temple before slowly drawing the silver thread of memory out and dropping it into the pensive herself. She quickly turned to hug Maxime who rubbed her back gently whispering soothing words to her in French. Maxime looked to Harry who merely nodded, the headmistress gently guided the girl to another of her female staff, who then led the girl out.

A knock came from the door before they could view the memory. In walked Katherine, very grim and angered. "Prelim is done. Death was not quick."

Curses met her short words. Harry sighed, "What happened based on what you could gather?"

"The girl was beaten by hand then magic. She was tortured, raped and then finally killed. Rigger mortis is set for about an hour after the final curfew." Katherine showed no emotions through this, only a hardened cold mask. She stepped up to the pensive herself, drawing memories and placing them in the bowl. And went to the door to leave, though she did pause for a moment. "I have to get back. We're running more focused tests next. I used mage sight to pull her last memories. If you have a shaky stomach, then don't even try to see it."

Several people still stepped forward to the pensive. They all went in as one.

First came the sight of the young girl finding the body:

They watched as the young Beauxbaton girl excitedly left the dorms humming, walking through the halls often stopping to speak with a few of the portraits for directions, then finding her way to the entrance hall. Nodding to others along the way. She shivered as she stepped outside, drawing her cloak tighter around her for warmth. As she walked farther and farther, she seemed so chilled. Spotting a greenhouses door ajar she bolted for it. Once she got into the green house she rubbed her hands to warm up.

She sniffed the air repeatedly, her nose actually twitched. She turned quickly after hearing a pinging sound. And slowly made her way in that direction with her hand on her wand. As she moved around a bush she saw the body. Her hand fell away from the wand as she slowly began to back away before finally screaming.

The memory faded just as Katherine came bursting into the room followed by others. The group took a few moments before diving into the pensiveness again.

Now they watched the autopsy through, horrified by the process. Katherine moved up to stand near the bodies head, placed her wand onto it as she chanted, then drawing the wand with a new glowing silver ball attached to her own head, where the ball absorbed into it. Then the scenery suddenly changed...

She was being chased from the entrance hall by a cloaked young man, giggling all the way. It was obvious she was going outside with him willingly at this point. They walked along in the darkness holding hands, until they finally came to the green house. Quickly the guy pulls her in laughing as she giggled along.

Then he tried to kiss her and was rapidly escalating his movements – he wanted sex, that was plain to see – but she resisted after the first

few kisses. And as he continued to try, she continued to fight him. Finally he pulled away long enough to back handedly hit her. When she tried to draw her wand after falling to the ground, he ripped it from her grasp before she could even say a spell. She tried to scream but he cast a silencing spell before beginning to beat her.

Those present watched in horror as she was beaten relentlessly, before her attacker began to use magic. Then he ripped off her cloths and raped her...repeatedly. And finally after what seemed like hours the attacker cast the worst unforgivable, the Avada curse. Just before she dies they saw what her attacker had worn, the uniform of a junior staff member of the Russian Institute.

Finally the memory ended and they were once again in the head mistress's office. Still several shocked gasps, a mutter of "Sweet Merlin" and several gagged. Harry, however, didn't react or even twitch at all for a few moments before moving over to the fireplace.

"Hogwarts Hospital Wing." He shouted as he through floo powder into the fire.

"Yes, Lord Potter." Snape's face appeared.

"Tell Katherine to gather any and all evidence from the body and the green house that she can. We sealed it off after removing the body so it should be relatively untainted. If she has to use everyone of her mage gifts I don't care. I need to know who did this murder, understand?" Harry demanded coldly and Snape merely nodded before disappearing from the fireplace. Harry turned to the others, "We need everyone in the great hall NOW! All of them must be accounted for save Pomfrey, Snape and Katherine. Auror's must be posted throughout Hogwarts and its grounds until Katherine gathers the evidence. I will not let this go unsolved, the criminal must be brought to justice for the sake of that poor girl."

Chapter 41:

"ALL STUDENTS, STAFF AND GUESTS ARE TO REPORT TO THE GREAT HALL IMMEDIATELY! NO EXCEPTIONS!" Harry's blasted throughout the school and its ground. Staff members guided students to the hall as aurors flooded the hallways searching every inch to make sure no one was missed. The poor Beauxbatons girl who had found the body was surrounded by supporters, including Zacharias who held her hand, as she made her way to the great hall. She sat with Zacharias at the Hufflepuff table joined by a few of her schoolmates.

At the head table they were deadly serious, even Luna's eyes had lost their twinkle of happiness. It was as though a stone wall was erected for how grim they looked. Once everyone entered the hall, the doors slammed shut causing many shouts of surprise and shock. Harry rose from his seat before bellowing, "SILENCE!!"

All noise in the hall stopped so you could hear a pin drop as everyone turned in shock to look at Harry's thunderous face. "Not an hour after final curfew last night a young girl was murdered. Murdered by someone who was staying within these very walls. And now justice will be had for her and her family. Her name was Jennifer Smithson. She was going to graduate this year from Salem Academy. Already promised an apprenticeship to the professor of charms there as well. She was beaten by hand then magic. She was tortured, raped and then finally killed."

The fireplace flared to life and Katherine came out dressed in black dragon hide robes. She handed a small card to Fudge who nodded grimly and handed it back. "We have evidence of what happened, where, how and some of why. But now we also know who. As Katherine is leader of the council of mages she has the right and authority to dispense justice for crimes committed against any living creature before their time. Her authority is absolute and only the Lady Perceiver herself can change the ruling. And she also has diplomatic immunity. So there is nothing anyone can do against her

actions without an international incident of epic proportions."

Those in the hall shifted nervously as Katherine's own venomous gaze looked across the hall before focusing on one man, she hissed "Mark Romatiskovka." Everyone around the man immediately moved as far away from him as possible. "Through the evidence gathered with my own two hands, eyes and magic, I find you guilty of physical assault, sexual harassment, rape, torture and murder. You killed a daughter of house Smithson and Gatterland, I now dispense justice on their behalf. For the crimes you have committed you are hereby sentenced to the dementors kiss." Katherine growled as she strode forward, Mark backed up to the door.

Just she clamped her hand around his neck as a chill came over everyone. As window creped open and a dementor floated into the room. Surprisingly while they felt the chill they didn't feel anything else. Katherine held the struggling man in place as the dementor floated to stand beside her. As she removed her hand, it replaced hers with one of its own. Slowly it leaned towards him until finally they kissed, Mark's body went limp. The dementor dropped the body as it turned towards Katherine...it actually bowed to her before going back out the window. As warmth returned to the hall two aurors picked up the body moving out of the way as the doors swung open slightly.

Before the doors opened completely and Katherine disappeared in a swirl of blue smoke, Harry's voice rang out, "Let this be a warning to those who would commit these heinous crimes, there will be no mercy from the mage's council or from me."

## Chapter 42:

Katherine sighed as she sat before the fire in night robes with a large glass of firewhiskey. This reminded her all too well of the past. Even with all her time in the Marines, fighting and killing, things like this still unnerved her. She was pulled out of her thoughts by someone

pounding on the portrait entrance to her room. She set down her cup down and strode to the door, flinging it open and roared, "WHAT???"

Both Severus and Lucius took a step back in shock. Lucius cleared his throat, "Lord Potter thought it best someone checked on you after this whole...incident."

Katherine eyebrow quirked, "He sent both of you?"

The two men shifted from one foot to another before Severus spoke up, "Not quite. Though we didn't know if more than one would be needed with how he hinted that you might be indulging your drinks."

"I'm in the privacy of my rooms and thus do not need babysitters." Katherine's eyebrow twitched slightly. "Thanks for your concern but go away."

She slammed the door shut before either could stop her.

In the days that followed people's spirits slowly lifted. The members from the SGC had successfully left without any further incidents. Only time will tell if this proves to be true...

#### EMERGENCY AUTHOR'S NOTE:

I'm seriously considering taking on a co-author or simply letting someone else take over completely for Abyssus. If you're interested please write a scene and send it to me. I would prefer remaining as an author for the fic but I've hit an extremely large writer's block that I can't seem to get out of. Only those who submit will be considered at all!!!!

I'll be considering all those who submit by March 31st and announce within two weeks after that (roughly mid April)



CHP10